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ASPASIA

A ROMANCE

OF ART AND LOVE IN ANCIENT HELLAS

BY

ROBERT HAMERLING

FROM THE GERMAN BY MARY J. SAFFORD

IN TWO VOLUMES—VOL. I.

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P R E F A C E.

IF this romance, according to a much quoted saying of our time, "seeks out as its work," a nation—the old Hellenic race—will not a shade of thought and pedantry seem to cling to the description of this kind of toil, since the universal labor of the Greek people was that of the artist, poet, and thinker? Will it not be inferior in freshness of sensation, to scenes drawn from the spring of simple, vigorous life, whose poetry is not yet exhausted? And, on the other hand, must not such an attempt also lack the charm of the cleverness—in the modern sense of the word—piquant realism, and bright, vivid coloring of the literary productions of the present day? Ought Hellenic life to be represented otherwise than with Hellenic simplicity, and should its chronicler strive for any thing except to gain a breath of the Hellenic spirit, the Hellenic grace? Is it not especially difficult to describe a vanished life? Minute painting of *modern* existence is praised as charmingly realistic; that of ancient times will produce on many the chilling impression of erudition. Indeed, whoever merely *turns over the leaves* of this book, noticing that the different portions disclose views of the various sides of Hellenic life, will promptly form the opinion that he has a mere sketch-book of loose sheets, or at most a historical romance, which according to the idea of most persons, is about the same thing as no romance at all.

And yet—if the romance, as an artistic work, is distinguished by its internal and external form from biography, history and mere narrative, if it is not only the expression of a life and destiny contained within itself, but also of a conflict which has a logical development and solution, what I relate here *is* a romance. It not merely contains, in a positive form, beautiful sensuality glorified by intellect, in its development, prime and decay; but the conflict between the *æsthetic* and *moral* ideal of existence arises and is decided in the life of an individual, and the destiny of a nation. This parallelism between the fate of individuals and nations, individual and universal life, has always hovered before me as the art-secret of epic poetry, its supreme principle, its peculiar model. Not, however, that the particulars related of individual life and those of national existence run side by side, one as it were an episode of the other, but both as far as possible, relate to one and the same detail, and resemble an organic structure, closely interwoven and blended together.

The conflict could be only slightly indicated, in order not to destroy the pure, pleasing impression of the picture—it was only permitted to advance by easy stages, and thus the action will perhaps appear to move on a very slender thread. But whatever may seem like a digression in conversations or descriptions, will *without exception*, at last appear in its proper light, show its necessity in relation to the whole, the idea.

Yet not to an idea in the *abstract* meaning of the word. Let not the reader be misled by the thought, that the course of this story turns, or is modelled, upon any “tendency” to love. What I shall relate is the unfalsified, impartial truth. I shall describe human nature and

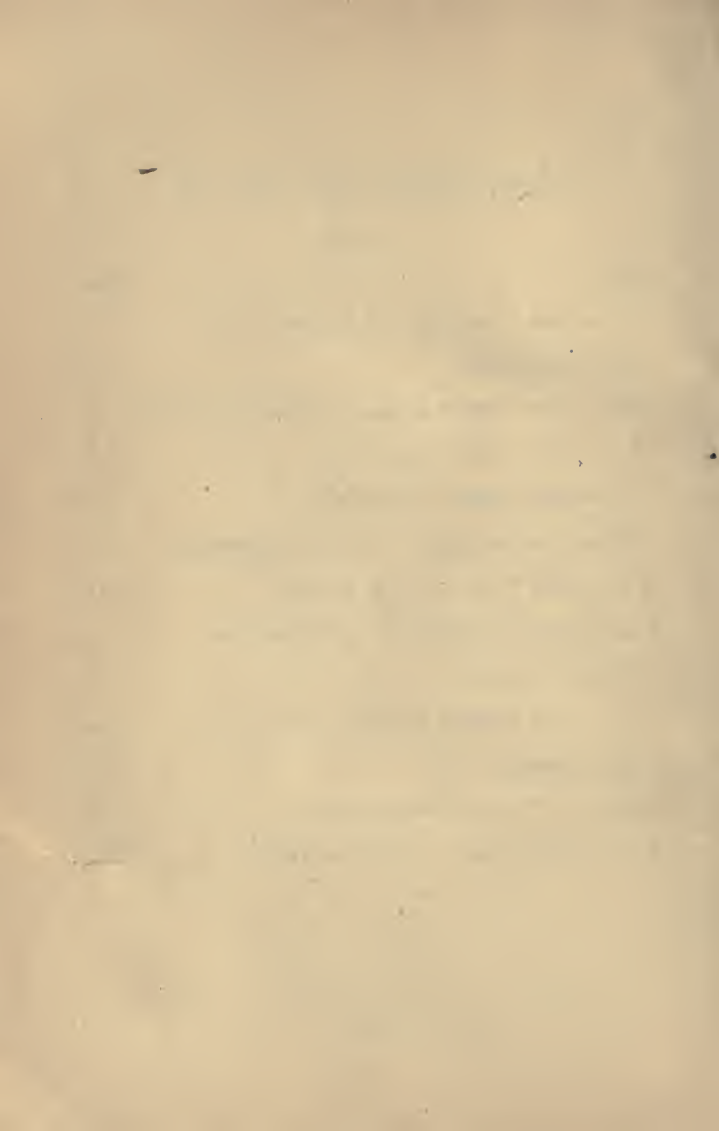
the course of the world, I shall relate the acts and conduct, the struggles and aspirations of men, and the words with which they defend them. I have no tendency in view save that of life, no moral save that of necessity, no logic save that of facts, which consist of thrust and counter-thrust, as constant and regular as the swaying to and fro of a pine-tree in the wind. Philosophers are right in asserting that the idea never merges wholly into reality. The poet of tendency pursues it to a high point of its development, holds it forcibly at a spot which it really only touches in passing, makes it shimmer and sparkle for the pleasure of mortals, and converts the soap-bubble into the fixed star. Pure, unpremeditated poetry, on the contrary, accompanies the idea on its way to realization to the spot, where to restore itself to its former purity, phoenix-like it delivers itself to a fiery death.

R. H.

Graz, November 1st, 1875.

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ASPASIA.

CHAPTER I.

THE TREASURE OF DELOS.

ONE day, during the sultry season, in the city of the Athenians, a slender, girlish figure, accompanied by a female slave, hastily crossed the Agora. A singular result of this woman's appearance was, that every man she met on her way paused after a glance at her face, and stood as if spellbound, following her with his eyes. The cause of this was not so much the circumstance, that it was a rare event to see a free-born Athenian woman of the aristocratic classes walking in the streets, but rather because this girlish figure possessed remarkable, nay bewildering beauty.

The faces of those who stared at her in passing, or stood rooted to the ground gazing after her, wore every possible expression of astonishment.

Some smiled, the eyes of grey-beards sparkled, others cast a sneering glance at the beautiful woman, and others still wore on their faces a shade of reverence, as if they beheld a goddess. Some displayed the grave, well-satisfied demèanor of connoisseurs, others looked semi-idiotic, standing with mouths half-open in amazement. There were even a few, who made a scornful grimace and cast an angry, piercing glance at the fair one, as if beauty were a crime. Men walking in pairs

or standing in groups, interrupted their conversation. Faces that bore the stamp of weariness suddenly brightened, frowning brows smoothed. Every soul was stirred.

The appearance of this beautiful woman was like a sunbeam shining into an arbor of roses, where the midges instantly begin a bacchanalian dance.

Among those whose attention was attracted, were two men, walking silently side by side. Both were of grave, calm, dignified and noble aspect; the younger, dark-haired and stately, was not without a touch of effeminacy in the contour of his features; his taller companion's bearing inspired a feeling akin to reverence; the crown of his head, above the thoughtful brow, was perfectly bald. The pair recalled the fiery Achilles walking beside Agamemnon, the ruler of the people.

The younger man cast a glance of surprise at the beautiful woman; his friend was perfectly unmoved—it seemed as if he had seen the fair face before, nay he appeared so unsympathizing, so completely absorbed in other thoughts, that the former repressed the question already hovering on his lips.

A slave followed the two men, who were walking over the long, dusty road to the Piræus.

The younger sometimes gazed watchfully at the glittering waves of the Saronic Gulf. His eye was keen as an eagle's, and he caught sight of a ship as yet invisible to any other vision. He saw it appear on the verge of the horizon, but at this distance its progress was imperceptible. This man looked like a person who could control his emotions, but while gazing at the far off vessel, it sometimes seemed for a moment as if he would fain wing the lingering sails with his own breath.

If the eye wandered towards the right from the road along which they were walking, it rested upon a wall glittering in the sun, which extended from the city to the rocky strand. Turning to the left, another wall of the same kind appeared, which fairly seemed to grow under the spectator's gaze. Workmen were piling blocks of hewn stone one above another, and where the mass was finished, the noise of hammers beating the metal clamps into the stones, echoed for a long distance.

This wall also extended to the sea, swept off in a wide curve, and joining the other, seemed to enclose the port and its buildings, above and below the city, in a protecting embrace.

The eyes of the younger man rested searchingly, but with a satisfied expression, on this wall, whenever they turned a moment from the distant sail. At last, while gazing at the endless line of firmly united blocks, he turned to his companion, and said smiling :

"If every persuasive word I have spoken to the Athenians in behalf of this work, could have become a stone, the completed structure would have stood before us long ago. But even as it is, we at last see the end approaching."

"And was this middle wall really indispensable?" asked the other, with a careless glance at the work.

"It was. The old left wall turned much too far towards Phalerum. A large portion of the shore of the harbor was unprotected. The problem is now wholly solved. The city of Pallas Athena, brilliant and beautiful, sustained by the tributes of the Hellenic coasts and islands, has risen rejuvenated from the ashes of the Persian war, flung this girdle of stone about her limbs, and will soon be strong enough to defy the envious

whose tongues utter the Greek language, no less than the assaults of all the barbarians of the East."

The man who thus addressed his companion was the son of Xanthippus, Pericles, the Alcmaeonid, surnamed the Olympian.

His friend was a famous sculptor in bronze and marble, named Phidias. The famous statue of Pallas Athena was the work of his hands. From the height of the Acropolis, it was visible throughout the Attic country, and even on the horizon, where approaching sailors joyously hailed the golden spear-head of the goddess, as the first token of the spell of "violet-wreathed Athens."

The long lines of stone blocks looked almost monotonous, but steeped in the light of the Greek sky, presented no aspect of gloom. An animated throng surged to and fro between them. The shouts of the mule-drivers echoed loudly on the air, and the richly-laden beasts moved in long trains along the road from city to harbor, and harbor to city.

Here and there, close beside the way, grew a grove of olive-trees, whose green branches ever and anon swayed gently beneath the refreshing breeze blowing from the gulf.

Whenever this occurred, the sculptor raised his broad-brimmed petasus, to let the air fan his high, bald forehead, but the "Olympian" only strode onward more sturdily, and fixed his eyes still more intently on the trireme, which was gradually approaching the harbor.

The two men were now only a short distance from the sea. The harbor was gained. Here too Pericles' glance wandered over the scene with an air of satisfaction. The greater portion of the objects visible to the eye, broad, straight, stately streets—a new thing to the Greeks

of those days—was his work. Here was the magnificent market-place, surrounded by porticos, which had received the name of its builder, Hippodamus the Milesian. On the left, above the theatre's forest of pillars, stood the rows of houses built on the slopes of the fortified hill of Munychia, and on the summit of this hill gleamed the marble temple of Artemis. In the plain below, lines of storehouses stretched in endless succession to the sea—the magnificent stoa of Pericles, the vast warehouses, where discharged cargoes could remain until sold or reshipped, the huge market-place of the port, the merchandise exchange, the "Deigma," where mariners and traders displayed their goods and made their bargains.

In these shops, on these stone terraces, the clever Greek stood on the firm foundation of his own powers, rejoicing that with the prosperity of the whole community his own wealth increased. Here he took from the hands of the friendly sea-god the horn of plenty, overflowing with all the gifts of foreign lands, and saw the last rippling waves of the Pontus, the Nile, and the Indian Ocean vanish in foam upon his native strand.

Here thronged the Greeks of the time of Pericles; beautiful brown figures, standing forth in picturesque relief against the background of white marble buildings. Most heads were bare, the scanty light garment, similar in shape to a shawl or cloak, was thrown carelessly over one shoulder—but they stood between the marble columns like bronze statues, in their plastic beauty. Only they gesticulated eagerly, the sound of the musical Hellenic idiom was audible in the confusion of voices; full of energy in speech and motion, they were yet dignified as actors.

Since, after successful wars, the Athenian gained the empire of the sea, he learned to go to the port of the Piræus and gather riches. He sought ship owners for distant voyages and speculations, visited brokers and exchangers, advanced or collected money, or if he had none to deposit or receive, borrowed some; for commerce was flourishing, and the Athenian understood how to take advantage of his opportunities. He knew when it was time to import grain from Pontus, wood from Thrace, papyrus from Egypt, carpets from Miletus, dainty shoes from Sicyon, or grapes from Rhodes. He knew too where his olive-oil, honey, figs, articles of wrought metal, and vessels of clay were needed, and would bring the highest prices. And the brokers and exchangers gave the money without much hesitation. The rate of interest was high, and a man can afford to risk something for a large percentage. So many a freedman, many a Pasio, many a Simo, many a Phormio sat contentedly behind his table in the Piræus, and behaved like a person in authority, for contracts were made before him. He paid out two talents without a change of countenance, received them when deposited with equal indifference, wrote the amounts and the names of the depositors in his book, and thus settled the matter. People trusted Pasio's honesty, and Pasio was honest, at least so long as the profit of fraud did not outweigh the disadvantage of a tarnished character.

The two companions now beheld the sea, whose emerald green waves rippled gently against the stone terraces. The deeply embayed harbor of the Piræus lay before the gaze. Two huge towers, on the right and left of the entrance, guarded the haven like warders of the sea-gate. In times of peril a gigantic iron chain could be

swung from one to the other. Innumerable round-bellied merchant vessels lay at anchor in the port; but the shore on the left was completely covered by the high-decked triremes of the Athenian navy, drawn up on land according to Greek custom, each in its special enclosure, like monsters resting in their dens, mighty sea-dragons with fantastic beaks and tails saucily curled; while beyond, on the other side of the peninsula of the Piræus, in the military havens of Zea and Munychia, were more of these superb sea monsters. Behind them extended the naval arsenals, where the sails of the dismantled ships were kept, and still farther beyond, the wharves, where fresh timber for vessels was constantly unloaded, new keels were continually laid.

The sail Pericles had seen on its way to the Piræus, was now just entering the harbor. It was the Athenian ship "Amphitrite."

The crowds of people surged towards the landing-place; a roar of voices echoed from every shop, every terrace:

"The Amphitrite has arrived"—"the Amphitrite with the treasure of Delos"—"the Amphitrite with the money of the league." "So that cunning fellow, Pericles, has succeeded?" "What will the allies say to it?" "Whatever they choose, we are at their head, we protect them, we send our triremes to their coasts, we wage their wars, in return they pay the money—what we save is our property."

The sound of flutes echoed from the vessel, as it approached nearer.

On the Amphitrite, like all the government ships of the Athenians, the stroke of the oars was directed by the music of flutes. Songs also resounded from the rowers'

benches, and amid the melody was heard the splash of the waves beaten by countless oars. The image of the goddess of the sea, whose name the ship bore, glittered on the prow, and the edge of the lofty deck, beautifully painted, gleamed in the sunshine. Song, music of the flutes, and splash of waves were all drowned by the jubilant shouts of the populace, loudly returned by the weather-beaten sailors on the ship.

The notes of the flutes died away, the oars no longer moved, the ship lay motionless, ropes creaked, cables rattled, the crew rushed to and fro on deck, the anchor was lowered, the sails taken in, and a ladder stretched from the ship to the shore. Several Athenian dignitaries were standing close by the edge of the wharf. Pericles approached them and said a few words. There was something peculiar, something marvellous in the tone of his voice. Those who had not yet recognized him knew him now; for while all the Athenians could not see his face in the popular assemblies on the Pnyx, every one heard, every one knew his voice. Some of the magistrates crossed the ladder to the ship's deck.

After some time a couple of iron-bound, well-secured casks were raised from the ship's hold and conveyed to the land, where a train of mules waited for the heavy load. The trierarch came on shore and talked with Pericles.

The Amphitrite had borne a golden treasure over the blue waves, under the eager eyes of the sympathizing Athenian populace. It was the treasure of the allied Greeks and at Pericles' instigation, came from Delos, the "star of the sea," to mighty Athens, no longer to be used as the property of the confederate states, but received as the tribute of the cities and isles.

There is a touch of mystery, a twilight atmosphere, a breath of the unknown about golden treasure, which kindles conscious hopes, inspires vague anxiety. The ingot of gold is coined, but the coin becomes again unstamped in the owner's hand. It is transformed under every finger that touches it. To one it brings a blessing, to another a curse. And thus this treasure of Delos, on which the Athenians' eyes rested so expectantly—who knows whether it will bring curse or blessing, purchase pleasure or remorse, create lasting or perishable monuments? Who knows the winds that will blow from this pipe of Æolus?

“With this gold Athens might be made the invincible citadel of Hellas,” thought some of the official personages who surrounded Pericles.

“With this gold the naval power of Athens might be strengthened, Sicily and Egypt conquered, the Persians attacked and Sparta crushed,” thought the trierarch.

“With this gold they might give us festivals and plays,” thought the throngs that filled the stone terraces of the harbor.

“With this gold the most superb temples might be built, the most magnificent statues erected!” thought the grave sculptor, who stood beside Pericles.

And Pericles himself? In his brain, and his alone, all these thoughts were united.

The train of mules, intended to convey the golden burden from the harbor to the city, began to move. The throng of Athenians dispersed, and Pericles set out with Phidias on their homeward way. As the greater portion of the crowd flocked after the treasure, the road to the Piræus was nearly empty, and individuals could be distinctly recognized.

On the marble slab of one of the tombs that stood by the roadside, sat two men engaged in eager conversation. The face of one expressed the cheerful dignity of the sage, but his companion's features were gloomy, and his glowing eyes revealed fanatical obstinacy. The former greeted Pericles with a pleasant smile, while the latter cast a hostile glance at him.

The two men had walked on for some distance, when they saw a youth standing in the middle of the road, absorbed in thought. He seemed to have forgotten the world or lost his footing on it, and to be now reflecting where he could find a new one. His features were peculiar, but by no means attractive, and he gazed steadily at the ground.

"One of my stone-cutters," said Phidias to his companion, patting the young man on his shoulder as if to rouse him, "a worthy fellow, but very odd. He toils steadily in my workshop one day, and the next disappears. It is his habit to stand lost in meditation."

Not far away a lame, crippled man crouched by the way-side, a beggar with a queer, simpering face. Pericles threw him a piece of money, but the cripple only distorted his features still more, and seemed to mutter some abusive epithet.

When the two men had traversed about half the distance to the city, and emerged from an olive-grove that bordered both sides of the way, the Acropolis rose before them, and the gigantic bronze statue of "Athena Promachus," glittered in the light of the setting sun. They saw her helmeted head, uplifted spear, and the huge shield on which her left hand rested. A golden Gorgon's head, bestowed by some wealthy Athenian as

an offering, also flashed with dazzling radiance from the mountain.

From this moment a singular change occurred in the sculptor's manner. He seemed to have entirely changed places with his companion. While the latter, on their way to the harbor, had gazed with excited mind and kindling eyes towards a distant goal, Phidias walked beside him grave, silent, almost unsympathizing—on the return home, the sculptor hastened towards the Acropolis with quickened step and sparkling eyes, while Pericles moved quietly, with an almost weary air. It seemed as if the sight of his goddess awakened some peculiar emotion in the sculptor, after what he had recently beheld at the Piræus. There the pomp of the useful had appeared before him—the tumult at the port, the angry cries of the exchangers, the huge shops, monotonous in their size, which resembled gigantic temples, and finally the golden treasure, surrounded by the twilight atmosphere of the unknown : these things had clouded his artist soul. He could not dispute it, but it disturbed the constant succession of unreal, ideal visions of loveliness that filled his mind. Now, when the Acropolis appeared before him, he seemed transformed; his steadfast gaze wandered so thoughtfully and reflectively over the gleaming height, that Pericles was about to ask the cause of this intent earnestness.

At this moment a little boy, whose dark eyes rested constantly on the Acropolis, as he walked with an elderly man directly in front of Pericles and Phidias, asked :

“ Father, do the Athenians alone have the protecting goddess Pallas on their citadel, or does she dwell with other men too ? ”

"The Rhodians also desired to have her on their citadel," replied the man, "but could not succeed."

"Was Pallas Athena angry with them?" said the boy.

"The Athenians sought the goddess' favor on the land, and the Rhodians on the sea," answered the man. "Both held a festival at their citadels to win the approval of Pallas. But the Rhodians were forgetful; they went up to their citadel and when they wished to offer sacrifices, had no fire. So they made no fitting one, but offered the victims cold, while flames and the smoke of burning fat rose cheerfully from the rocks of the Acropolis among the wise Athenians. For this reason Pallas Athena gave the preference to the Athenians. But Zeus pitied the Rhodians, and to compensate them, sent down from heaven a golden rain that filled their streets and houses. The Rhodians rejoiced over the treasure, consoled themselves with it, and placed on their citadel a statue of the god of wealth, Plutus."

The story the father told the little boy reached the ears of the two men, who walked behind them. Phidias smiled faintly, and after a few minutes silence turned towards his companion, saying:

"Pericles, it seems to me that times have changed, and we shall soon be like the Rhodians. Don't you also intend to place Plutus on the citadel?"

"Have no fear," replied Pericles smiling. "So long as the sea washes the Attic coast, the bronze statue of your goddess will tower above the city of the Athenians."

"But beneath the ruins of the temple," returned Phidias, "the stones of the stronghold still lie half-scattered, as the fire of the Persians left them. Let the

columns and ruins be carried down and build your piers and long walls with them; for what the Persians destroyed above, you restore only at the Piræus."

At this moment the man who was leading the little boy, hearing footsteps behind him, turned and recognized Pericles. The latter answered his greeting cordially, he had known him a long time, and been his guest when the other lived in Syracuse.

"The conversation between you and your little son Lysias, has just given Phidias occasion to press me warmly, my dear Cephalus," said Pericles.

"How so?" asked Cephalus.

"We have come from the Piræus," continued Pericles, "and there our friend, the favorite of Pallas Athena, was very much out of humor. He would like to be always among the images of the gods. He hates the long walls, vast shops, bales of goods, sacks, casks, and leather wine-skins; the shouts of the exchangers have deafened him. When he passes through the gate into the crooked, insignificant streets of the old city, he will shake the dust of the road to the harbor from his feet, with a relieved heart."

"But tell me," he continued, turning to the sculptor, "why do you gaze so steadily and thoughtfully at the summit of the Acropolis? Is it the sight of your goddess—your helmeted Athena with the upraised spear, that excites you?"

"Know," replied Phidias, "that the helmeted, armed Pallas has long since been thrust out of my mind by a Pallas Athena of *peace*; a Pallas who no longer fights with clanking metal, but calmly, yet victoriously, turns the offspring of darkness to stone by the sight of her glittering Gorgon shield. When I now fix my eyes on the height of the Acropolis, know that I place there the

image conjured up in my mind, and shelter it beneath a superb temple, that I adorn the pediment and frieze of this temple with hundreds of carvings, and even build magnificent porticos on the side which the Panathenaic procession approaches. But fear not, Pericles, that I shall beseech you for gold and ivory for this Pallas Athena of peace, marble for this temple; no, I only build and carve in my imagination—fear nothing.”

“That’s the way with all these sculptors and poets,” said Pericles, almost offended by his friend’s sarcastic words, “they do not know that the beautiful is merely the flower of the useful. They forget that the safety of the community must first be secured, the prosperity of the people established on firm foundations, and that the perfect flower of art can only unfold in a wealthy, powerful state. Phidias bears me ill-will because, for several years, I have built storehouses for grain at the Piræus, and the long central wall, instead of repairing the temple of the Acropolis, and because I don’t trust entirely to the up-raised spear of his bronze goddess on the citadel, to protect us against every foe that may threaten by land or sea.”

Phidias raised his head as if angered, and cast a sombre glance at Pericles; but the latter met the look with a winning smile, and extending his hand to his friend, continued:

“Do you know me so little, that you could seriously reproach me for being an enemy and derider of the divine art of sculpture? Am I not the enthusiastic friend and fosterer of everything beautiful?”

“I know,” said Phidias, now smiling sarcastically in his turn, “I know you are the friend of the beautiful. One look into the eyes of fair Chrysilla—”

“Not that alone!” replied Pericles hastily, and continued earnestly :

“Believe me, my friends, when public cares and private anxieties burden me, when many an anxiety oppresses me, many an act of opposition embitters me, when I return in ill-humor from a meeting of the Athenians, and wander thoughtfully, with troubled spirit, through the streets, often some little colonnade, whose beautiful proportions meet my eye, or some piece of sculpture by the way-side, designed with delicate genius, attracts my attention and changes my mood, and I cannot remember ever having a sorrow, which would not at least be lightened by reading some of Homer’s verses.”

The friends had now passed through the gate into the city. The streets here seemed narrower, the houses less stately than those at the port; but it was the real Athens, it was sacred soil.

As Phidias had already reached the vicinity of his house, he said to Pericles and Cephalus :

“If you had the leisure and inclination to enter my workshop, you might aid in deciding by your opinion a by no means trivial contest.”

“You rouse our curiosity!” replied Pericles.

“You remember,” continued Phidias, “the block of marble the Persian army brought here by sea, to erect a monument of victory from Persian stone after our subjection, and which, when the barbarians fled defeated, remained in our hands on the battle-field of Marathon. After many wanderings the magnificent block was placed in my workshop, and as you know, Pericles, the Athenians desired a statue of the Cyprian goddess to be carved from it to adorn the gardens. I thought none of my pupils more capable of winning renown by the exe-

cution of such a work, than Agoracritus of Paros, and therefore, at his desire, gave him the block of marble, from which he has now finished an admirable statue. But another of my best pupils, the ambitious Alcamenes, envied Agoracritus the block and the fame of the work, and presumed to carve a marble statue of the same goddess in emulation of the Parian, my favorite, as he calls him. Both youths have now completed their work, and a large number of lovers of art will assemble to-day in my house. If you would join them, what a spur it would be to both rivals. Come and see how differently the fairest of the goddesses is mirrored in the souls of the two young men."

Pericles and Cephalus did not hesitate long, but nodded assent, and full of eager anticipation, entered Phidias' dwelling.

They found many of the best connoisseurs in art already assembled—among others Hippodamus the Milesian, Antiphon, Ephialtes the orator, the partisan of Pericles, Callicrates, the builder of the long central wall, and Ictinus, an architect of much learning and great knowledge of art, a particular friend of Phidias.

When these men had exchanged greetings with the new arrivals, the master led them into one of the spacious court-yards of his house.

There on a pedestal, side by side, were two closely-covered masses of marble. A linen cloth thrown over them to protect the pure white stone from dust and soil, was now withdrawn by a slave at a sign from Phidias, disclosing the magnificent works in their vast, noble outlines, to the eyes of the spectators assembled before them.

The men, with a strange expression of perplexity on

their faces, gazed long and silently at the statues. The remarkable difference in the design evidently caused their embarrassment.

One represented a female figure of august beauty and superhuman nobleness. She was robed, and her garment fell in ample, exquisite curves to her ankles. Only one breast was bare. The statue seemed thoroughly strong and steadfast; there was nothing effeminate in the features, nothing voluptuous in the limbs, nothing amorous in the attitude. And yet it was beautiful, beautiful with an austere, ripe, but virginal loveliness. It was Aphrodite without the perfume of the crocus and hyacinth blossoms, with which the Graces and wood-nymphs of Ida crowned the goddess. She was not yet redolent of perfumes, did not yet *smile*.

So long as the spectators gazed only at this statue, they missed nothing. A Cypris with all the Graces and Loves hovering around her, had not yet matured in the Hellenic mind.

The ideal of the foam-born goddess chiselled by Agoracritus had been inherited from their ancestors.

But, as soon as the beholder's eye wandered from this statue and rested for a time on Alcamenes' work, he was seized with a sort of anxiety; and if he tried to return to the first statue, it appeared less intelligible than before, as if he had lost the standard for its correct appreciation.

The spectacle presented to the eyes of these men was a novel one, and they could not yet decide whether the novelty pleased them. The only thing certain was, that they now liked the statue by its side far less.

The more frequently the gaze wandered from Alcamenes' statue to that of Agoracritus and back to the

former, the longer it lingered on Alcamenes' work. The mysterious spell exerted by the latter was the consciousness of a charm, an animation, a freshness and close resemblance to the living human form, which the chisel of the Greeks had hitherto neither attained, nor striven to reach.

No one gazed so long or so ardently, at the form displayed by Alcamenes, as Pericles.

"This work," he said at last, "almost reminds me of Pygmalion's statue; it seems to be animated with a soul, and just in the transition from the rigidity of marble to warm, pulsating life."

"Indeed," exclaimed Cephalus, "Agoracritus' work is full of the spirit of his master, Phidias, only surpassing it in austerity; but it seems to me that a spark from a foreign forge has fallen into Alcamenes' statue, where it glows with a strange, peculiar life."

"Why, my good Alcamenes," cried Pericles, "what new spirit has entered into you? Hitherto your work could scarcely be distinguished from that of Agoracritus. Have you seen the goddess in a dream? Do you know that you have put me into an ecstasy of delight, such as no marble ever aroused before."

Alcamenes smiled, but Phidias, as if a new thought had flashed into his mind, now gazed intently at his pupil's work, and seemed to be scanning the outlines and forms of the limbs under the influence of this idea.

"It appears to me," he said at last, "that no vision is embodied here, but many charms have been borrowed from reality to adorn the goddess. The longer I examine the slenderness of the whole statue, the delicate yet voluptuous lines of the bust and hips, the peculiar daintiness of these tapering fingers, and the graceful contour

of the wrist, the more strongly I am reminded of a woman, whom we have recently seen several times in this house—”

“If not the face, it has the very figure of the Milesian!” exclaimed a pupil of Phidias, approaching nearer; and all his companions, advancing and gazing first at the statue, then at each other, cried:

“There is no doubt—it is the Milesian.”

“Who is this Milesian?” asked Pericles in a hasty, eager tone.

“Who is she?” said Phidias smiling. “You have already seen her once—the radiance of her beauty flashed upon you for a moment. For the rest, ask Alcamenes—”

“Who is she?” repeated the fiery Alcamenes. “She is a sunbeam, a dew-drop, a beautiful woman, a rose, a refreshing zephyr. Who will ask the name and origin of a sunbeam? Perhaps Hipponicus, in whose house she is a guest, can tell you more.”

“She once came to this place with Hipponicus,” said Phidias.

“For what purpose?” asked Pericles.

“To talk of various matters, as I have never yet heard them discussed by a woman’s lips,” replied Phidias.

“So she is a guest of Hipponicus?” asked Pericles.

“She lives in a small house that belongs to him, situated between his own home and this dwelling,” replied Phidias. “But since the Milesian has occupied the house, a strange spirit has entered into all this throng of youths.”

“How so?” enquired Pericles.

“Since that time,” replied Phidias, “the young fellow

whom you saw standing alone on the road leading to the harbor, gazing into vacancy, has grown still more thoughtful, while Alcamenes belongs to the number of those whom I most frequently surprised on the flat roof of the house, that overlooks the peristyle of the adjoining one, and to which they slip away from their work, sometimes under the pretext of catching an escaped bird or monkey, sometimes to sit in the cool of the evening to rest, because as they said, their blood rushed so violently to their heads—but really to listen to the Milesian's music."

"So Alcamenes caught the charms that delight us in the marble, from this enchantress?" said Pericles.

"I can't say how it happened," replied Phidias. "Perhaps the fellow who stood lost in thought yonder acted as go-between, for he seems to be on intimate terms with her. The queer genius lately undertook to carve a statue of Eros, and for this purpose considered it necessary to first study the character of the god and his idea. That's the way with him; he never strives for the things themselves, but for their idea, for truth and wisdom, as he says; so we never call him anything but the friend of wisdom, the seeker after truth. Just now he is pursuing the pure idea of love, and wants to be instructed concerning it by the beautiful Milesian. The latter apparently wishes to indulge him, and I once saw her sit an hour on a block of stone in this courtyard, talking with him. If it is not only this young man, but Alcamenes also who has enjoyed the secret instruction of the Milesian, he too may try his fortune in this direction, may continue to learn more from beautiful women than from the masters of his art."

"The statue before you," cried Alcamenes, enraged by these sarcastic words, "*is the work of my hands*; the

censure it receives I will take upon myself, and the praise bestowed I need share with no one."

"Oh! yes," exclaimed Agoracritus gloomily; "you must share it with the Milesian. She stole secretly to you—"

A scarlet flush suffused Alcamenes' cheeks.

"And *you?*" he cried, "who stole to *you?*" Do you suppose we did not notice it? Phidias, the master, slipped into your workshop at night to put the last finishing touches to his favorite's statue—"

It was now Phidias, whose face flushed darkly. He cast an angry look at his insolent pupil, and was about to reply, but Pericles stepped between them, saying soothingly:

"No quarrelling! It is as you say, the Milesian glided to Alcamenes, Phidias to Agoracritus. Let each learn where and as he can, and neither envy the other the beauty that falls to his lot through the favor of the Muses, the Graces, or any other goddess."

"I have not disdained to learn from Phidias," said Alcamenes, who was the first of the three to recover his good-humor; "but it is the wise artist's part to catch the beautiful from the living reality, and I frankly confess that a Milesian, or daughter of the joyous Ionic coast, seems to me far better suited to reveal the secrets of beautiful nature to the sculptor's searching gaze, than the women and matrons of our native Attica. It is no unimportant matter how the sculptor sees a woman; whether in foolish embarrassment she resembles the worm that seems to wish to creep into itself, or whether she displays the bloom of her personal charms with graceful freedom. Our Athenian women spend their lives under rigid guardianship, in the seclusion of the women's apart-

ments. If we wish to enjoy the sight of one who, without embarrassment or boldness, knows how to delight us with her charms, we must seek these Ionian and Libyan women, who coming from the opposite coasts and bringing with them, as it were, a breath of the beautiful license of their merry native festivals, announce the cheerful rule of beauty and sensual pleasure."

Many of those present agreed with Alcamenes, and considered him fortunate to have found a woman like this Milesian so yielding.

"Yielding?" said Alcamenes. "I don't know what you mean; this woman's compliance has its limits—ask her friend yonder, the truth-seeker."

Alcamenes pointed to the young stone-cutter, who had just been standing lost in thought on the road leading to the Piræus, and now entered the courtyard on his way home. All the bystanders looked at him and smiled, for they saw nothing in his appearance which would have made him seem worthy the friendship of a beautiful woman. He was snub-nosed, and his whole exterior bore no resemblance to that of a well-educated Greek. True, spite of his thick lips, his mouth wore a by no means unpleasant smile, and when his eyes were not fixed too intently upon vacancy, their glance was clear and inspired confidence.

"We are departing from our subject," remarked Phidias. "Alcamenes and Agoracritus are still standing awaiting our verdict. At present we only seem to agree that Agoracritus has carved a goddess, Alcamenes a beautiful woman."

"Why," said Pericles, "I think that not only Alcamenes, but Agoracritus, though he may consider himself so much more devout, will incur the anger of the Im-

mortals, because they have both learned from their master Phidias, when they wish to represent a god, to imitate the human form to its smallest vein. You sculptors are all alike in this, that you pretend to carve gods, in whom we really believe we see something divine; but when we look more closely, we perceive that this divine element is only the purest flower and development of human nature, and even the etherial body of the divinity is merely a combination of human pulses, sinews, muscles, joints and nerves. Let us hear the second pupil of the beautiful Milesian, your thinker yonder. He too is called upon to give his opinion."

"What do you think," cried Alcamenes to the youth, "is the nature of man worthy to represent a divine being?"

"As for Homer, Hesiod, and the other poets," replied his companion, "I remember that they call the sea, the earth, and all possible things divine; so I should be surprised if the human form with its muscles, sinews and veins, were not divine too. Pindar even seems to me to go still farther, when he sings: 'The race of gods and of mortals is one from the beginning.' And I remember having heard the wise Anaxagoras say that all that is alive, and every living thing is divine. If you will not listen to these old men, ask the beautiful Milesian—"

"I think we should all be by no means disinclined to follow this counsel," replied Pericles, "if we only knew how to call the Milesian to decide the affair. Can Phidias do us the service, will Alcamenes betray the secret of obtaining the beauty's advice, or shall we trust the truth-seeker?"

"The truth-seeker!" cried Alcamenes eagerly. "Be sure that the latter, if he chooses, can lure the Milesian

from Hipponicus' house this very day, as a serpent is wiled from its hole by magic songs and charms."

"If Alcamenes himself directs us to this youth, he and no other is probably the right man for us in this matter," said Pericles. "But what can we promise, to induce him to have pity and lure the Milesian hither?"

"It ought not to be difficult," replied the other, "to induce a person to enter who already, as it were, stands waiting at the door."

"So the Milesian is close at hand?" asked Pericles.

"As I returned just now, from my walk along the road to the Piræus, and entered the house from the back, I passed close by the hedge of Hipponicus' garden, and saw the Milesian standing among flower-beds and blossoming bushes, gathering a branch of laurel. I asked what hero, sage, or artist she intended to adorn, and she replied that it was destined for either of Phidias' pupils, who according to the verdict of the judges, should emerge as victor from the contest. 'So you desire to infinitely heighten the conqueror's joy?' I replied. 'Try also to console the vanquished one.' 'Very well,' she answered, 'we must have pity on the defeated. I'll gather a rose for him.' 'A rose?' I rejoined, 'isn't that rather too much? Are you sure the victor will not envy the vanquished?' 'Then let the victor choose,' she cried, 'here, take the laurel and the rose.' 'Ought not you to bestow them yourself?' I enquired. 'Do you think so?' 'Certainly,' I replied. 'Very well, send the victor and vanquished to the garden-gate, as soon as the judges have pronounced their verdict and retired'—'So you now know,' said the youth in conclusion, 'that the Milesian is standing with the rose and laurel, behind the hedge of Hipponicus' garden.'"

"Very well," said Phidias, "go and bring her here."

"How can I? How shall I induce her to enter the presence of so many men?"

"No matter how you arrange it," said Phidias, "that's part of your secret arts, which you need not betray. Only go and bring her, since Pericles so earnestly desires it."

The youth obeyed, left the house, and in a few moments returned with a woman, whose figure combined the most perfect delicacy with the most voluptuous charms. Pericles instantly recognized the beauty, of whom he had caught a hasty glimpse on his way to the harbor with Phidias. She was slender, yet her limbs possessed the most charming roundness. Her step was at once firm and graceful, her soft waving hair was reddish-brown in color, her face peerlessly beautiful. Still, the most bewitching thing about her was the dewy lustre, the soft, Aphrodite-like light of her marvellous eyes. Her robe of soft yellow byssus fell in clinging folds from the slender, rounded hips to the ankles—the upper portion of the garment being fastened at the shoulders with delicately wrought clasps, its superfluous length hanging like a sort of upper robe in graceful drapery below her waist. The sleeveless costume left the beautifully formed arms uncovered, and did not wholly conceal the outlines of the delicate, yet perfectly developed bust. It was the chiton usually worn by Greek women, but ample and richly ornamented, like those seen among the Ionians and Lydians of the Attic coast. The color of the garment was bright-yellow, the border adorned with beautiful embroidery.

The reddish-brown hair floated in waving curls over her shoulders, its luxuriant mass confined by a purple

fillet, ornamented, at the point where it rested on the brow, with a metal disk.

This charming woman hesitated a little, as she entered the circle of distinguished men and saw among them the great Pericles himself. But Alcamenes came forward, took her hand, and said :

“ Pericles, the Olympian, wishes to see the wise and beautiful Milesian.”

“ However great and natural may have been our desire to see a woman so highly praised,” replied Pericles, “ you are wrong, Alcamenes, in concealing the fact that it was the difficulty we experienced in deciding the result of the contest between you and Agoracritus, which led us, by the truth-seeker’s counsel, to seek the aid of the beautiful Milesian’s wisdom. The question has been started among us, whether it is allowable to represent a goddess under the form of a beautiful Hellenic woman. The Athenians, who are so devout and reverent to the gods, begin to doubt whether it may not make mortals arrogant, and the gods envious, if they represent divine beings with too close a resemblance to the human form, and whether their art of sculpture is pleasing or odious to the Immortals.”

“ The mildness and clearness of the Greek sky is everywhere praised, and the Greek form is recognized, even by barbarians, as most nearly akin to that of the gods,” replied the Milesian, in a voice whose silvery tone was no less bewitching, than the radiance of her eyes. “ The gods of Hellas will not be angry with the Athenian, if he builds them temples as bright and sublime as the blue vault that arches over them, and erects in their honor statues whose symmetry of form is not inferior to that of the men, who offer sacrifices before them. The temples

are like the land, the gods like the inhabitants! Do not the Olympians show, that it is their will and pleasure to see their own images reflected in the souls of the Athenians? Have they not bestowed on them, above all others, a genius for carving, and given to the land of Attica the best clay, the most perfect stone for buildings and statues?"

"Indeed!" cried the impetuous Alcámenes, "we possess everything, except the proper, boundless field of labor. Ay," he continued, turning to his companions, "our fingers have long been twitching, and the chisels in our hands grow hot with impatience—"

A murmur of assent ran through the group of Phidias' pupils, at this sudden turn in the conversation.

"Take comfort, Alcámenes," said the Milesian, placing a strong emphasis upon the words, "Athens has grown rich, abundantly rich, and the golden treasure of Delos has doubtless not come across the sea to you in vain—"

The beautiful woman, while uttering these words, glanced at Pericles with her bewitching eyes. The latter had been gazing at the waves of her soft, fine hair, and now secretly said to himself: "By the gods, this woman's fair locks are a shining *golden treasure of Delos*, and the uncoined wealth would not be too dearly purchased by the expenditure of the coined metal."

Then he bent his head in thought for some time, while the eyes of all the company were turned towards him. At last he began:

"You have a right to expect, friends and patrons of the beautiful art of sculpture, that the treasure of Delos shall not float to the Attic coast in vain. And if I had only to question the wish of the heart, not the demands

of the community, I should have ordered the gold to be conveyed directly from the Piræus to Phidias' workshop. But hear how matters present themselves to those on whom rests the care of the public welfare. When the hordes of the Persian army overran the country, the common peril united all the Greeks, but when the conquered foe retired, the great lesson taught by the war was again forgotten, the spirit of dissension once more awoke; yet I hoped it might be possible to continue in peace what we had begun, forced by the necessity of war. Obeying my counsel, the Athenians invited all the Hellenes to send representatives to Athens, to discuss the common business of Greece. I wished to have all the temples and sanctuaries, burned by the Persians, restored by mutual aid. Moreover the Hellenes were thenceforward to be permitted free passage over all the Hellenic seas, to all Hellenic coasts; security was to be given that the prosperity of all Greeks should flourish under the protection of unclouded peace. We chose twenty men from the people; men, who had fought together in the great Persian battles. And what answer did these envoys bring home? Evasive ones from some quarters, positive refusals from others. Above all, Sparta endeavored to sow the seeds of distrust of Athens lavishly among the kindred nations. Thus the attempt was frustrated, and Athens obtained the experience that she could not rely upon the concord of the Hellenes, that her rivals' envy did not sleep. Had my well-meant plan succeeded, Athens and all Hellas might have devoted themselves entirely to the arts of peace, developed its fairest and noblest blossoms. Now it is our first duty to strive for greater power, greater influence in Hellas, and stand ever prepared for war. This first of necessities

compels us to husband our resources, immense as they may appear at the moment. Now judge, my friends, whether we can lose sight of the precautions required by the assertion of our supremacy in Hellas, and spend the golden gift of fortune upon what is beautiful and pleasant."

Such were Pericles' words, and as his hearers listened silently, but as he thought he noticed, not without secret hesitation, he continued :

"Consider the matter, or recommend it to the attention of this thoughtful youth, the truth-seeker, or if women may be heard in political matters, this fair one from Miletus."

"If I have rightly understood the words of Pericles," replied the youth in his somewhat unintelligible speech, as all the others remained silent, "the great statesman has represented it as a fixed fact, that Athens must strive to assert her preëminence among the Greek states. But the manner in which this supremacy is to be obtained he has left it to us to consider. True, he has said that he too held the opinion, hitherto universal, that the preëminence of one community over another must rest solely on strong military power. But, wise as he is, he distinguishes himself from all former statesmen by seeming to consider other means possible; for if he did not, why should he request us to reflect upon them?"

"If you can suggest such other means for the same purpose," said Pericles, "speak."

"To learn these means," replied the other, "we should question those persons who understand well-tested methods of obtaining supremacy over others, and without the use of force, can subjugate and rule men in

the best and most beautiful way. We must question the fair Milesian."

The stranger cast a smiling glance at him, and the truth-seeker, turning towards her, continued:

"You have heard that we are considering whether one community can secure preëminence over another solely by military power and wealth, or if there are any other means; for instance the fostering of goodness, beauty, and every excellent quality of the soul. You are one of those who understand how to take precedence of others, and without violence govern men in the best and most beautiful way. Will you not tell us how you manage?"

"So far as we women are concerned," replied the Milesian smiling, "I can only say that it depends upon a certain beauty of form, on the style of dress, the art of dancing gracefully, playing the cithara bewitchingly, and other things distinguished among the arts of pleasing."

"Then, so far as women are concerned, the enigma would be solved," said Pericles. "But shall we Athenians seek to subjugate and rule the Spartans, Asiatics, and all the dwellers on the isles, by festal garments, beautiful figures, graceful dances, and playing on the cithara?"

"Why not?" replied the Milesian. These boldly uttered words bewildered all present, but the charming woman continued:

"The highest degree of power and splendor will be reached by that community, where people dance most gracefully, play the cithara most skilfully, erect the finest buildings, carve and paint most exquisitely, and where the best poets thrive."

"You are jesting!" said some of the group.

"Not at all," replied the beauty, smiling.

"When we examine the subject more closely," said Hippodamus, "the Milesian doesn't seem so far wrong in her bold assertion, which at first made us smile. Indeed, if beauty is now the victorious power in the world, why should not a nation take precedence of others by the charms of the beautiful, win fame, admiration, love, incalculable influence, like a lovely woman?"

"If the constant cherishing of the beautiful would not render men's minds weak and effeminate," replied Pericles.

"Weak and effeminate!" exclaimed the Milesian. "You Athenians possess too little of these qualities. Are there not many among you, who would fain shape your commonwealth according to the gloomy, austere model of the Spartans? It is wrong to say that the beautiful corrupts mankind. An appreciation of it renders the citizen cheerful, content, yielding, self-sacrificing, capable of enthusiasm. What could be more enviable than a happy nation, to whose festivals people flock from far and near? Let the rude, gloomy Spartans make themselves hated. Athens, perfumed and garlanded with flowers like a bride, will win all hearts."

"So you think," said Pericles, "that the time has already come, when we may be permitted to lay the sword aside and devote ourselves to the culture of the beautiful, and all the arts of peace?"

"Will you allow me," asked the stranger, "to say when, in my opinion, it is time to create the beautiful?"

"Speak!" replied Pericles.

"The time to create grand and beautiful things," said the Milesian, "has come, I think, when the men appointed for the purpose are here. You now have

Phidias and other masters ; will you delay the execution of their ideas till they grow old in inaction ? You can easily find money to pay for the beautiful, but not always men to produce it."

Loud and universal applause rang forth at these words.

There are looks, words, which fall like the kindling lightning into a human soul. Pericles had been touched by such a word, such a glance.

The kindling look had come from the most bewitching eyes, the kindling word from the most bewitching lips. Pericles was conscious of the power of the word, but the might of the glance darted through him with a sweet fire, from whose glow he emerged more transformed than he was aware.

His eye began to sparkle more brightly, and he repeated :

"The time to create beautiful things has come, when the men capable of doing so are here ! I must confess," he continued, "these words are most instructive and convincing. No better advocate of what lies near the hearts of all could be found. I believe you have convinced me and all present. Yet it would not have been so easy, fair stranger, if what you said had not already slumbered in the depths of our souls. But will you pardon me for not acknowledging myself wholly vanquished ? Will you enter into a friendly compact with me ? I think we will strive to keep our Athens prepared for war and powerful as she now is ; but you are right, we ought not, from motives of timidity, to hesitate longer in doing that for which the time has now come, since as you have made us remember, men are here, who when they pass away, can never return. Thank this beautiful

woman, Phidias, if my scruples have vanished, and I now promise you and those, who as Alcamenes exclaimed, have felt their chisels burning with impatience in their hands, to open the barriers, that you may go forth like an enthusiastic army to battle, to rebuild ruins and create more magnificent and beautiful structures.

"No little has been done to fortify Athens. The port is altered, the middle wall nearly completed. I intended long since to build a spacious wrestling school for the Athenian youth, and will erect worthy edifices for the arts of music and poetry. We will crown with magnificent temples of the gods and beautiful statues, the work of renovation commenced below in the Pirææus."

At these words joyous applause burst from the ranks of the sculptors and other spectators.

"The gigantic columns of the temple Pisistratus began to build for the Olympic Zeus, and which since his fall no one has touched, rise warningly before us," continued Pericles. "Would it not be well to complete this first?"

"No," cried Ephialtes eagerly. "That is perpetuating the fame of the enemy of popular freedom. Let a tyrant finish what a tyrant began. The free Athenian nation will leave Pisistratus' monument lying amid its ruins, in token that no divine blessing rests on the work of despots."

"You have heard Ephialtes," said Pericles, "and in his words have listened to the whole Athenian people. On the Acropolis stands the ancient sanctuary of Erechtheus and the goddess of the city, Athena, half destroyed and only repaired so far as was necessary for the service of the gods since the Persian war."

"Owls live there!" cried the freethinker Callicrates.

"The rooms in the temple are old and gloomy, so too are the priests, and even the gods themselves are defaced by slow decay."

"Then let us rebuild the temple and make it light and cheerful," said Pericles.

"In that case Phidias will be condemned to idleness," replied Callicrates. "You know the ancient wooden statue of Athena Polias, which fell from Heaven, can never be replaced by any other in the temple of Erechtheus—its shapelessness can never be altered, but merely hung with fresh tinsel."

"Then, we will leave the old priests to live in their ancient temple with their old gods," replied Pericles, "and talk with Phidias, that he may tell us what he dreams with open eyes, when he fixes his gaze upon the Acropolis."

Phidias was standing lost in thought.

Pericles approached, and touching his shoulder, said:

"Reflect—rouse the mighty thoughts in your brain, however numerous they may be, for their time has come."

Phidias smiled, then answered with sparkling eyes:

"Ictinus here can tell you how often I have paced with him the hill-top where stands the citadel and its rocky terraces—how we measured, calculated and formed secret plans, not knowing when the hour would come to realize them."

"And what were these plans?" asked the others.

Phidias explained what had long been secretly maturing in his mind, and they listened enthusiastically.

"But," asked one of the party, "will not such a work be thwarted by the envy of the priests of Erechtheus, as has already happened once?"

"We will triumph over this envy!" cried Ephialtes.

"The treasure of Delos," said Pericles, "shall be laid at the feet of the goddess—it shall be secured in the rear building of the temple, and thus on the shining heights of the Acropolis, the same space shall contain the pledges of the power and greatness of Athens."

All greeted Pericles' last words with enthusiastic shouts. But the latter, as if suddenly recollecting himself, glanced at the rose and laurel in the beautiful Milesian's hands, and continued:

"Many things have been decided, but the contest between Alcamenes and Agoracritus is not yet settled. To which of these two Aphrodites does the wise and lovely stranger give the preference?"

"Is this an Aphrodite?" asked the Milesian, gazing at the work of Agoracritus; "I thought it a sterner goddess, a *Nemesis*."

Agoracritus, who during this time had sat apart on a block of stone with a gloomy, sullen face, smiled bitterly and scornfully.

"A *Nemesis*?" repeated Pericles; "the name is certainly apt. Is not *Nemesis* the stern goddess of moderation, any violation of which is always avenged? Well, in this work of Agoracritus, the grave, stern law and measure of existence seems *embodied*. The beauty of this goddess is almost threatening, almost alarming. For the rest—are not Cypris, the goddess of pleasant moderation, and *Nemesis*, the judge of its violation, somewhat akin? Yet, if the fact is that the Athenians wish to place a statue of *Aphrodite* in the gardens, and Alcamenes alone has carved one, this is the only one we can erect within their bounds. But the work of Agoracritus, which represents a superb *Nemesis*, we will, with his permission, place in the temple of this goddess

at Rhamnus. It will be an easy matter for the sculptor to add a few external symbols."

"That I will!" cried the gloomy Agoracritus, with flashing eyes. "My Cyprian goddess shall become a Nemesis."

"And now, fair stranger," said Pericles, "to whom will you give the laurel and to whom the rose?"

"*Both to you,*" replied the Milesian. "Neither of these two youths is victor, neither is vanquished, and at this moment it seems fitting to lay *all* wreaths in the hands of the man, to whom they are indebted for the opening of a career in which to strive for the noblest garlands."

With these words she gave laurel and rose to Pericles.

Their sparkling eyes met and gazed significantly a moment into each other.

"I will divide the laurel between the two youths," replied Pericles, "but keep the fragrant, beautiful rose for my own."

He broke the laurel and gave it to the rivals, then glancing around the circle, said:

"I believe I shall now leave no dissatisfied heart here. Only the friend of wisdom yonder seems to be still gazing into vacancy with troubled brow and somewhat anxious aspect. Have you any farther doubts?"

"I asked the beautiful Milesian in your name just now," replied the youth, "whether one community could gain preëminence over another solely by gold and military power, or if this purpose could be accomplished by fostering the beautiful, the good, and all admirable mental qualities? The Milesian has shown us that the *beautiful* is specially adapted for this purpose, but I should

now like to know whether it is the same with the other things I have named, the *good* and all noble traits of character."

"I think," said the Milesian, "that goodness is one with beauty; but if this were not so and it was opposed to it, I believe it could be spared, when in pursuit of this object."

"Can you give us proofs of this also?" asked the youth.

"Proofs?" replied the Milesian smiling, "I don't know whether there are any. If they occur to me, I will tell you."

"Quite right," observed Pericles; "we will defer the discussion for another occasion."

The youth shrugged his shoulders and left the courtyard.

"He doesn't seem entirely satisfied," said Pericles.

"No," replied Alcamenes, "I know him; he assumes an air of great modesty, but it vexes him extremely, if the reins of conversation are wrested from him, and the discussion does not go exactly to the point he has secretly marked out for it. But his anger will soon pass away; he has a good-natured, placable disposition."

"What is the name of this singular fellow?" asked Pericles.

"Socrates, the son of Sophroniscus!" replied Alcamenes.

"And the beautiful stranger, from whom we learned so much to-day?" continued Pericles.

"Aspasia!" said Alcamenes.

"Aspasia?" cried Pericles. "The name is soft and sweet; it melts on the lips like a kiss."

CHAPTER II.

TELESIPPE.

PERICLES had spent many a wakeful night, since the meeting of the critics in Phidias' house. His mind was occupied with the treasure of Delos, with which a new era of power and splendor had come to the Athenians; the echo of the conversation held in the sculptor's studio constantly resounded in his brain, and if to escape this whirl of thought he closed his eyes, a half-waking, fleeting dream recalled the charming image of the Milesian, and the dewy, Aphrodite-like lustre of her bewitching eyes illumined the depths of his soul.

Various plans, which he had long been considering, were seething in his mind. Vacillating thoughts gradually strengthened, and resolutions sprang up in a night, as buds develop into roses.

One morning, while seated in his room, absorbed in thought, his friend Anaxagoras came to visit him. Intimate with the wise Clazomenian from early youth, Pericles had spent many a morning hour in receiving, with the open, ardent nature of the Greeks, the new revelations, which bold thinkers, especially Anaxagoras himself, rising above the childish opinions of their forefathers, were beginning to draw from the depths of their own minds.

But to-day the philosopher instantly perceived that his friend was engrossed by totally different thoughts. He found Pericles, usually so calm and dignified, much

excited, his eyes glowing with the dull fire that betrays a night spent in meditation.

"Is the populace summoned to-day to an important meeting on the Pnyx?" asked the old man, gazing at the Olympian. "I never remember to have found you so thoughtful, save on such an occasion."

"The people will assemble to-day," said Pericles, "and I have intended to urge important matters there. I am anxious as to whether I shall prevail—."

"You are a strategus,"* replied Anaxagoras, "you are the administrator of the public revenues, the superintendent of the public buildings, the director of the public festivals—the gods alone know the names of the offices and dignities, conferring ordinary and extraordinary powers, with which the Athenians are constantly loading you. No matter, you are—what is the important, and in a free state the principal thing—you are the great orator, whom they call the 'Olympian,' because a sort of sovereignty is allied with the thunder of your words, as with the thunder of Zeus. And you are anxious?"

"Ay," replied Pericles, "and I assure you that I never ascend the platform of the Pnyx, without secretly imploring the gods to suffer my lips to utter no heedless words, and never allow me to forget that I am speaking to Athenians. You know how impatient the people grew at last, when I constantly called upon them for more money to build the long central wall and repair the Piræus. And now Phidias has overpersuaded me, infected me with his grand new plans. The eager longing felt by him and his associates must no longer be restrained, our Athens must be adorned

* A commander of military forces on land and sea.

and glorified before all the rest of Hellas by the long-considered works of these men. You know I am one of those, who adopt new ideas only after due reflection, but hold firmly to what I have once grasped and urge it with ardent zeal. So I at first gave this matter long deliberation; but now am perhaps secretly more eager in its behalf than even Phidias and his followers."

"Is not the Athenian nation enthusiastic and fond of art?" said Anaxagoras. "And has not the rich treasure of Delos arrived?"

"I fear the distrust sown by open and secret enemies," replied Pericles. "The party of the oligarchs is not wholly subdued. You know, too, that there are friends of the Laconians and others, who are averse to light and everything that is bright and beautiful. You have learned this yourself, since you first stood forth between the columns of the Agora, to announce to us Athenians the message of the pure, free, soul-born truth. However, I shall to-day play a trump, which will make the multitude thoroughly indebted to me. There are poor citizens, who live from hand to mouth, and must starve to-morrow, if they stop work to-day and go to the assembly, in order not to neglect their duty as citizens. Why shouldn't they be paid with a few obols out of the public treasury? I pity, too, the poor fellows, who would be glad to witness the public plays, but can't procure the money for admittance. They should be permitted to go at the public expense, to be unconsciously cultivated and ennobled by the works of the poets, while supposing they are merely pursuing their own pleasure. And the worthy old fellows, chosen by thousands out of the people and allotted to the numerous courts of justice, ought not in future to lose the

whole day without compensation, while settling the quarrels of their fellow-citizens in the sweat of their brows. Athens is rich, fresh fountains of wealth are springing up around us and pouring into our public treasury from the countries of our allies. There is a large surplus now remaining. I have asked myself: should it be kept as a treasure for the future, or used for the benefit of the present time. I believe the present has a better right to it. The people must enjoy the fruit of their victories and aspirations, they must be free and happy; a beautiful, enviable, dignified existence must be established in our Athens, so favored by the gods."

"I have often seen the grave Pericles give utterance to his noble ardor," observed Anaxagoras, "but to-day's emotion seems to be stronger than all former ebullitions of feeling."

"I thank the gods," replied Pericles, "for having given me, in addition to calmness in reflection, the hasty fire of resolve and tenacious courage in execution. Are you dissatisfied with me in any way? Do I seem to go too far in my plans, or my regard for the always uncertain and sometimes ungrateful people?"

"Let me frankly confess that I do not meddle with politics," answered the old man. "I am no Athenian, perhaps not even a Hellene, but a cosmopolitan, a philosopher. My native land is the infinite realm of the world."

"But you are wise," said Pericles, "and can judge the acts of statesmen, whether they will result in good or evil."

"I shall beware of that!" cried Anaxagoras. "Not only poets, but statesmen ignorantly follow a sign from the gods, are possessed by a demon, that animates them

and almost unconsciously urges them to what for the moment is really necessary and useful. Ordinary human understanding often judges prematurely and errs, when the point in question relates to the deeds of divinely inspired statesmen. I have gone far into the depths of nature, and everywhere found a mind pervading her. But the mind is more infallible, more mighty in creating and toiling than in judging—.”

The two men were thus conversing familiarly in Pericles' room; but at this moment a slave entered, sent by Telesippe, the wife of Pericles.

The message brought from the mistress of the house was a singular one. The steward of Pericles' country estate had come in that morning and brought a young ram, born on the said estate, which instead of two horns, had only one, and that grew in the middle of its forehead. This animal, the steward, not without many anxious doubts, had just shown his mistress. Telesippe, a woman of pious mind, hastily sent for the prophet Lampon, that he might instantly interpret the miracle, and now summoned her husband to see the strange creature and listen with her to the opinion of the seer.

Pericles heard the slave's story and then said good-humoredly, turning to his friend:

“Let us obey Telesippe's wish and go to look at the one-horned ram.”

Anaxagoras rose and willingly followed Pericles.

They went out into the peristyle of the house.

Pericles' residence was a very plain dwelling, neither larger nor more richly ornamented than that of any other Athenian citizen of moderate means. It was as simple as its owner's mode of life. In a republic the most influential man must live simply, if he wishes to

protect himself from the distrust of his fellow-citizens. But even without calculation and design, a man who constantly devotes himself to the public, will always neglect his own household a little. The peristyle of Pericles' house was also simple and unadorned, yet it did not lack the familiar charm everywhere associated with this singular, but most pleasant part of the house, this tiny, hall-like courtyard surrounded by pillars. Here people were in the house and under the open sky at the same time, secluded from all the bustle of the outside world, and yet in communion with the fresh breezes of heaven that blew in from above, with the sun, moon and stars that cast their beams unimpeded into the marble hall. The swallows flew twittering in and out, and built their nests on the capitals of the pillars and the cornices. The dwelling-house offered no inviting exterior, like the temples, but as if repelling the public, turned its decoration of pillars within, to create the open, yet cosy and pleasant family room. Here the inmates sat, walked, and received their visitors. Here too sometimes the meals were served. Here also sacrifices to the household gods were offered, here was the real fireside of the house, the altar of the hearth-protecting Zeus.

Behind the colonnade that enclosed all four sides of the peristyle, were the various rooms in Pericles' house. The doors all opened upon it. Tasteful ornaments adorned the door-posts; the openings were artistically draped with colored hangings. The women's apartment was at the back of the peristyle, and behind it the small, carefully-kept garden.

On entering the house from the street, a passage which ran through the front room, led directly to the

peristyle. The porticos extended on the side of the entrance itself, as well as on the right and left of the apartments opening on the square; but opposite to the entrance a pair of columns marked a central space, which deepening within, formed a sort of anteroom, open towards the peristyle, but enclosed by walls on the three remaining sides.

In this anteroom stood Telesippe, the wife of Pericles, surrounded by several male and female slaves. Beside her was the steward, who had come in from the country, holding the one-horned ram in his arms.

Telesippe was a tall woman, with stern, not unlovely, but somewhat coarse features. Her figure was stately and corpulent, but her flesh no longer possessed the bloom of youth. Her cheeks and bosom were flabby, and her garments hung about her limbs in a negligent, ungraceful fashion. Her hair, still disordered, was twisted in a large roll behind. Her face was pale, for she had not yet rouged that morning. This woman, the wife of the great Pericles, had formerly been wedded to the wealthy Hipponicus. The latter was divorced from her, and she obtained Pericles for a husband. At that time, she was still youthful in appearance, and her blooming cheeks made amends for her cold, stern eyes.

When Telesippe, standing in the anteroom opening upon the peristyle, saw her husband approaching accompanied by Anaxagoras, she made a movement, as custom required, to withdraw from the stranger's presence into the women's apartment. Pericles signed to her to stay, and she remained, but without vouchsafing the old man another glance. Telesippe thought she had reason to dislike her husband's grey-haired friend and counsellor.

"I have sent for the prophet Lampon," she said, gazing at the ram with a timid look, "I am afraid this is an evil omen."

At this moment the porter opened the outer door and admitted the prophet, who instantly approached through the long passage from the entrance. The prophet Lampon was the priest of a small temple of Dionysus, which did not yield much revenue. He therefore devoted himself to the art of divination, and with excellent success, enjoying much reputation among the devout. By way of external announcement of his calling, he wore the priestly fillet on his brow, surmounted by the laurel of Apollo. For the rest, after the custom of men of his stamp, he endeavored by negligent dress, tangled beard, dishevelled hair, and a wandering, abstracted glance, to indicate the rapt transports of the prophet-soul.

"This wonderful animal," said Telesippe, "was born on our estate in the country and brought to Athens this morning. You are one of the most skilful interpreters of omens; tell us whether we are to regard this miracle as favorable or dangerous."

Lampon ordered the ram to be laid on the altar of Zeus.

A coal chanced to be still glimmering on the altar. Lampon pulled a hair from the ram's forehead, and threw it on the ember.

"The omen is favorable," said he, "for the hair burned without loud crackling."

Then he looked at Pericles and noticed the position he occupied towards the ram. He chanced to be standing on the right of the animal. "The omen is favorable to Pericles," said the prophet with an important look, then

following the customs of diviners, put a laurel leaf in his mouth and chewed it, in order, by eating the plant consecrated to the god of seers, to enter the state of divine rapture, in which, with clear, divinely inspired gaze he might find the true words of prophecy.

Lampon's eyes began to twitch convulsively. Suddenly the ram turned its head aside, the horn on its forehead pointed directly at Pericles and it uttered a peculiar sound.

"Hail to thee, Alcmaeonid," he cried; "hail, son of Xanthippus, conqueror of the Persians at Mycale, noble scion of the race of Buzygen, the sacred guardian of Pallas. Hail, victor of Thracia, Phocis and Eubœa! The ram of Athens formerly possessed two horns: Thucydides, leader of the Oligarchs, and Pericles, head of the popular party. But henceforward the ram will bear but one horn on its forehead: the Oligarchist party will be wholly conquered, and Pericles alone guide, with wisdom and magnanimity, the destiny of the Athenians."

Anaxagoras smiled. Pericles drew his friend aside and whispered:

"The man is cunning; he expects to be included among the interpreters of omens, who will accompany me at the public expense in the next campaign."

"But what shall be done with the ram?" asked Telesippe.

"He must be fed until he is as fat as possible, and then offered to Dionysus," replied Lampon. "*Bucks* are specially suited for offerings to this god, on account of the injury they do the vines; especially *he-goats*—but a buck is a buck, and for lack of a *he-goat*, a ram like this is not displeasing to the god."

Such was the prophet's information. He received

three obols in payment for his divination, bent his head, from which hung a mass of tangled locks and left the house.

"Mistress Telesippe," said Anaxagoras, "how dearly wisdom is paid for now-a-days! Three obols given for the oracle of a buck, that appears with a single horn to tell us, what all the owls in Athens are hooting in their holes without compensation."

Telesippe cast an angry glance at the speaker, who received it with the philosopher's calm repose.

She was preparing to follow the wrathful glance with a sharp remark, when some one knocked at the outer door. The porter opened it and a lady glided in, accompanied by a female slave, who remained at the entrance. This lady's countenance had the ruddiness, but also the wrinkles of an old apple, shrivelled by lying away. A slight down of short dark hair shaded her upper lip.

"Elpinice, Cimon's sister!" whispered Pericles to Anaxagoras. "Let us go to the Agora; for we can't hold our ground in the house against these two women."

So saying, Pericles drew his friend aside into the colonnade, and after passing Elpinice, hastily went out with him into the street.

Elpinice, Cimon's sister, was a very singular woman. She was the daughter of the famous hero Miltiades, the sister of the no less famous general, Cimon, and the friend of the most admirable Greek painter of those days, Polygnotus. She had once been rosy and beautiful, beautiful enough to captivate a sculptor, but must have irritated Aphrodite, for through some malicious whim of the goddess, no tender feeling save love for her brother, was implanted in her soul. No longing for conjugal

happiness existed in her half masculine breast ; she only desired to be permitted to remain near her brother all her life. But it happened that Cimon, through the death of his father Miltiades, was placed in a position of sore distress. Miltiades had been arraigned by the thankless Athenians and sentenced to pay a fine of fifty talents, and as he died soon after, without having paid the sum, the debt, by the hard provisions of the law, passed to his son Cimon. So long as Cimon did not pay the fifty talents, he was held a dishonorable citizen. Out of love for her brother, Elpinice had remained unwedded ; out of love for her brother she now married. For the prize of her hand, a certain Callias defrayed Cimon's debt. After some time this Callias died, and Elpinice immediately returned to her brother's house.

From the siege and conquest of Thasos, Cimon brought to Athens the artist Polygnotus, a native of the island. He had perceived the youth's talent, become attached to him, and wished to open a wider and more worthy field for his art. Through Cimon's mediation, Polygnotus received from the Athenians the commission to adorn the temple of Theseus with pictures ; he also painted in the great hall of the Agora, which from this very decoration was called the " gay-colored " or the " painted," scenes from the conquest of Troy. Constantly passing in and out of the house of his friend and patron Cimon, the youth fell in love with Elpinice, and when the picture of the Greek heroes judging Ajax's deed of violence was completed, the fairest of the captive Trojan women, Laodice, Priam's daughter, bore the features of Cimon's sister. Elpinice was not ungrateful for this homage. True, she refused the artist her heart and hand, but gave him her friendship. Many, many

years had passed since then, but the bond between these two still endured, after Cimon died and Elpinice, like Polygnotus, had grown old.

Yes, Elpinice had grown old, and without being aware of it.

Wedded only for a short portion of her life, and against her will, and engrossed during the remainder of her days by the fruitless enthusiasm of a sisterly love, she had, although a widow, developed the singular trait which distinguishes old maids. It is a peculiar characteristic of spinsters, that growing children do not serve them as landmarks of advancing time, mile-stones of their life pilgrimage, so that old age approaches them unobserved. They always feel young. This blending of inward youth and external age impresses upon them, in the eyes of the world, at first lightly, but gradually more and more strongly, the stamp of absurdity.

Thus Elpinice too had grown old without perceiving it. The high price Callias had paid for her hand, the homage the artist offered, and other things of this kind, had made her vain of her beauty. She still remained so, long after the charms that aroused the feeling had vanished. She thought herself the same as when Polygnotus painted her as the fairest of Priam's daughters; for she was unmarried, she had no husband, to say: "you are old!" Gentle, quiet, reverential Polygnotus neither could nor would tell her so. He had remained a bachelor, and offered a bachelor's somewhat stiff, but well-meant homage, to the former beloved of his heart.

Her brother Cimon had been exiled by the Athenians some time before his death. His adherents strove to obtain permission for him to return, but feared the influence of the youthful Pericles, whose star was rising,

and who could derive nothing but advantage from the absence of his older rival.

Elpinice, adventurous as she had always been, resolved upon a bold plan to again secure her brother's deliverance. She rouged and perfumed herself, donned a magnificent robe, and went to Pericles. She knew that the great statesman was not indifferent to feminine beauty. She would appear before him with all the charms of a figure that had enraptured Callias, entranced Polygnotus, heightened by art. She went to Pericles, to induce him to withhold the Olympic thunder of his words in the popular assembly, when the proposal to recall Cimon was made.

When Pericles saw the fantastic, gaudily-decked, perfumed woman standing before him, with a look of conscious victory on her face, he perceived that this was a design upon the susceptibility of his heart. He knew that he had the reputation of such susceptibility, and the idea annoyed him. He was vexed that such a character should be ascribed to him, in spite of his grave, dignified demeanor, and now came this elderly Elpinice, presuming to seek to ensnare him with the scanty remnants of her beauty.

Pericles was gentle by nature, but the idea that this bedizened woman, with down on her lip, should think it so easy a matter to captivate the friend of beauty, made the kindly man for the moment a tyrant. He gazed at the intercessor for a time in silence, scanned her dress, then her face, and at last said very quietly :

"You have grown old, Elpinice."

He uttered these words in the gentlest tone,—yet they were malicious. They are the sole instance of ill-nature, that tradition reports of Pericles, the Olympian.

A secret shiver ran through his own frame, as he spoke the fatal word. He suspected it was one of those, whose consequences Clio has a stylus to record.

The sentence: "you have grown old, Elpinice," might cause a change in the fate of Pericles, Athens, nay all Hellas—civil war, a Persian invasion, blood, sorrow, tears, woe of every kind, the ruin of the Hellenic nation might spring from these words. What may not a woman do, who has been told: you are old?

And the most kindly of all the Greeks had uttered this harshest of all words.

Elpinice started, cast an angry glance at Pericles, and left him.

But what did it avail Pericles' good repute, that he had treated the coquettish Elpinice with so little courtesy? Did not the kind-hearted Olympian spoil all, by shuddering at the harsh words which had escaped his lips, regretting them, and trying to make amends on the Pnyx? When the people had assembled and the motion for the recall of Cimon was made, all looked at Pericles, expecting that he would vehemently oppose it; but he sat silent, gazing into vacancy as if the matter was no concern of his, so that Cimon's adherents won their cause, the Athenians laughed, and one whispered to another with a significant wink: "There is the elderly Elpinice's work again! She went to Pericles in her finery, and the lover of the fair sex bit eagerly—bit at the rancid bait."

Poor Pericles!

After Cimon's death Elpinice was angry with the world, because she was obliged to live on without him. Now she hated Pericles and the new times still more.

Her conversation was always spiced with such say-

ings as : " My brother Cimon used to say," or, " my brother Cimon used to do this or that," or, " my brother Cimon would have done so or so in this case."

- Cimon had been a friend of Laconia, a man who concealed his sympathy for Sparta so little, that he gave one of his sons the name of Lacedæmonius, and whose whole character bore far more resemblance to a Spartan soldier, than a cultured, refined and volatile Athenian, so no one could wonder that his masculine sister carried this friendship for the Laconians to the verge of caricature. She served the party that was opposed to every free and joyous aspiration of the Attic nature, by the zeal with which she watched the family life of its foes. She was on the most intimate terms with the very women, whose husbands she hated. This was the case with Telesippe, the wife of Pericles.

Yet this walking memento of the good old days, this spinster friend of the secretly dissatisfied bachelor Polygnotus, did not possess a thoroughly ungracious and repulsive nature. She was at once malicious and well-meaning, spiteful and faithful, grave and variable, ridiculous and worthy of reverence.

Such was the woman, before whom Pericles and his friend, the wise Anaxagoras, fled so hastily, when she came to visit Telesippe.

Telesippe helped Cimon's sister to release her thin body from the folds of the cloak-like himation, in which Elpinice, as beseemed a chaste Athenian woman, always wrapped not merely the upper portion of her body, but even her head—with the exception of her mouth and eyes—whenever she went into the street. Then Telesippe drew out a chair, laid a cushion on it, and invited her friend to sit down. Elpinice was dressed very

neatly, with a sort of old-fashioned care, and her hair was no less daintily arranged. Her head-dress corresponded admirably with its wearer's character. The locks at the back of the head were covered by a handkerchief, twisted below and knotted coquettishly above the so-called "saccus," while the front was adorned with the metal plate already mentioned, which, somewhat resembling a diadem, rose to a point above the brow. Large round ear-rings of antique pattern dangled on both sides of the venerable Elpinice's face.

"Telesippe," cried the visitor, "you look paler than usual to-day. What does this mean?"

"It may be the result of anxiety," replied Telesippe. "We had a miracle in the house."

"What do you say?" cried Elpinice. "Has oil or wine been spilled while pouring it out? Or have the beams creaked without cause? Or did a strange black dog run into the house?"

"The steward brought to the city this morning a ram born on our country estate, which had only one horn, that grew directly in the middle of its forehead."

"A ram with a single horn?" cried Elpinice. "By Artemis! I'm not surprised that signs and marvels happen. A huge meteoric stone is said to have fallen from the sky at Brilessus the night before last. Some say that they saw a comet in the shape of a burning beam. Some of the statues of the gods are reported to have begun to perspire or bleed. A short time ago a raven perched on the gilded statue of Pallas at Delphi, and pecked with its beak the fruits of the brazen palm on which it stands. But best of all—just imagine. The priestess of the Eumenides at Orchomenus is said to

have grown a long thick beard! Have you sent for an interpreter of omens?"

"Lampon," replied Telesippe.

"Lampon is excellent," said Elpinice, nodding approvingly. "He is the best of them all. Anybody can slaughter an animal and make predictions from its entrails. But one should see and hear Lampon, when he holds an egg over the fire and draws his omens from its sweating or bursting, or when he forms whole letters and words from grains of corn he lays on the ground, then lets in the hens and notices which they pick up, and which not. He knows, too, how to prophecy from the hand, and even from clear water, or anything one wishes, as nobody else can do. Lampon is clever and reliable; you can believe what he says, as if the priestess had uttered it on the tripod at Delphi. But you don't tell me how he interpreted the marvel."

"He interpreted the single horn to mean Pericles' dominion over Athens," replied Telesippe.

Elpinice turned up her nose, and said no more in praise of Lampon. "My brother Cimon," said she, "revered the omens of the gods as much as any one, and once ordered a ram to be slaughtered for twelve days in succession, until the entrails were favorable. Then he attacked the enemy. But whenever he went into the field, he always said to the interpreters, who accompanied him at the public expense. 'Soothsayers, do the duties of your office, but don't *flatter* me! Don't falsify the signs of the gods to please me.' Modern statesmen, on the contrary, have quite different wishes. The seers know very well, who desires to hear the truth and who does not. People who allow themselves to be flattered, may enjoy a fleeting success; but the real

blessing of the gods never attends those who do not revere the Olympians."

"Do you suppose that Pericles showed himself particularly grateful to Lampon for his prediction," replied Telesippe. "No, he merely smiled, and his friend, that old, half-starved Anaxagoras, even ventured to make sneering remarks."

"Since my brother Cimon's death," cried Elpinice, "we have received into the country those despisers of the gods, the Sophists."

"And these people," said Telesippe, "undermine not only reverence for the gods and good morals in the state, but destroy the happiness and prosperity of the family. I was the wife of the wealthy Hipponicus, and might have married the Archon Basileus, whose wife really occupies the highest position in the nation, because, according to ancient custom, she shares her husband's most sacred priestly functions. But I allowed myself to be won first by the wealthy Hipponicus, then by Pericles' dignified, yet gentle, flattering manner. Now, what am I, a woman accustomed to so much better things, compelled to undergo! To what a household have I descended from that of Hipponicus! And things have gone constantly from bad to worse. Pericles neglects his home. If I go to consult him about the most important domestic affairs, he has no time for them. I scarcely venture to enter his room in the morning. He fairly shows me to the door. 'My dear Telesippe,' he says, 'don't trouble me in the morning with such matters, or at least don't come unwashed and uncombed, so that you offend my ears and eyes at the same time.' I have been the wife of the wealthy Hipponicus, and he permitted me to live in splendor; yet never did he ad-

dress such words to me. Here, on the contrary, in Pericles' house, where instead of luxury and magnificence sordidness and poverty surround me, here I must only appear before the stern master, bathed and perfumed and crowned with garlands. How I resisted, when he took it into his head to lease his estates, and trust all his money to his slave Euangelos. He is now purse-bearer and steward in the house, and I, its mistress, am condemned to take money from the hand of a slave. Do you know from whom Pericles learned this fine way of housekeeping, who leads him to it by his example? No other than his beloved Anaxagoras. Before this malicious idler left his house in Clazomenæ, to wander here to Athens, his relatives reproached him, asking why he did not manage the estates inherited from his father. He answered: 'Do it yourselves, if you choose!' At last he went away, leaving everything he possessed just as it stood, and told the Clazomenians they might turn the goats of the community into his fields and meadows. Such men are the friends and advisers of Pericles!"

Telesippe's complaint was interrupted by a slave, who approached to ask her orders about some domestic matter. Other male and female slaves returned from the market, bringing the provisions they had purchased. Telesippe tried the odor or taste of the various articles, but allowed Elpinice to give her opinion about the freshness of a pike, and issued certain orders to the cook. She also distributed to the slave-women flax, linen, and other woven materials for the daily task of spinning, weaving, and sewing in the house.

Then she turned back to her friend, to continue the interrupted conversation.

"I haven't yet told you the worst!" she said. "Formerly this was a poor, yet a peaceful household. But everything has changed since the time Pericles, in his thoughtless good-nature, brought home his ward, the boy Alcibiades, the orphaned son of Cleinias, to be educated with his own children. I say out of good-nature; but in doing so he only showed himself kind to his relative, while utterly regardless of me and his own flesh and blood. You know how well-behaved my two boys, Xanthippus and Paralus, have always been, and under what control I have kept them. They sat quietly in a corner all day long, and the pedagogue actually fell asleep, they gave him so little to do. Pericles never called them anything but 'humbugs,' and scolded them for their want of activity. But they were really well-behaved children, such as all fathers would desire. They had learned to obey at a sign, and did nothing except what they were told to do. They sat or walked, eat and slept, whenever people desired. If one said: 'Paralus, don't put your hand in your mouth!' or 'Xanthippus, don't touch your nose!' Paralus took his fist out of his mouth, and Xanthippus his finger out of his nose. If either of them ever made a wry face, we need only say: 'Mormo is coming,' or 'Empusa,' or 'Acco,' or 'the wolf is there,' or 'the horse will bite,' and they turned pale and became as gentle as lambs. And now? You wouldn't know the boys, since that good-for-nothing Alcibiades came into the house. With him, noise and shouting and misbehavior of every kind has been brought into the nursery. The first thing he did was to throw into one corner the rattles and tops, which have always afforded Xanthippus and Paralus the utmost pleasure, and call for wooden horses and carts.

Pericles gave him what he wanted, and then he banged noisily around the peristyle as if he were in the race-course at Olympia. Soon the wooden horses no longer satisfied him, and he harnessed Paralus and Xanthippus, and at last, even the pedagogue, before his 'Olympic chariot of victory,' as he called it. By way of a change, he caught swallows in the peristyle and either clipped their wings or let them fly as far as long strings would allow them.

"At first the two boys watched their new companion's conduct with a sort of timid amazement. Gradually they became accustomed to it, approached when he was playing some mischievous prank, and watched him gravely and eagerly. Afterwards they *helped*, and at last began to imitate like monkeys everything the fellow did. But the better nature, innate in them, showed itself in the fact that they never originated any naughty idea. They only faithfully did whatever Alcibiades ordered. If I began to say anything about Mormo, Empusa, Acco, the wolf or the biting horse, Alcibiades *laughed*. When Xanthippus and Paralus saw him, and perceived that Mormo, Empusa, the wolf and the horse allowed it, they laughed too. So I lost all power over the boys. They no longer obey me. The pedagogue is an old man, a slave grown grey in the service of the family, who fell from an olive-tree and broke his leg, and whom Pericles therefore, again out of good-nature, that he might have no more hard work to do, has made the boys' overseer. Now the very fire on the hearth isn't safe from the rascals; they destroy and break everything that can be destroyed and broken, climb wherever they can, and fall down wherever it is possible to fall. The slave-women in the house are

teased and pinched, the men scoffed at and beaten. If I attempt to interfere, and chase the boys angrily with my sandal in my hand, Xanthippus and Paralus creep like a flash of lightning under tables and couches, Alcibiades swings himself like a squirrel up the pillars of the peristyle to the cornice. And Pericles? If I complain to him, he smiles and takes the ringleader Alcibiades under his protection against the *humbugs*—”

At this moment Telesippe was interrupted by little Paralus, who came running in, crying bitterly.

The other lads followed close at his heels.

“We were playing the furious Ajax,” said Alcibiades, “the furious Ajax, who killed so many cattle when he was mad, because he thought them Achæans, and who is the ancestor of our family, my father Cleinias told me. I was Ajax, Paralus and Xanthippus were the cattle. But I didn’t strike them hard.”

“Inhuman boy!” cried Telesippe, in an outburst of anger, and beckoning to Paralus and Xanthippus, carressed them to soothe their grief.

Meantime Elpinice was gazing intently at little Alcibiades.

“Yet he is a charming lad!” she said. “These sparkling black eyes—this dazzlingly white forehead—these magnificent floating curls.”

“He’s a good-for-nothing scamp!” cried Telesippe, irritated by the words of admiration her friend seemed to be lavishing on the boy. Then she called the pedagogue. The old man came limping up. “Why did you allow Alcibiades to abuse the two lads?” she exclaimed.

“He was in the game himself,” said Alcibiades; “he stood ready to be the Trojan horse, with which I intended to enter Ilium.”

Telesippe looked at the pedagogue in astonishment.

"Mistress Telesippe," replied the latter, "this isn't the first time I have been obliged to aid this wild fellow's pranks. Yesterday he bit my hand like a young dog—"

"Fie! Say like a young lion!" exclaimed little Alcibiades indignantly.

"O, Zeus and Apollo!" cried Elpinice, with a merry gesture. Then drawing the boy towards her, she continued coaxingly: "You are certainly a brave lad, and if you had lived under my brother, the great Cimon, would have helped him fight the Persians. But in those times, my child, boys behaved differently from the lads of the present day. They were not nimble-tongued, saucy and forward, and they despised perfumes and warm baths. At table they sat properly, without crossing their legs or taking even a tiny stalk of a vegetable in their own hands. In the morning they were seen in thin garments, even when it stormed and blew, on their way to the music teacher, where they learned substantial old songs like, 'Pallas, ruler of the city,' or 'Shorn, good ram,' by Simonides, not the effeminate love ditties that are now the fashion, with turns and flourishes, which anybody ought to be well beaten for applauding. Remember, son of Cleinias, you, too, will soon be sent with your playmates to the teacher's house, you will study grammar and gymnastics, playing the lute and blowing the flute—"

"No," interrupted little Alcibiades; "I don't want to play the flute—it makes one look ugly—puffs out the cheeks—so." He puffed out his cheeks as far as he could.

"Oh, how vain!" cried Elpinice, trying to kiss him.

But old maids have little luck with children. To escape the kiss Cimon's sister offered, Alcibiades, with boyish impudence, blew full into her face the breath he had been holding in his cheeks, and then ran away laughing saucily.

Elpinice was furious, and started from her seat to leave the house at once. Taking her himation, she threw one end of the broad side of the long piece of cloth over her left shoulder, holding it firmly with her left arm, than drew the material across her back to the right side, in such a way that it not only covered this part of her body, but also her head with the exception of her face. Finally she passed it under her chin, and again threw it over her left shoulder, so that the point hung on her back.

"You see what a fate I endure," said Telesippe, holding her friend's hand to detain her. "This is the way I live here, tormented by troublesome children, by the side of a careless husband, joyless, vexed, slighted, I who might have been the wife of the Archon Basileus—the sharer of the most sacred offices of the service of the Athenian gods."

"My brother Cimon used to say," replied Elpinice: "*New times are evil times.* The world goes on its course, and ambitious men urge it forward. But *we women are here too.* Give heed, Telesippe, and let what I say to you be enough for to-day! if we women hold together and cling to the wheels, they won't succeed speedily in turning this earth completely out of the old grooves."

CHAPTER III.

THE RIBBON-DEALER FROM HALIMUS.

WHEN Pericles and Anaxagoras left the house, they went down the street leading from the great theatre of Dionysus to the foot of the southern declivity of the Acropolis, and then turned northward to enter the one which ran between the western slope of the Acropolis and the hill of the Areopagus to the Agora.

They had now reached their goal, and were standing on the Agora.

This central point of Athenian life and intercourse covered a wide space in the district of the Cerameicus. It lay as if sheltered under the protection of the hills of Athens; on the southern side it had the rugged rocks of the Areopagus and Acropolis, on the western the Hill of the Nymphs, joined in a southerly direction by the more famous summit of the Pnyx, to the north was the moderately high hill that bore the temple of Theseus, and on the northwest appeared the slopes of the famous Colonus.

Thus all the famed and hallowed hills of Athens looked down upon the Agora.

In its midst rose the altar of the twelve great Olympian gods. Here, too, stood the bronze statues of the ten legendary ancestral heroes of the Attic nation and country. Opposite to these statues was allotted to each of the nine Archons, the chief magistrates of Athens, the place of his public activity within the limits of the Agora. Here, too, were most of the courts of jus-

tice; the spot where the Council of the Five Hundred assembled, the Bouleuterion and the domed rotunda of the Tholus.

The throng of people surged more densely than usual around these meeting-places to-day. In the Tholus, many were hastening to the prytanes, the men who belonged to the division of magistrates then officiating. Many other members of the magistracy were seen on the square, but attracted little notice. Then Pericles arrived, and all eyes instantly turned towards him. He took leave of his companion Anaxagoras, entered the Tholus and went to the prytanes. He had several matters to discuss with these men, who consulted together about the subjects to be brought before the popular assembly, and presided over it.

Stately temples towered around the magnificent Agora of the Athenians, and its long porticos were adorned with all the noblest beauty of art.

Most refreshing to the eye, amid this vast number of pinnacles and colonnades, glittering in the sunlight, was the green foliage of the plane-trees, which, a grateful heritage from Cimon, subdued the sultry heat of the Agora and afforded a pleasant shade to its fierce tumult.

Under woven branches, that afforded protection from sun and rain, was displayed in countless booths the bright, fragrant, manifold wealth of the Athenian market.

Leeks and lettuce, caraway seeds and cresses, thyme and honey, bullocks and fish, poultry and game—do they deserve a glance because found in the market-place of ancient Athens? Why not? All that ripened under the sky of Attica was of noble species, and the Greek sun spiced it with more delicate juices.

Besides, neighboring countries sent their best products to Athens. These dainty succulent vegetables came from Megara ; this goose, these choice coots and sand-snipes from the rich land of Bœotia.

But the greatest throng in the market-place gathered around the scaly tribe. Everything eatable and delicious that swarmed in the hundred bays of the deeply-indented Grecian coast was offered here, from the cheap salt-fish, the cheapest of these commodities, yet which, when covered with oil, wrapped in aromatic leaves, and roasted in the hot ashes, tasted admirably, to the most praised and costliest dainty of its kind, the Bœotian eel. The anchovies from the neighboring harbor of Phalerum were so delicate, that they only, so to speak, required to see the fire, to be thoroughly fried.

Whoever did not feel disposed to carry home the raw material for a meal, could satisfy his hunger on the spot. Judging from the odor, even the juicy roast donkey was not to be despised, at least the seller praised the belly-portion as a dainty morsel. True, his neighbor in a clear, loud voice expended all the eloquence of the Greeks to prove that his goat-meat deserved the preference, that it was the most-nourishing of any kind of flesh, and real "athlete's food."

If one desired to escape the smell of flesh and blood—which, however, the Olympians enjoyed—and sought more delicate and subtle perfumes, he betook himself to the spot where the merry glances of some young girl or rosy boy, weaving garlands, invited customers. The Athenian was extravagantly fond of garlands. They accompanied him from his mother's lap to the tomb. In Athens not only fame, love, death, joy, and every kind of festal gayety adorned itself with flowers; not only

did the reveller twine his brow, nay his whole body with garlands at the symposium, but even the dignitary wore a wreath while performing his official duties, and the orator did the same when preparing to speak to the assembled populace on the Pnyx. Athens wound her garlands of roses and ivy, and did not even disdain the foliage of the silver-poplar; hyacinths too blended with the green of the myrtle; but she seems to have best loved the modest violet, for her poets called her the "violet-wreathed."

There was also the pottery market, the pride of Athenian art-manufactures. From ancient times this whole portion of the city took its name from the potters, and the productions of the Attic clay, so blessed by the gods, went from here on ships to all parts of the world. The Athenian shaped this beautiful clay of his native soil, like his Attic marble, with that delicate sense of the plastic art the gods considerably bestowed on him with his admirable clay and marble.

From the small, flat, handleless, and footless phial, to the gigantic pithos, that contained a hundred amphoræ of wine, yet was made of clay, everything was perfectly proportioned. The round, double-handled amphoræ, the hydria, the perfume-bottles with narrow necks, from which the liquid could only flow drop by drop with a gurgling sound, the huge mixing vessels, jars for water, and goblets of a hundred different shapes—all were beautiful.

Not a single article was shapeless, or made solely for use. Even the vessels for daily service, even the jar in which the Greek kept his wine, his honey, his oil or his perfume, was beautiful. It never lacked the charm of graceful proportions, harmonious outlines.

While walking here, one would not have supposed himself in a market and among *merchandise*, for beauty does not belong solely to him who pays for it, but delights every passer-by, and where the things with which men are surrounded bear the elevating impress of loveliness, all have a share in everything, and the ideal of community in property is realized in its loftiest sense.

One might also walk through the perfume-market, and the clothes-mart, where with the native costume, foreign garments, mantles from Megara, Thessalian hats, Amyclæan and Sicyonian shoes, found admirers and purchasers. But moderns would doubtless have most enjoyed the books offered in holders of cylindrical shape, and gladly unrolled the broad sheets of papyrus, wrapped about round sticks, ornamented at both ends with ivory or metal knobs, and fastened by red or yellow bands of parchment.

Yet the noise of the hawkers, the bustle of the market-place, was too great to allow one to become absorbed in the literary wisdom of the Athenians.

A charcoal-burner from Acharnæ, and a ribbon-dealer from Halimus, were vying with each other in praising their wares. A third person joined them, calling upon the Athenians to buy his excellent lamp-wicks, made from the pith of rushes. Soon shouts rose on all sides: "Buy my oil!" "buy my vinegar!" "buy my wood!" while public criers announced that such and such a ship had arrived in the harbor, that such and such merchandise had been discharged, or proclaimed the reward offered for the discovery of a thief or the restoration of a runaway slave.

The only thing missed in the market-place was the presence of women. No Athenian sent his wife or

daughters there. He sent slaves or—went himself and made the purchases for the family meal.

Yet were there not numbers of oddly-dressed women moving about near the temple of Aphrodite Pandemos? They did not belong to the ranks of the buyers, but the sellers, and were at once venders and merchandise. Among them were flute-players and dancing-girls, waiting to be hired to amuse the merry revellers at the symposia of the wealthy. Exchangers' tables also stood in the Agora, as well as at the Piræus, and the Athenian gave these bankers his ready money, to be received again in small sums as he required.

The Athenian had numberless reasons for visiting the Agora at least once a day, and if by accident he lacked a cause, went there without one. His temperament was extremely social. Constant intercourse with his equals was a necessity. This loquacity and sociability found vent everywhere: in the porticos, the baths, the barber's shops, the booths, even in the workshops of the artisan, everywhere except in *taverns*; of these the Athenians had little knowledge, or left them to the lowest dregs of the people.

What was the purpose of the large, well-armed throng encamped just in the centre of the almost boundless Agora? They were the Scythian bowmen, mercenaries who, according to ancient custom, guarded the market-place, a sort of city and police guard, ready to execute the orders of the Council of Five Hundred. These sons of distant Scythia delighted the Athenian by the barbarous jargon into which they mangled the Greek language and—by their unquenchable thirst.

They were snub-nosed, and had expressionless faces, which contrasted disadvantageously with the elegantly-

formed heads and expressive features of the native Greeks. The foreigners were coarse and clumsy in their appearance, the Greeks, on the contrary, were delicately-formed and full of spirit and energy. The movements of the former were sometimes sluggish and heavy, sometimes awkwardly hurried, while those of the latter were imbued with noble grace. Even the coal-burner from Acharnæ held himself erect, and the ribbon-dealer from Halimus, who had, with difficulty, given a little new lustre to his shabby linen garment, by the aid of chalk, in honor of the popular assembly, glanced proudly around him, while selling his wares. He swayed to and fro from his hips in crossing the market-place, but the upper portion of his body maintained a dignified repose. The proverbial "Attic glance," dwelt in the eyes of all the men assembled. What was the meaning of this glance? It is hard to say. The "Attic glance," like the whole nature of the Athenians, was a mirror of very different qualities, both amiable and unamiable. The Attic glance was ready at any moment to transform itself into a sharp Attic jest. The Athenian seemed grave, but a sarcastic idea sprung and sparkled suddenly from his seriousness, as fire flashes from a stone. He had mother-wit and knew how to use it.

A man, whose dress and stately bearing betokened comfortable circumstances, but who evidently looked about him with a stranger's eyes, had been wandering for some time through the crowded Agora. He entered the booths of the dealers, inquired the price of this and of that article of merchandise, but always seemed to make objections.

The ribbon-dealer from Halimus was slowly passing him.

"I don't understand," said the stranger, perhaps encouraged by the look of curiosity or interest the latter cast at him. "I don't understand the prices of these dealers. I believe they are trying to cheat me."

"Are you a stranger?" asked the ribbon-dealer.

"Of course," replied the other. "I came here with my family from Sicyon and only arrived a few days ago. I intend to settle here. I would rather be a foreign resident in Athens than a citizen of Sicyon, where my enemies abused me."

When the other heard that the man who accosted him was no citizen of Athens, but merely a foreign resident—he had supposed him to be a magistrate—he drew himself up somewhat more stiffly and answered with a sort of condescension:

"Friend, if you are ignorant of the value of our coins and the prices of our wares, you must try to learn them, and, if possible, from an honest man. Look," he continued, drawing out a very small, thin piece of silver, and laying it on the palm of his hand, "look, this is Attic silver, which we dig yonder in Laurium. You'll find no such fine, pure metal in the whole world. This is our smallest silver coin, a half obolus; with it you can buy a common cheese, or a small sausage with some liver, or even a tolerably large piece of meat, as much as you alone can eat. If you pay a *whole* obolus, you will get a dish of meat admirably dressed. For *four* such obols you can carry home a dainty sea fish. If you have *six* obols, they make a drachm and you can change them for a larger silver coin, with the head of Athena on one side and the laurel-wreathed Athenian owl on the other. For a drachm you can get a dish of echinüs; for *two* drachmæ a whole bushel of barley, for

three a bushel of wheat, and for *ten* a chiton, provided it is not of specially fine quality. When you have a hundred drachmæ, it is equal to a mina, and for one-and-a-half such minæ you can buy a slave; three minæ will purchase a horse, or a very small house; if you want a larger and finer one you must give sixty, or one *talent*. You see in this way you can buy many dainties, many fine things in Athens for little money. But if you lack this little, you must do like the rest of us poor people—support yourself modestly on our native barley cakes, and chew the spicy native garlic.”

At this moment, the speaker was interrupted by the sound of a powerful voice, that echoed through the market-place. It was the herald, who now verbally repeated the invitation addressed in writing before the Bouleuterion to the Athenians, to assemble on the Pnyx, adding that the meeting would be opened in an hour. At the same time a large banner was raised on the summit of the Pnyx, which fluttered in the air over the city in token of the approaching council.

The throng pressed around the herald, and a sort of ferment spread through the dense crowd. The men of Athens had been on foot since early morning, and wherever people gathered together, eager, and not unfrequently quarrelsome, conversation was heard. The herald's proclamation fanned the warmth of political discussion to new and brighter flames.

“The treasure brought from Delos by the government ship is said to amount to eighteen hundred talents!” exclaimed some one in the midst of a group of citizens.

“Three thousand talents!” cried a second.

“Six thousand!” eagerly chimed in a third. “Six

thousand, I tell you, have come from Delos—six thousand talents in ready money.”

“Hurrah!” shouted a fourth, fairly jumping for joy. “Where there is money, says the proverb, the oars move and the wind blows.”

“As for the new buildings,” thoughtfully remarked a fifth in the group, “especially the new temple of Pallas, I’ll consent; but the judges’ pay and the money for plays—”

“What? Won’t you grant the people that?” cried one of the poorer citizens standing near.

“Why, yes,” replied the other, “but I don’t think the proposal will go through. The oligarchs won’t allow it to pass. Money to pay for plays for the people? The numerous friends of Laconia will never allow it. No, indeed.”

“On the contrary,” replied another, “I think the motion for the plays will be easily carried, for the masses of the people on the Pnyx have a majority against the oligarchs. But with regard to the buildings, and especially the new temple of Pallas Athena—”

“What?” several persons eagerly interrupted; “do you think we ought not to build?”

“No,” replied the other. “I only mean—”

“Wait!” some one interrupted, “let us first hear Pericles!”

“Yes, let us first hear Pericles!” echoed around the circle. But Pamphilus, the sausage-maker, turned up his nose, saying:

“Pericles, always Pericles! Must we always listen to him?”

“Why not?” was the reply; “Pericles is wise—Pericles is well-meaning—Pericles is the man to whom

we Athenians owe the fat on the broth—Pericles is the only person here in Athens, of whom his fellow-citizens can say no evil—”

“What?” cried his opponent; “no evil? Don’t all the older people say that his features bear a certain resemblance to those of Pisistratus, the tyrant?”

“That’s true,” observed Pamphilus. “Besides he has—what every-body doesn’t know—a so-called *onion-head*.”

“What? an onion-head?” cried the listeners.

“An onion-head!” replied the other. “Know,” he continued mysteriously, “know that the handsome, stately Pericles has a lump on the top of his head, so that it runs up to a point, not unlike an onion—”

“Nonsense!” cried the rest of the party. “Did anybody ever see this onion-head of Pericles?”

“No one,” replied Pamphilus, “no one. That’s certain. But how could any person see it? In the field Pericles wears his helmet, and even in peace wherever it is suitable, you will see his head covered with this same helmet. Where it won’t do, he tries other ways. For instance, on the Bema he wears the usual myrtle wreath of the orator; and in the street he is generally seen in the broad brimmed Thessalian hat, so no one has ever beheld Pericles’ head distinctly; but for that very reason, the supposition that he has an onion-head is probable; if it were not so, why should he so anxiously conceal it?”

“Of course, of course,” said many of his hearers, nodding assent; “there’s no doubt that Pericles’ head is an onion-head—”

“If that is so,” remarked one of the oligarchist party, who was in the group, casting a sarcastic glance at some

poorly-dressed men, who were listening to the conversation; "if Pericles, the friend of the people, has an onion-head, he ought to guard himself from the love of his best friends and adherents, the onion and garlic eaters—"

Some laughed at the oligarch's jest, but among the men, on whom the scornful side-glance had rested, was the ribbon-dealer from Halimus. He answered it with a flash of his dark eyes, clenched his fist and was on the point of sending back a sharp reply.

But at this moment a man approached, carrying his purchases in the folds draped over his breast.

"Ah, Pheidippides!" cried one; "you've been bargaining for half an hour, you niggard, haven't you?"

"To be sure!" replied Pheidippides, "the quean asked *two obols* for these two little fish."

"And at last you bought them?"

"For *one*," replied Pheidippides smiling, but instantly added. "They're probably good for nothing, or the old woman wouldn't have let me have them so cheap. One is always getting cheated."

His hearers laughed. "Pheidippides, you are a man who understands economy. What do you say to the extravagance of Pericles, who now wants us to spend the allies' treasure in all kinds of salaries and plays, and for a magnificent temple of Pallas on the Acropolis. Have you no objections, Pheidippides?"

"Pallas Athena forbid!" cried Pheidippides. "May the blessing of all the gods rest on the head of our great and wise Pericles. I have no objections to make; on the contrary, I say: 'we must build, we must have the magnificent temple of Athena on the Acropolis, though it should swallow all the treasure of the allies—'"

"What? are you, who are so miserly in your own

house, that you split the caraway seed for daily use, thus generous with the public money," asked several.

"Why," replied Pheidippides, "at home it isn't worth while to be generous and manage lavishly. When are we in the house? When does an Athenian citizen's business allow him to be at home? He must go to the market, to the assembly of the people, the assembly of the members of his family, the assembly of the members of his district, to this or that court of justice, to this or that club, now to the Piræus, now into the country to look after his fields and sheep—when, I ask, is the Athenian citizen at home? He belongs to the public, and the public to him; so my motto is always: 'saving at home, but generous and lavish for the community.' Why should I adorn my own house, it would please me only a short time, and then perhaps be squandered by my son and heir. But what I help build on the Acropolis will last, and that I can bequeath to my remotest descendant."

"Pheidippides is right!" said the men, looking at each other and nodding.

But the member of the oligarchist party, who had formerly ventured the offensive jest, now raised his voice again. "Moderation in everything," said he. "We must sow with the hand and not the bag. If we don't preserve moderation, the community will decline, and the proud structure of Athenian power and grandeur fall into shameful ruin."

"May it strike you on the nose!" cried the angry ribbon-dealer from Halimus, shaking his fist at the oligarch.

The bystanders laughed, but Pheidippides continued: "Look at the richest men in Athens. You doubtless

know how they obtained most of their renown—not by erecting magnificent dwellings for themselves, but by equipping ships for the commonwealth, training choruses for the public plays at their own expense, and doing other things of this kind which the law compelled, but in which they showed praiseworthy zeal in giving more than was required. Is there anything for which they would rather spend their wealth than these objects, although they thereby merely enhance the splendor of the nation, while almost plunging themselves into poverty?”

“Ah,” replied the oligarch, “such is the conduct of the rich. But, unfortunately, people are now paying more regard to splendor and display, than to what is really substantial and useful. The trierarchs often go on board their ships without providing the crews with anything except meal, onions, and cheese, while those who endow and train a tragic chorus at their own expense, feed these singers with all sorts of sweets and dainties for the development and preservation of their voices, and if their chorus is outdone by another must submit to be jeered at and insulted. These customs are making us effeminate. If we would only pay a little more heed to the example of the manly Lacedemonians—”

“A friend of Laconia!” cried several derisively.

“Yes, a friend of Laconia!” said the oligarch. “I repeat, we must follow the example of the Spartans, or our splendor won’t last long, especially if we continue to let the guidance of the commonwealth fall more and more into the hands of the poor, hungry, corruptible class—”

The ribbon-dealer from Halimus, hearing these

words, again clenched his fist at the oligarch. One of his companions, with much difficulty, soothed him.

"I had a strange dream last night," one of the men in the group now began, "and should like to know what it means. I first saw great darkness spread around; then a man came—he wore the features of Pericles—and set up a torch, which grew larger and larger till at last it shone like a scorching sun in the sky, and everything glittered in the broad light of day. But the gigantic sun-torch, by the very intensity of its heat, began to again draw vapors from the earth, which grew denser and gathered into clouds, until at last the torch vanished behind them, and it was as dark as before. It was a strange circle of light and gloom. Does not this dream portend some misfortune?"

"All dreams are not sent by the gods!" replied one of his listeners.

"You are mistaken!" said the oligarch. "Dreams are always significant. I myself was once saved by a warning dream, when I intended to embark on a ship, which was afterwards lost with all on board. The gods did not will that I should perish in such a way—"

"Perhaps it is their will that you should be hanged," cried the ribbon-dealer, no longer repressing his indignation.

The oligarch looked sullenly at the man, as if he meant to call the insolent jester to account.

But, glancing around the circle, he saw only faces smiling approval, and as the pedler approached belligerently, as if longing to attack him, preferred to vanish in the throng, which was beginning to move towards the Pnyx, for the hour of the assembly had arrived.

The pedler from Halimus, still enraged with the

oligarch, joined the crowd. The Sicyonian was near him. "Did you hear," asked the former, joining him, "what that rascal of an oligarch still ventures to do in Athens? Despise the common people! Despise one of us because he is poor—as if that made a man any less an Athenian citizen. True, I'm a ribbon-dealer, and my wife, under pressure of necessity, has been obliged to go out several times as a wet-nurse. But the law expressly forbids, that an Athenian citizen should be reproached for pursuing a trade to which he is compelled by poverty. And, by Pallas, I'm as much an Athenian citizen as anybody else, though I don't live in the street of Tripods, but in a little suburb down by the harbor of Phalerum. Nay, I believe it is better to seek a living with a bundle on one's back, than be like those who would rather starve than work, but don't consider it beneath their dignity to lick other people's plates clean as parasites, or lurk about watching for some man, who intentionally or ignorantly breaks one of the numberless laws of Athens, in order to accuse him and pocket his appointed portion of the fine he is condemned to pay. If they consider it an honor to live as parasites or sycophants, much good may it do them! I think myself their superior, and if anybody wants to jeer at me, let him—I fear nobody. I perform my duties as a citizen as well as anyone, put some bread and onions in my knapsack, and then stand good-naturedly all day on the Pnyx in the service of my native land. I thank the gods for having allowed me to be born a citizen of Athens; and when I walk from Halimus to the city early in the morning, and see the Acropolis glittering before me in the sunlight, while the mighty Athena seems to beckon to me, saying: *You too are one of my sons!* my heart

swells, and I secretly thank the old hero Theseus, for having united all us children of Attica into one commonwealth, whether we live in the city or the country districts. You other Hellenes must admit, that our Athens differs from all the rest of the Greek cities, as widely as they differ from villages. We Athenians are aborigines, and recognized as the purest, most unmixed Hellenic blood. But you can understand that it is no trifling matter to help rule and govern a community like this. I've been fairly racking my brain, during the last few days, to decide how far the proposals made by Pericles are justified. Pericles is wise, very wise, and I entirely agree with him concerning the removal of the treasure from Delos to Athens, applying the money to national uses, and building the new temple of Pallas Athena. But, on the other hand, we citizens can't consent to everything at once, as if it were obligatory—we must let it be seen that we are the masters, that *we* have the deciding voice, we, the people, and that we have a *democracy* in Athens."

The pedler from Halimus, as an Athenian citizen, uttered these words very impressively to the new-comer from Sicyon. Then he entered the shop of his friend Sporgilos, the barber, to have his cheeks and chin shaved, in order to appear with becoming dignity among the other citizens in the popular assembly, leaving his pack with Sporgilos until his return. Meantime a number of the Scythian archers, under the command of a lexiarch, had stretched a rope around the Agora in such a manner, that only the street leading to the hill of Pnyx was left free—an old custom, whose sole object was to remind the Athenians, who liked to linger gossiping in the market-place, what way they were to take.

As the rope was smeared with vermillion, to make a red mark on those who attempted to jump over it, a deserter would fear to expose himself to the laughter of the quizzing throng.

The pedler took his way towards the Pnyx with the rest of the citizens. The Sicyonian remained by his side, curious to learn more from him, for he could accompany him as far as the place of assembly. The hill of the Pnyx was the central one of the three peaks on the western side of the city. A ravine on the north-west divided it from the so-called Hill of the Nymphs, and on the south a deeper gully, through which ran a carriage road, separated it from the Museum. Towards the north and in the opposite direction, the hill sloped in a tolerably gentle declivity towards the plain; but on the eastern slope, towards the Acropolis, a rugged terrace of masonry supported the earth, widened the upper part of the hill, and smoothed its inequalities. Steps cut in the rock, and paths made by art, led to this lofty plateau, formed partly by human hands, and which in more ancient times bore the rock-altar of the supreme God.

The pedler from Halimus and his companion had reached the height. The barriers were open, but at the entrance stood the lexiarchs, six in number, official personages, in whose hands were placed the lists of Athenian citizens, and who saw that no unauthorized person stole into the assembly. Thirty assistants were with them.

The crowd flocked into the wide enclosed space, whose sole covering was the blue sky, but the pedler remained a short time with the Sicyonian, who was obliged to stay outside of the barriers. The latter gazed with curious eyes at the space beyond, now filled with

dense masses of the Athenian populace. He saw the rear of the plateau bounded by a cliff, from which projected a high, dice-shaped stone. This was the stage, from which the orator addresssd the people. A narrow flight of steps led up to it on both sides. In ancient times this place had been a sanctuary, this stone the altar of the supreme Zeus. Opposite the orator's platform were ranged a number of stone benches, on which part of the assembly could sit down.

After the stranger had noticed these things he turned back, letting his glance wander from the hill-top towards the city. He saw before him the whole of Athens, sweeping in a circle around the hallowed rock of the Acropolis, which towered a short distance off, directly opposite to the Pnyx. The mica in its strata of stone, piled one above another, glittered in the sunlight. At the left of the Acropolis, but much lower, rose the Hill of Ares, the sacred abode of the Areopagus, a single gigantic, riven block of stone, around which still hovered the shades of the Eumenides.

The throng around the point where the lexiarchs were stationed constantly grew denser. Here, as in the Agora, the vivacity of the Athenian temperament showed itself. Every moment the lexiarchs were heard shouting: "Forward, Eubulides! Don't stand gossiping here so long before the barriers.—Be quiet, Charondos! don't loiter so in the crowd! Make way for those behind."

The pedler from Halimus moved aside that, unobserved by the strict officials, he might point out to his companion some persons in the throng, on whom he made various comments.

"You see," said he, "the two men yonder with the

long rough beards, pale, gloomy faces, short coarse woollen cloaks and thick staffs? They want to look like athletes, who have conquered at least once in the Olympia. Those are the people we call friends of Laconia, who enthusiastically praise Sparta and would like to have everything here just as it is there—”

Again the pedler nudged his companion. “That man yonder is Phidias—Phidias the sculptor, who made the great statue of Athena on the Acropolis—those who surround him are his followers, his pupils and assistants—they will all vote with Pericles.”

The prytanes now came up, and the pedler pointed them out to his companion. But he soon nudged the latter still more vehemently: “Look—there’s Pericles; the strategus Pericles!”

“And his companions?” asked the Sicyonian.

“Strategi also!” replied the pedler.

“What are their names?” asked the other.

“The gods know,” answered the pedler. “There are ten strategi in Athens, I believe, but we know only Pericles.”

“And the venerable men approaching with such dignified bearing?” continued the Sicyonian.

“Those are the nine archons!”

“Are not they the persons, who enjoy the most honor among you of all the magistrates?”

“Honor perhaps,” replied the ribbon-dealer, “but we really value the strategi higher—”

“How so?”

“Because we choose them from our *best brains*,” replied the pedler with a crafty look. “In the archons we want age, stainless character, and venerable appearance. An archon enjoys great honor, very great honor,

that isn't to be denied; his person is almost held sacred. Yet he fares badly, when his term of office has expired, if we are not perfectly satisfied with him. We condemn him—guess to what? To give to Delphi a statue the size of life, of pure gold—”

“A statue of pure gold the size of life?” cried the Sicyonian in amazement; “surely no one can pay that—”

“That's the very reason,” replied the pedler. “A debtor to the community, who cannot pay, is by our law deprived of his rights as a citizen. So such an archon is deprived of his rights all his life. And with good reason. If he formerly enjoyed great honor, he must now endure the more disgrace.”

“Who is that lame, crippled, ragged man, with the beggar's pouch on his shoulders, pressing yonder with frantic gestures towards the entrance?”

“Do you mean the beggar grinning so maliciously?” replied the pedler. “He is known to all the city as a slave, who, in a law-suit concerning his master, was tortured until he became crippled, and half lost his wits, and now wandering about as a beggar, he is seized with a desire to force his way in wherever Athenian citizens gather, in the market-place, or on the Pnyx. He is always thrust back by the lexiarchs, and then answers with abuse, reviling the whole Athenian nation, for which he is often beaten or even stoned, unless the young stone-cutter Socrates draws him away. He pities *Mad Menon*—as he is called—you can see him now near him.”

The flag, which from the summit of the Pnyx had announced the approaching assembly to the Athenians, was now lowered. This was the sign for the opening

of the council. The pedler from Halimus hastened to enter the enclosure, taking leave with mingled pride and compassion of the Sicyonian, who was obliged to remain outside of the barrier. The voices of the Athenians, who thronged the vast space, seemed like the twittering of a nest full of birds.

A herald now ordered silence. His clear shout rang far over the hill. Stillness ensued. The Sicyonian remained standing where he had been conversing with the pedler, watching as well as was possible, at this distance, the course of events within the densely crowded assembly. His position was a little elevated, so that he could look over the heads of the multitude.

He saw, after perfect quiet was established, a sucking pig, slaughtered as a sacrifice, borne through the throng under the direction of a priest, the space and benches being sprinkled with its blood. Then he beheld a bright fire kindled, and the real burnt sacrifice offered. He saw some one rise from the group of prytanes, and the Athenians listen to the reading of a paper, which doubtless contained the propositions made to the people by Pericles and the preliminary resolutions of the magistrates. Then the herald again rose to ask who desired to speak on the subject, the orators ascended the stage, and, according to old custom, put on myrtle-wreaths and addressed the people. He saw the populace express their approval or disapproval, listen breathlessly, or more uneasily, at first sway gently, like a field of corn stirred by a light breeze, then impetuously, like a storm-shaken mountain forest, till the herald, at a sign from the chief prytane, was forced to command silence. He saw how the strife of opinions amid the throng sometimes threatened to degenerate into a hand to hand

fight, how here a man of the people shook his fist at an oligarch, yonder a friend of Laconia, with loud imprecations, raised his gnarled staff against the common people; he saw the great mass of the people break into exultant applause, while the oligarchs were sullenly silent, then beheld the latter express their satisfaction by looks, gestures and shouts, while the former noisily gave vent to their indignation.

Thus several hours elapsed in an excited whirl of opinions and votes.

The Sicyonian now saw Pericles, who had already addressed the people, but only in a few words, ascend the orator's stage. Again perfect stillness pervaded the throng of Athenians. With quiet dignity the figure of the man, surnamed the Olympian, towered above the crowd. He made no animated gestures. His hand was concealed in his upper garment, but his voice echoed with impressive, marvellous melody over the heads of the listeners. The Sicyonian heard the tone, and even without understanding the words, seemed spellbound by the sounds, which were as caressing as the murmuring west wind, and yet as strong as the distant rolling of thunder in the air.

Suddenly the Sicyonian saw Pericles withdraw his right hand from the upper garment, in which he hitherto had kept it concealed, and extend it straight before him, pointing to the neighboring height of the Acropolis towering directly opposite.

At this gesture all the thousands of Athenians turned their heads, and following the direction of the orator's outstretched hand, gazed at the sacred height, glowing in the bright light of day. The Sicyonian did the same. It seemed as if the consecrated hill glittered more bright-

ly, shimmered with a new, prophetic lustre. It was as if, at the sound of Pericles' words, they saw something, not yet visible to their bodily eyes, rise before those of their minds, as if the mountain wished to adorn itself with a magic crown, that would outlast many imperial ones, see many generations of men pass away, and shine calmly on in its pure splendor to the end of time—

The listening Sicyonian heard the thunder of Pericles' words die away, saw the orator take the wreath from his head, as he descended from the stage amid the shouts of the Athenian populace, saw the presiding prytane call upon the people to vote, saw them do so, by raising their hands, beheld the decision announced and lastly, at a sign from the prytane, the herald proclaim the close of the council.

The crowd streamed back through the open barriers, and flowed in an impetuous torrent down the declivity of the Pnyx. The Sicyonian, meeting his friend from Halimus, asked :

“ How did it result ? ”

“ *We have granted everything !* ” cried the pedler with sparkling eyes. We voted down the oligarchs and friends of Laconia,” he continued, “ and granted the soldiers' pay, the judges' pay, and the money for the plays. Just imagine the joy of the poor people, when, in spite of the oligarchs, we granted ourselves all these fine things. As for the magnificent new temple of Pallas on the Acropolis, with the building in the rear for the public treasure, the great statue of Pallas, and the triple portico, through which the Panathenaic procession will henceforth march around the Acropolis, and whose plan has been sketched by Phidias, there was not one Athenian citizen, of all the crowd gathered within the barriers,

who would not give everything he calls his, if the superb edifice could already stand there completed, as Pericles described and fairly showed it with his finger. Only some of those fellows with long beards and thick Laconian canes—you know—made objections:—there had already been a great deal of building; the new wrestling school and the Odeium were already commenced; we might wait a little for the great marble temple on the Acropolis; the structure would devour ‘immense sums. Then came Pericles:—‘if you Athenians,’ he said, ‘do not wish to erect this superb work according to the plans of Phidias and Ictinus at the public expense, Hippias, Hipponicus, Dionysidorus, Pyrilampes, and many other of the richest men in Athens have vowed to carry on the building with their own means, and these men, not the Athenian nation, will then have the glory of it forever.’ That was enough. You can imagine how we hastened, with loud shouts, to hold up our hands and grant what Pericles and Phidias desired. Then, just as we were in the greatest eagerness to grant consent, Phidias, summoned by Pericles, came forward to explain the cost of the building and statue, and said: ‘made of ivory and gold, my Pallas Athena will cost so much; of marble or bronze only so much.’ Shouts resounded on all sides: ‘ivory and gold! Only don’t be niggardly, Phidias, and go to work at once.’ ”

Such was the story the Athenian, with eager gestures, told the Sicyonian. All Athens was in a sort of excitement, spread in every direction by those who came down from the Pnyx.

Proud as a king, dreaming of plays, public games, magnificent temples, treasure-houses, ivory and gold statues, rejoicing over all these things as if they were

already completed, and the ornaments of his own house, the ribbon-dealer from Halimus walked through the southern gate towards his home. He told every one he met of the transactions on the Pnyx, and on reaching his house, greeted even his brown-skinned wife, who holding a child in her arms, met him on the threshold, with the words: '*We have granted everything!*'

CHAPTER IV.

THE GROTTO OF PAN.

FAR and wide in cloudless blue, the horizon of peace extended over Athens. Her fame was constantly increasing, and no rival seemed to desire to assail her power. Urged by a mighty impulse, the Athenians set to work to execute the plans of Pericles and Phidias, as hurriedly as if they were afraid of losing the right moment. Skilful and ambitious art-workers flocked from all parts of Greece. Many sculptors were needed to carve the decorative portions of the buildings on the Acropolis. No small number of colossal gods were to be executed for the pediment of the temple of Pallas, and a long succession of emblematic groups for the metopes and frieze. Besides, the wealthy Athenians vied with each other in ordering from the sculptors statues for offerings, to be erected at the time of the opening of the grand new temple on the Acropolis, and the artists themselves strove to produce their best and most beautiful work for the same time and purpose. Countless laborers and carpenters were occupied in building the great wrestling school and Odeium, others toiled at the

structures on the Acropolis. There was redoubled activity in the quarries of Pentelicus. Carts, drawn by mules and oxen, constantly moved from thence to the city. The declivity of the Acropolis continually resounded with the shouts of the drivers of the beasts of burden, for it cost a great deal of trouble to get the huge blocks of marble up the mountain. The Athenians showed the same activity in mining their noble metals in Laurium, and obtaining the excellent potter's earth in their native soil, as was apparent in quarrying the marble at Pentelicus. What they did not possess, the merchantmen brought across the sea—cypress wood and ebony, and many an ore, dyeing materials and ivory from the distant East. The stone and wood required hewing, the ores melting, the ivory needed to go through the hands of persons, who prepared it for the purposes of art, and even understood how to make it flexible. The embroiderers in gold and silver were fully occupied in making all sorts of gifts and decorations for the temple, the rope-makers were obliged to furnish the builders, carpenters, and teamsters with ropes of unusual strength, the road-makers had to smooth roads for the transportation of these goods; thus there was work everywhere and all were drawn into the seething whirlpool of business. Foreigners were also hired for the hardest manual labor on the buildings, and for this purpose the grave, silent, persevering, patient Egyptian surpassed all others. As in erecting his native pyramids, so he toiled unweariedly as a hireling in a foreign land, steadily piling block on block, with the endurance of a beast of burden. At this period, all Athens was one vast workshop.

But the airy summit of the Acropolis was the real hearth-stone, where the sacrificial flame of the new ef-

fort to please the gods blazed most brightly—at once an ancient sanctuary and a strong citadel of the Athenians, around whose foot houses had gradually been built, uniting the settlement with the city. The height was made a stronghold only by its natural cliffs, and the thick walls which protected its northern and southern sides.

The scene presented at this time on the height was no attractive one. The spacious *plâteau* seemed desolate and dreary. Old rubbish was lying about, with remains of destroyed works, selected for fresh use. Towards the southern declivity the earth was partly excavated, and at the bottom appeared a massive foundation of masonry, principally erected on the remains of an ancient building. Nearly all the rest of the summit was strewn with blocks of marble, which were being hewn into shape. Heaps of earth, stones and sand were piled up, workshops of various kinds adjoined each other in the rear of the building-ground. Everywhere resounded the thud of hammers, the creaking of ropes, the dull thundering noise of moving stones and beams, and the shouts of the overseers directing and urging the army of laborers.

But on the Acropolis, amid this confused and restless haste of *creating* stood a venerable monument of ancient times, like a grey half-ruined tower on the sea-shore, around which dash the stormy waves, eager to undermine and wash it away with their surges. This monument was the temple of the oldest religious worship of the Athenians; the mysterious gloomy sanctuary of the serpent-footed Erechtheus, the Attic ancestral hero, and that of the sea-god Poseidon, Pandrosos, the daughter of Cecrops, and Athena Polias. It had been half destroyed in the Persian war and only partially restored.

Strange were the legends of Erechtheus, which had descended from the earliest days of the Attic country and people. Pallas Athena had confided the new-born serpent-footed child of doubtful origin, to the daughters of King Cecrops, then reigning on the Acropolis, strictly forbidding them to open the chest. These daughters—their names were Pandrosos, Agraulos and Herse—urged by curiosity, did open it, found the little boy, completely enwrapped by the folds of a horrible serpent, and driven mad with horror at the terrible sight, flung themselves over the cliffs of the Acropolis. But the serpent child, Erechtheus, grew up under King Cecrops' guardianship, and became the mighty shield of the Athenians. The temple contained his grave, and the demi-god's tomb was still regarded as a secure protection and shield to the land. The old hero's soul, according to the belief of the Athenian populace, lived on in the form of a serpent, which was always kept in the sanctuary. The creature was considered the mysterious guardian of the temple, and every month honey-cakes were offered to it as a sacrifice.

A sacred spring gushed up within the precincts of the sanctuary; its water was salt, as if it had some subterranean connection with the sea, and the Athenians said that when the south wind blew, the low roar of the waves could be heard in its depths. It was no wonder, for this spring, according to the Athenians, sprang forth at a blow dealt by Poseidon's mighty trident on the rock of the Acropolis, when he was battling with Pallas Athena for the possession of the Attic country. The marks of the god's trident still remain on the rock and any one can see them. But Pallas Athena caused an olive-tree to shoot up opposite to the spring, from which

have descended all the other olive-trees, the pride and boast of the Attic country. Through this tree, the wise goddess Pallas Athena gained the victory over the mighty wielder of the trident, in their rivalry concerning the bestowal of blessings. This ancient olive-tree was also contained within the precincts of the temple. The Persians burned it down, but the next morning, by the power of the gods, it had again shot up yards high. But the most sacred relic in the Erechtheum was the ancient statue of Athena Polias, made of the wood of an olive-tree, carved by no human hands, but fallen from Heaven. Erechtheus himself set it up, and it was to remain unchanged—so taught the priests who ruled in the temple—in that spot forever. A lamp burned perpetually before it in the gloomy hall of the sanctuary, and strange gifts were also treasured there—a statue of Hermes carved from wood, entwined with myrtle boughs that were always green, though the plant was rootless, dating from the time of Cecrops; a chain of singular form, made in ancient times by Dædalus; and trophies from the Persian war, coats of mail and swords of conquered Persian leaders.

In the open air, before the temple, stood an altar consecrated to Zeus. No living creature could be sacrificed there, no libation of wine poured out; nothing but cakes were offered on it to the ruler of the gods. Such was the "House of Erechtheus," mentioned in Homer's song. Irregularly built, on uneven ground, it stood near the northern declivity of the mountain, just opposite to the site where the magnificent new temple of Pallas Athena was being erected, and contained several different rooms devoted to the worship of the divinities previously mentioned.

A sacred rite was just being performed before the entrance of the temple.

The ancient wooden statue of Athena, the guardian of the city, was cleaned, and newly dressed from time to time, and this act was performed in the most solemn manner. A religious festival is like any other, and this festival was now taking place. The garments and ornaments had been removed from the statue and a veil spread over it, while the robes were entrusted to persons specially appointed to wash them. During this time a rope was stretched around the temple, that no one might enter uninvited.

The purification finished, the goddess was clothed again, her hair—for the statue had long hair—carefully combed and arranged, and the body once more adorned with wreaths, diadems, necklaces, and ear-rings.

The persons, who had taken part in the sacred ceremony withdrew, and only two men remained standing on the steps before the entrance of the temple, engaged in conversation. One of them was the priest of the Erechtheum, Diopeithes. His expression was gloomy, and he cast sullen glances at the throng of workmen, whose noise and bustle seemed to him a blasphemous disturbance of the sacred ceremony.

The race of Eteobutadæ, from which, from the remotest times, the priest of Erechtheum and the priestess of Athena Polias had descended, was the oldest and for a long period the most distinguished priestly family in all Attica. But more recently, the Eumolpidæ, the priests of Demeter at Eleusis, with whose service the great mysteries were connected, had risen, as chief priests of the mysterious rites of Eleusis, to a still higher rank in the Attic hierarchy, and it was not without much secret

indignation, that the Eteobutadæ endured the slight. But it was not only wrath that darkened the mind of Diopeithes, the priest then presiding over the sanctuary of the Erechtheum.

Casting an indignant glance at the works of the Parthenon, he turned to the man, who stood beside him with the submissive mien of a confidant and assistant, and who was none other than Lampon, the prophet, who had been summoned to the house of Pericles to interpret the miracle of the one-horned ram.

"Peace," he began, "has departed from this sacred height since yonder noisy throng employed by Phidias and Callicrates, pursue their work here. It would not surprise me if the gods themselves shrunk ere long from the tumult of this foolish and impious performance, for the work those people are commencing *is* foolish and unholy and can never please the Olympians. Instead of first restoring the ancient and sacred House of Erechtheus, which has only received the repairs absolutely necessary since the crime committed by the Persians, this Pericles and Phidias begin to rear a magnificent and useless temple, directly opposite the old sanctuary. My glance, which hitherto wandered unimpeded from this spot over the wide landscape, now meets this structure set like a wall before my eyes. Oh! I know these despisers of the gods! They seek to force this venerable temple and its gods into the background, they wish to root out the old stern worship, and with it all true piety; they desire to put in the place of the old temple and ancient gods only those which will allure the eye by empty pomp and idle splendor, but awake no feeling of real devotion in the heart. What is this Parthenon to be? A temple without priests, without service, a showy

piece of display, merely a goal for the Panathenaic procession, and beside it—yet no, not beside it, but within its enclosure—oh! shame! a *treasury*, a place for the preservation of the gold the Athenians gather by fair or foul means. Only as guardian of this gold do they place the goddess in the temple. And *what* a goddess! What is the purpose of this superb statue of gold and ivory? It will be a masterpiece of human hands. The ancient wooden statue, contained by this insignificant temple, was made from no mortal's thirst for fame—its origin was divine, and through the favor of the gods it became the property of the Athenians."

"These are presumptuous times," assented Lampon. "Many no longer revere what is simple, ancient and sacred, and soon the human race will dimly aspire to rise above the gods."

"But Pericles and Phidias, who have persuaded the Athenians into the new course, do not know *one* thing, of which we priests of Erechtheus are aware, and dwelling on this height are in a position to know before other mortals," replied Diopeithes in a low, mysterious tone. "That very spot yonder, where they mean to erect the carved pediment, and main entrance of their new temple, is one of the places that people say, 'belong to the nether world,' the places where no bird ever alights, or if it does, falls dying, as if struck by a poisonous breath. Let the upstarts build on that unhallowed spot; they will receive no blessing, only a curse. It is the heritage of the men of Athens, to act imprudently. Few know why, but we Eteobutadæ do—Poseidon, conquered in the conflict with Pallas Athena, and furious at his repulse, decreed *unwise counsel* to the Athenians forever."

"They are unwise," replied Lampon, "and so are

their leaders, because they listen to the teachings of those, who call themselves philosophers and friends of truth. The Athenian nation follows Pericles, but Pericles himself obeys Anaxagoras, the Clazomenian, who investigates nature, and because he thinks he can ascribe everything to natural causes, considers the gods unnecessary. A short time ago I was summoned to the house of Pericles to interpret a miracle that had occurred there. A ram with only one horn, which grew in the middle of its forehead, had been born on the statesman's country estate. I did what I was asked to do, according to the rules of my art, and Pericles might well have been satisfied with my prediction. But I received little thanks, for Pericles remained perfectly silent, and Anaxagoras, who chanced to be with him, smiled as if my conduct was absurd and my words were foolish."

"I know him," replied Diopeithes, a gloomy fire flashing in his eyes. "I know the Clazomenian well; some time ago, on the road to the Piræus, I entered into a conversation with him about the gods and divine things, and soon perceived that his wisdom was of the pernicious sort. Such men ought not to be tolerated in our community. Or have matters gone so far, that the laws of Athens are powerless against those who deny the gods. No, most of the Athenians still shudder at that name."

Such were Diopeithes' words, then glancing towards the right with his keen eyes, he pointed to some men, who engaged in eager conversation, were coming up the only path leading over the western side of the mountain to the summit of the Acropolis. "It seems to me," said the priest, "that I see yonder the unwise counsellor of the Athenians, the friend and patron of

Anaxagoras. By his side, if my eyes do not deceive me, is one of the new-fashioned play-writers, who fancy they have vanquished the venerable Aeschylus. But who is the third person, the delicate supple youth, walking on the other side of Pericles?"

"Probably the young cithara-player from Miletus, to whom Pericles, I hear, has taken a great fancy, and who is now seen with him everywhere."

"A young cithara-player from Miletus?" said Diopeithes, scanning the graceful figure of the Milesian youth, "hitherto I have only known that Pericles was an admirer and lover of the other sex; I now see that he understands how to appreciate beauty everywhere. This youth, by the gods, is worthy to serve as cup-bearer not only to the so-called Olympian, Pericles, but the supreme Ruler of Olympus, Zeus himself. I only marvel that the dignified Pericles has no scruple about showing himself with his chosen favorites, before the eyes of the Athenians."

While the priest of Erechtheus was scanning the youth walking beside Pericles, with looks of mingled disapproval and longing, the trio came nearer, and the youthful figure Lampon had pointed out to Diopeithes as a cithara-player from Miletus, appeared still more charming. The tragic poet, who also accompanied Pericles, often cast a beaming glance at the lovely vision, and addressed himself by preference to the Milesian. This poet himself was a handsome stately man, whose pure brow seemed steeped in a bright, ethereal light.

Callicrates, the admirable master entrusted with the actual execution of what Phidias and Ictinus had designed in seclusion, now stepped out of the throng of

laborers to greet the new-comers. This man plainly showed that his business was to walk constantly to and fro in the scorching sun, amid the blocks of stone and the crowds of perspiring workmen on the summit of the Acropolis. His face was sunburnt, its hue scarcely distinguishable from the dark beard that framed it. The piercing, sparkling eyes, no less dark in hue, seemed as it were to have fairly absorbed the sunlight. His garments differed very slightly from the dress of those who surrounded him. The piece of cloth he called his chiton, which had become very doubtful in color, hung negligently about his bronzed limbs. Even as he now passed to and fro amid the throng of workmen on the Acropolis, he had previously walked for many a year about the long central wall, which he had recently finished, to the delight of Pericles.

The latter asked Callicrates several questions in reference to the progress of the work, and Callicrates pointed with satisfaction to the now completed foundation, made of huge blocks of stone. "You see," said he, "the bottom is finished, with the three huge marble steps that surround it. Look how it extends along nearly the whole southern side of the mountain. The spaces between the pillars are already marked out, as well as the outlines of the inner walls, the room for the statue of the goddess, the rear building for the treasure. Everything will of course first be hewn in the rough; for the more delicate work will not be added till the whole building is fitted together, and you can form no idea of it from its present appearance. You must have patience, for Ictinus is a loiterer and Phidias too—"

"I can easily imagine," said Pericles, "that Ictinus would never do enough himself—"

“And Phidias too,” replied Callicrates almost angrily. “They sit whispering together for days with their written pages and tablets before them, calculating and measuring, discussing the proper intervals, curves, and inclinations of the pillars, and the proportions of the cornice and capitals. Then they go down to the temple of Theseus and measure the columns and entablature, and even then are not satisfied, because they find the entablature too heavy, the spaces between the pillars a little too wide, and say we must do better here. Then they calculate again, and perhaps quarrel a little, and make sketches to try how much larger the pillars at the corner should be made than the others, and how much less the distance must be between the corner pillars and those adjoining, than the space that divides the rest, and how much must be borrowed here from the Doric and yonder the Ionic order, and how many lines smaller and larger this entablature or that cornice or capital or frieze must be made, that the whole may harmonize most beautifully and gracefully, in a manner never seen before.”

“Who would not envy an Ictinus his trained artist-eye!” cried Pericles.

“It’s a falcon’s eye!” said Callicrates. “You can’t imagine how wonderfully increased and developed is this man’s perception. He always carries a rule in his hand, but has little need of it, for he can measure and calculate at sight. The innate surveying power of his eye is so amazing, that he accurately distinguishes effects, of which unskilled persons have scarcely an idea, scarcely a vague impression. He sees, so to speak, with feeling eyes, and feels with seeing fingers. And it’s just the same with Phidias. He is in the habit of say-

ing, and you have doubtless heard the words from his lips: 'Give me a lion's claw, and I'll restore the whole animal.' Thus keen and well-trained is Phidias' observation of things and appreciation of everything we call form, shape, and harmony."

"Why should not the Hellene's eye become as sensitive as his ear?" said the poet. "We poets and musicians"—he glanced at the young cithara-player as he spoke—"feel the most trifling subtleties and differences of rhyme, and hear half tones lost on the ears of laymen."

"It is very praiseworthy of Ictinus and Phidias," continued Callicrates smiling, "to plan everything so thoroughly and then put it into lines and figures on the papyrus. But just consider that all this delicately-devised work, which these men invent and sketch on the papyrus, must be *executed*—executed in massive, refractory material. There is the tablet on which Ictinus has marked for me the measures and calculations, as he desires to have them—and these I must now realize in stone, on a colossal scale, and yet exactly retaining all the elegancies of the design, as if I had carved them with a delicate knife out of ebony."

"It is easy to understand the labor it must require, to fix all the delicate proportions and straight lines of this sketch in the gigantic characters of masonry," said the poet.

"Straight lines, do you call them?" cried Callicrates, with an almost scornful laugh. "Straight lines! Would to the gods they were! Any bungler could accomplish straight lines. But there are no such things in the proportions of Phidias and Ictinus. Do you know what Ictinus says? To *appear* straight, the lines in

large proportions must never really *be* so. Look at the foundations yonder, and the steps leading to its upper surface. You probably suppose, that this surface really runs as straight as it appears to your eye? You are mistaken. The line rises towards the centre, in a slight curve, imperceptible to the eye, yet intended to produce a certain effect upon it. Later you will find this same slight, imperceptible curve in the entablature, though in a smaller degree, nay Ictinus desires to have it carried out everywhere, in the whole external architecture of the temple, and as from pediment to foundation there must be nothing really *horizontal*, so too he will tolerate nothing absolutely perpendicular, and the lines slightly curved outward are equally inclined within. Without this play of slight curves, calculated upon the laws of vision and the refractions of light, Ictinus says that the whole building would appear destitute of aspiration, and instead of seeming to soar upward freely and easily, would look as if it were sinking into the ground. Value as you choose these and similar art-secrets of the two masters, but consider—to mention only one thing—how I am to contrive that, in spite of these slight curves outward, and imperceptible inclinations inward, the various blocks of stone and capitals of the columns, each differently calculated and carved according to these delicate proportions, are yet to be joined exactly, neatly, and firmly?”

“You will accomplish it, worthy Callicrates,” said Pericles eagerly; “I know you! Let us leave Phidias and Ictinus to measure and calculate with their keen eyes; there is really a secret, divinely-inspired vision, which these men follow in their proportions and calculations. The gods have placed it in their minds, to per-

ceive by what ways and means they can enable us to enjoy the spectacle, of which they have had as it were a mental foretaste."

"So long as one stone here remains upon another," said the poet, "the sight that divinely-inspired men, like these two, have first beheld with the eyes of their souls, and then grasped and fixed in numbers and proportions, will master the heart and senses of the observer."

"But not the heart and senses of yonder watcher," rejoined Callicrates smiling, after gazing keenly at the priest of Erechtheus and his companion, who still stood, looking and listening, at the entrance of the Erechtheum.

"He constantly watches our work with furious eyes," continued Callicrates, "but I have no scruple about returning the glance. We irritate each other, and there is an open feud between my laborers and his temple-servants."

"We ought not to wonder if the priest of Erechtheus *is* angry," said Pericles. "Instead of restoring his ancient sanctuary, we are building a new one before his eyes. But who would venture to alter the venerable mystery of that gloomy temple?"

"Yes," said Callicrates, "better let the owls continue to build their nests there. They perch under the old roof day and night. The men yonder wish to know nothing about Phidias' new statues of the gods. They want no new divinities, but wash and comb the old ones, put on fresh finery, and think they might go on so forever. These people would rather see Pallas Athena still represented with the owl's face."

"There come Phidias and Ictinus," said the poet,

looking the other way. "We will now hear what they themselves—"

"You won't hear much," replied Callicrates. "Phidias is taciturn, as you know, and Ictinus grows angry with any one who tries to make him talk about his artistic endeavors. Both men are loquacious only to each other, but to no one else in the world."

Meantime Phidias and Ictinus approached. The latter was an insignificant little man, with a somewhat bowed figure. His features were flabby, his face yellow, and his eyes dull, as if from much watching and thought. Yet in his gait there was a restless haste, which betokened excitability and a mobile soul.

Phidias shook hands with Pericles and the poet, and cast a somewhat peculiar glance at the handsome cithara-player with the youthful, rounded limbs. He seemed to recognize him, and yet not to desire to do so. Ictinus wore the appearance of a man who rarely desires to meet others, and seemed disposed to continue his walk with Phidias.

But the poet wished to test the truth of what Callicrates had said, and therefore turned to the busy, hurrying man with the question: "Master Ictinus, will not you as an expert, decide a question which occupied Pericles, myself, and this young cithara-player a short time ago. We were talking of the motives which may probably induce you architects not to let the architrave rest directly upon the shafts of the columns, but interpose a somewhat broader piece, either in the form of the Doric capital or Ionic spiral? Some maintained it was done to give the appearance of having the weight of the entablature press the bulk of the pillars asunder—crush them out broader on the top as it were—"

Ictinus laughed. "So the columns are made of clay, dough or butter?" he cried sarcastically. "Fine columns those—columns of clay, that allow themselves to be crushed broader, ha—ha, ha—fine columns!"

"Do you jeer at the interpreter?" cried the poet. "Then tell us yourself why you do so?"

"Because the contrary would be ugly, hideous, insufferable."

Ictinus uttered these words curtly, cast a hasty glance from his grey eyes at the questioner, and slipped away.

The men laughed.

"I see," said Pericles, turning to Phidias, "that the work goes on bravely. That is delightful. We must toil quickly and with zeal, avail ourselves of the favorable times, which may perhaps never return. The outbreak of a great war would stop everything, and we might soon lack means to complete what we had begun."

"Already the huge groups for the pediment, as well as the carvings for the frieze and metopes, are being eagerly executed in the workshops from sketches and clay models," answered Phidias.

"Don't you intend to engage the assistance of Polygnotus," asked Pericles, "that here as well as in the Theseum, brush and chisel may both take part in the execution of the designs on the metopes? I remember you do not think most favorably of the sister art of the brush, which certainly limps a little clumsily behind the giant strides of the chisel."

"When a youth, I myself tried the brush," replied Phidias, "but it did not satisfy me. I wanted to produce what I secretly beheld, in full, round, pure outlines, and that I could do only with the chisel."

"Very well," said Pericles; "then let only the purest

art have a place in the new temple of Pallas, that it may be a monument of the best we can do. We will seek to make Polygnotus amends on some other occasion. Afterwards we will try what can be done for the ancient sanctuary of yon angry priest, and also for the half-completed temple of Wingless Victory, planted so boldly on the highest ledge of rock! I would fain, when I quit this world, leave nothing for any Athenian to desire. To know that so many are still dissatisfied with me is a painful thought. Do you smile? True, the grave, stern Phidias desires only to satisfy himself—”

“That is just the hardest thing!” interrupted Phidias.

“Do you fear no enemies?” continued Pericles. “Beware, we have no lack of them. You too are envied, and what you create does not please all.”

“*Pallas Athena never suffers me to tremble,*” replied Phidias in the words of Homer, pointing to the huge bronze statue of the goddess, towering sublimely into the pure, clear air amid the confusion of old and new rubbish on the Acropolis, and then turned away to seek Ictinus.

Pericles, the tragic poet, and the youth from Miletus continued their walk across the summit of the hill.

The poet, himself a master in the use of stringed instruments, was engaged in pleasant conversation with the young musician. The youth expressed himself with so much subtlety and penetration, that the other at last said in astonishment:

“I knew the Milesians were considered very agreeable, but did not know they were so wise.”

“And I,” replied the youth, “always supposed the tragic poets of Athens to be wise, but did not imagine

they could also be so agreeable. I drew my inference of the poets prematurely from their works. How happens it that your tragic poetry has hitherto taken so little account of the gentler emotions of the human heart? Everything is magnificent, sublime, frequently awe-inspiring, but you do not give the tenderest, yet mightiest passion *love*, the place it deserves. Anacreon and Sappho, the former gay, and the latter melancholy, both say this of you ; why have the tragic poets alone hitherto disdained, while aspiring to the grand and superhuman, to touch the notes of this tender, human emotion."

"My young friend," said the poet smiling, "the winged god could have found no one more worthy to espouse his cause than you. A few days ago the idea passed through my mind of a tragedy, in which room might be given to the divinity, whose advocate you have made yourself. I don't know whether the fleeting thought would have returned ; but it is fortunate that I am reminded of it in this way. I now really intend to write that tragedy, so greatly have your words, and still more your sparkling eyes, kindled my enthusiasm in behalf of the cause you represent."

"Admirable !" replied the youth ; "I would have the most fragrant garlands ready to crown you on the day your tragedy won the victory."

"A wreath of red roses !" exclaimed the poet, "because I intend to praise all-conquering Eros."

"Certainly. Look, the grateful winged god seems to wish me to gather the roses for the garland at once." So saying, the supple, active youth swung himself up on a projecting rock, in whose cleft grew a huge bush, perhaps a century old, covered with blossoming roses.

"Take care, my young friend," said the poet, "you

know not on what an unlucky spot you stand! From the top of that rock the Athenian king threw himself into the sea, because his noble son, returning from his conflict with the monster, neglected on sighting Athens, to have white sails hoisted as a sign of life and victory. The foot can touch no spot on this hallowed height, where sparks from the past do not flash from the earth beneath the tread, and ancient legends whisper to the pilgrim."

"Yet while the foot is trampling on the dust of the past," said Pericles, "the glance can wander freely from this height, and revel in all the beauty and freshness of the present. You, my Milesian friend, who are so bold and active, follow us across the rock to the broad stone platform, into which the mighty wall of the Acropolis here expands."

The youth laughed, hurried on in advance, and the three were soon standing upon the lofty outlook.

"Listen," said Pericles, "to what the beautiful curve of this Attic coast, the radiant gulf, the islands, lifting their mountain peaks from the blue sea into the air, may have to tell you. Yonder, from the waves of the Saronic Gulf rises Aegina, whose riven cliffs concealed the wild 'ant-men' of ancient times; but to-day the temple of the Panhellenic Zeus, assembling our people to one of their most beautiful festivals, towers on the loftiest mountain of the island in woodland solitude. Nearer, on the right, Salamis, the cradle of heroes, blooms amid the same waves. But need their latest descendants blush before the shades of those immortal warriors, who sailed thence for Ilium? Did we not fight the most famous of all naval battles in yonder glittering strait, which now looks so peaceful? Northward, where Cithæron, Pentelicus, and

Parnes lie like ramparts before Attica, stretching from the east to where Hymettus extends a hand on the south, the legends of our ancestors relate tales of lions, that lurked in the wooded ravines. But our fathers strangled the lions and eat their hearts roasted in the fire, that they might bequeath leonine strength and courage to their descendants. Perhaps it was through the lion's courage thus inherited, that directly behind those heights, on the plains of Marathon, the most brilliant of all victories on land was added to the grandest victory on the sea. The lions and wolves of those ravines are slaughtered, the barbarians driven away forever from that wall of Attica, we peacefully quarry the magnificent Pentelican marble on the scene of the ancient lion hunts, and gather the honey of the famous bees of Hymettus. Yonder, behind Acrocorinthus, the vast mountain chain of Cyllene stands steeped in silvery mist, and if the veil of haze could be torn from the western horizon, the battlements of Corinth and the gleaming blue waters of the straits would doubtless be visible. But let us not forget the dignified greeting the Peloponnesus sends across Aegina and Salamis. Do you see that deeply-indented coast, with the rugged heights of Argolis, and behind them the mountains of Arcadia? Whenever I gaze across the monuments and scenes of Athenian renown, towards those mountains of the Peloponnesus, a strange impulse always seizes upon me and I feel as if I ought to grasp the hilt of a sword—it seems as if gloomy Lacedæmon stretched himself over the heights and glanced menacingly hither—”

“The eyes of statesmen and generals always wander thus into the distance,” interrupted the poet. “Should we not, instead of gazing at the far-off peaks of the Pello-

ponnesus, first enjoy what is lying close before our eyes? Youth, don't suffer yourself to be allured towards the Peloponnesus and its threatening mountains. Behold the bright picture of the undulating, sun-illuminated interior, where countless boundary stones of the Attic districts stand in the fields, and everywhere glimmer the white villas of the Athenian, who, never weary of journeying, goes daily, if possible, from the city to inspect his fruit-trees and grain fields, and see how the slaves tend his cattle, lambs, and goats. How gracefully the roads wind in all directions through the villas, fields, olive-groves, public altars of the gods and stone monuments. Here they run to the Piræus, yonder to Rhamnus and Marathon. But the finest of all is the road, bordered by silver poplars, olive and fig-trees, leading westward between countless gleaming white sanctuaries, to Eleusis, the holy city of mysteries. How radiant the city itself looks below us, stretching from the Ilissus to the Cephissus, crystal clear, but certainly short-lived little streams; they rise in the neighboring mountains and don't even reach the sea, but content themselves with sprinkling the flower-gardens of the Athenians in rippling waves or spray, or squandering their young lives by dancing in a thousand fountains. Gardens planted by human hands flourish on the shores of the Ilissus; but a garden of nature, a lovely oasis of shade in the sunny land of Attica, are the valleys where the bright waves of the Cephissus glitter from amid the green foliage of the olive-trees. I proudly praise this region, for it is my native district, the province of Colonus. Your warlike friend Pericles would tell you, that in this district the finest steeds are raised, and it was for the magnificent wild foals of Colonus that the sea-

god, in ancient times, invented reins; I say that in the valley of Cephissus no rude winds ever blow, the fig and grape flourish, fed by the purest dew, the narcissus, violet and yellow crocus bloom, and the twining ivy—”

The poet's features glowed with animation, as gazing into the youth's sparkling eyes, he praised the charms of his birthplace. At last he seized his hand, exclaiming: “Come yourself once into our beautiful province, or, still better, accompany me there, and spend the day at my country-house on the bank of the Cephissus; I'll show you my citharas and lyres, and, if agreeable to you, we will make trial of each other's skill in the use of stringed instruments and song, after the manner of the Arcadian shepherds.”

The young musician smiled, and Pericles, after a short pause, answered: “Some day I will myself act as a guide, and conduct Aspasios to your country house. You will need some one to act as umpire during your contest in music and singing.”

“Is the youth called Aspasios?” cried the poet; “the name reminds me of a beautiful Milesian, of whom I have heard lately.”

The cithara-player blushed.

This flush perplexed the poet, who was still holding the hand he had clasped to bid the youth farewell, and at the same time he became aware of a feeling, which he had doubtless had before, though unconsciously.

He suddenly felt distinctly that the young Milesian's hand was very delicate, warm, and soft. A moment after, he was even positive that it was too dainty, warm, and soft to belong to a man's arm, were he ever so youthful.

One half of the beautiful secret he read in crimson

characters on the musician's cheeks, the other half he held, so to speak, in his hand—

He was not mistaken. The hand he clasped was the fair Aspasia's.

Pericles and the Milesian had met again during the month which had elapsed since their interview in Phidias' house; first at the dwelling of the good-natured reveller, Hipponicus, who was a friend of Pericles, and afterwards very frequently, until at last they would gladly have been inseparable. Aspasia sometimes put on masculine attire, and accompanied her friend under the mask of "the cithara-player from Miletus." She had gone with him in this manner to the Acropolis, and the tragic poet joined them on the way. A strange emotion had seized upon this most open and susceptible of all Greek souls. The poet had found himself ensnared by some charm, that was a mystery even to his own mind. The enigma was now solved. In his confusion he let the delicate hand fall, but quickly grasped it again, and turning with a significant smile to his friend Pericles, said:

"I see Apollo, the god of prophets and poets, still favors me. He has spared me the long journey to Delphi, and not even waited for my nightly slumber to appear before me in a dream with revelations, but suddenly bestowed upon me the gift of unerringly reading the *hand*, and especially determining from it *sex*, no matter how anxious the person may be to conceal it—"

"You were always a favorite of the gods," said Pericles, "the Olympians have no secrets from you—"

"And they do well," replied the poet. "I reckon among them the Olympian Pericles—"

"Whatever your chiromantic art may have betrayed

to you concerning the sex of the cithara-player," said Pericles, "it is certain that the Milesian has a right to wear masculine garb and assume a masculine name. It is woman's nature to be always passive and receptive. This musician, on the contrary, has a thoroughly active and fruitful one, and you cannot approach without having it influence you and leave a germ in your soul."

"I can attest that," said the poet, "for with a few chance words uttered carelessly, as if in sport, he has just fanned a poetic spark into bright flames. Marvellous is the power of wise thoughts spoken by beautiful lips! How tempting it would be to expose oneself longer to such desirable influences! But the sun is sinking behind the heights of Acrocorinthus, and a nightingale, which I verily believe flew from Colonus to remind me to return home, is singing in yonder bush. It is a tolerably long distance, from the highest outlook of the Acropolis to yonder villa I see gleaming amid the olive-trees, on the slope of the little hill girded by the waves of the Cephissus. So I will take leave of you, and spite of the transformations that have occurred, which are more charming than all those our myths relate, I repeat my words: 'Come to the province of Colonus!' Flee thither, when the companionship of men grows wearisome, and spend a day in that beautiful solitude."

"We will remember your words!" replied Pericles. "Meantime, let the Muse follow you to your solitude. In this rivalry of all the arts, tragic poetry must also aspire to the highest goal. You have conducted it from the harsh severity of your predecessors, to gentleness and pure humanity. Let your new work be worthy of the author of 'Electra,' that we may soon enjoy prais-

ing it as the mildest and ripest fruit of the genius of Sophocles."

"Only let the spirit of this cithara-player hover over me," replied the poet; "though I have never heard a note from his instrument, he has already bewitched me. It seems he has chosen the hearts of statesmen and poets, for the strings on which to play his melodies—"

So saying, the man with the clear brow and bright, sparkling, kindly eyes, pressed his friend's hand, bowed to the disguised Milesian, turned and walked slowly down the Acropolis, but not without occasionally casting a glance behind.

"Fear nothing from this sharer of our secret!" said Pericles to Aspasia.

"I was just about to say the same thing to you," replied Aspasia smiling.

"Did you see through this noble poet-soul so quickly?" asked Pericles.

"It is as bright and clear to the inmost depths, as the waves of the Cephissus," replied Aspasia.

"But let us go down now," she continued, "I feel as if I had absorbed all the heat of the summer afternoon, and my lips thirst for some refreshing drink."

"Come!" said Pericles; "we need only turn a few paces to the right, outside the wall, and we shall have before us the Grotto of Pan, with its much-praised spring, which will afford your lips the desired refreshment."

They descended a number of steps hewn in the rock, and reached the grotto with its spring, that bubbled from the earth before it.

It was the fountain of Clepsydra, whose waters sometimes entirely vanished, then suddenly appeared again.

Aspasia dipped some water in the hollow of her hand and drank, then filled her palm again and with sportive grace offered the clear, refreshing fluid to Pericles.

The statesman smiled and quaffed it.

"No Persian king," said he, "ever drank from so precious a cup. Only it is so small, I was almost afraid of swallowing it with the draught."

Aspasia laughed, and was about to answer the jest, but started in terror, for at that very moment she suddenly perceived a face peering out upon her with a sort of good-natured, boorish grin, from the back of the dusky grotto. Approaching nearer, she found a somewhat rudely carved statue of the god Pan, to whom it was sacred.

"Fear nothing!" said Pericles; "the shepherd god has a kindly nature."

"But sometimes a touch of malice," she replied; "the shepherds' stories about him are very different."

"At least he treated our courier, Pheidippides, very kindly in the mountain region of Argolis and Arcadia, where he dwells. The youth was running to Sparta, to summon the Lacedemonians to join the war against the Persians. Pan was pleased because, out of love for his native land, he rushed so breathlessly across the Argolian mountains, and obtained a good opinion of the Athenians, about whom he had not formerly troubled himself much. He came himself to aid us at Marathon."

"Pan may be as good-natured as he chooses," said Aspasia, "but this grotto is too pleasant for the peasant and shepherd god."

"You are right," replied Pericles, "even more so

than you imagine, if the old legend is true that this very grotto was the scene of the most important bridal ever solemnized in the Hellenic world. Here, in the pleasant dusk of the grotto, Apollo, the God of Light, is said to have wooed Creusa, the rosy daughter of Erechtheus, and the token of their love was *Ion*, the ancestor of our Ionic race."

"What?" cried Aspasia, in a half jesting, half earnest tone, "is this the cradle of the noblest Greek race, that which dwells in the provinces of Attica and on the strand of my home? And the virgins of Athens do not hang the walls of this grotto, day after day, with garlands of roses and lilies? Instead of the radiant god Apollo the rude Arcadian, a stranger from the gloomy, hostile mountains of the Peloponnesus, stands here with his broad, grinning face?"

"Why do you inveigh so warmly against the god of the forest and mountain solitudes?" replied Pericles smiling. "I know of none under whose protection a loving pair could meet more familiarly, than that of the giver of idyllic peace and joy—"

"Well," interrupted Aspasia, "I am grateful to him for one thing at least, the cool shade he bestows upon me in his grotto."

So saying, she removed the Thessalian hat from her head, and placed it on the brow of the shepherd god. Her beautiful, golden-brown locks fell over her shoulders.

"Oh, if I could only offer the cithara-player's whole costume, like this head-covering, to honest Pan!" she continued. It really burdens me. How long must I submit to this constraint? Oh, you men of Athens, when will you permit women to be women? Admit,

Pericles, that you Athenians are not the most estimable of the sons of Ion, who owed his existence to this grotto. You have absorbed too much of the Doric character. You ought to bow before the descendants of the emigrants of your own race, who have developed on the coasts of Aisa a purer, freer, more fiery—”

“*Do we not do so?*” said Pericles, with a significant smile, placing himself beside Aspasia, who had sat down to rest on a moss-covered stone in the grotto. “Do we not?” he repeated, drawing her head, crowned with perfumed waving locks, down on his breast.

“Pan is malicious!” replied Aspasia, “he promised refreshment in his grotto, but seems to be secretly increasing the sultriness of the evening with his breath—”

“Yes,” said Pericles, “the breezes laden with the perfume of thyme and wild roses waft an almost intoxicating fragrance.”

While the two companions were conversing, the blue sky had changed to glowing crimson, and Hymettus was completely steeped in rosy light. The sun had slowly sunk behind the mountains of Arcadia, and a faint flash of lightning quivered from time to time through the sultry air, out of the vaporous clouds floating above the slopes of Brilessus.

“Aspasia!” cried Pericles, “the message you, as a Greek woman, bring to the Greeks from bright Ionia, is flashing, like that summer lightning, full of blessings, into my soul, and through every mind in Attica! It must be *realized*; in the narrowest circles by you and myself, in the widest by the whole Athenian nation. We all feel a new strength, a new fire, and shall see Hellenic life soar upward to its highest goal.”

With these words Pericles imprinted a burning kiss

on Aspasia's lips. It was the same ardor, the same mighty impulse, the same bloom and beauty of life, which animated the hands of the warriors of Marathon the chisel of Phidias, the stylus of Sophocles, the thunder of Pericles' oratory on the Pnyx, and the impassioned kiss upon the lips of the fairest of Hellenic women

When a pair like this, in whom is developed the purest, most luxuriant, and noblest flower of human existence, kiss each other, it is the festival and completion of the highest life, and a thrill of joy secretly quivers through the heart of the world from pole to pole—as the lightning flashed from the thunder-clouds above the slopes of Brilessus.

Souls meet like clouds charged with electricity.

But the clouds discharge their contents—souls cherish their ardor.

Pericles' heart was full as he walked down from the Acropolis with Aspasia, by the glittering light of the stars. He drew the beautiful woman gently to his side, and glancing back at the gigantic statue of Phidias' goddess, illumined by the moonbeams, said:

“Oh, Pallas Athena, lay aside your brazen helmet and let the nightingales from the valleys of the Cephissus build their nests in it.”

CHAPTER V.

PYRILAMPES' PEACOCKS.

AMONG the wealthy and prominent citizens of Athens, at the time the events narrated here occurred, were two men, who strove to vie with each other not

only in magnificent gifts to the nation, as was the custom, but also in lavish household display, hitherto unknown.

One was Hipponicus, a man of noble birth, in whose hospitable house Aspasia lived.

The other was Pylampes, an upstart, a money-changer from the Piræus, who had grown rich.

Hipponicus traced his lineage back to no less a personage than Triptolemus, the favorite of Demeter, the founder of the Eleusinian Mysteries, the teacher of agriculture and all kinds of civilization. Doubtless the family owed to their descent from the Eleusinian hero, the possession of the hereditary office of Daduchus, one of the priestly dignitaries in the Mysteries of Eleusis.

Hipponicus was also invested with this honor, but it troubled the gay man of the world very little. He was only obliged to go to Eleusis once a year for a short time, at the celebration of the great Mysteries.

It was a remarkable peculiarity in the family of this man, that its heads always bore by turns the names of Callias and Hipponicus. Each Callias called his first born son Hipponicus, and each Hipponicus named his Callias. The histories of all these various Calliases and Hipponicuses were memorable, but the manner in which they obtained their wealth was especially singular. The Hipponicus, who lived in the time of Lycurgus and was a personal friend of that law-giver, was accused of having laid the foundation of the prosperity of his family by the misuse of a confidential communication from this famous man. In the days of Pisistratus, a Hipponicus alone had the courage to purchase the estates of the exiled tyrant. During the Persian wars many were impoverished, but the families of the Calliases and Hip-

ponicus grew richer. It was to a Hipponicus, that a certain Eretrian, named Diomnestus, entrusted the treasure wrested from a hostile general at the first attack of the Asiatics. At the second, as is well known, the Persians carried off all the Eretrians as prisoners, among them Diomnestus, whose treasure remained in Hipponicus' hands. It was again a Callias, whom a Persian, to buy his life at Marathon, secretly led to a place where his countrymen had buried a great deal of money. Callias took the precaution to kill the Persian, after he had shown him the hole, that he might not betray the secret to any one else before Callias found time to remove the treasure.

Such were the traditions of the hereditary talent for acquiring wealth possessed by this family. Of course its scions also obtained considerable distinction in the community.

Many a Callias and Hipponicus served his fellow-citizens as an ambassador to the Persian kings, or in missions to negotiate a peace; several of them also had statues erected in their honor at the public expense.

Our Hipponicus, Aspasia's host, was a worthy representative of his ancestors. He had a kindly nature, and was very popular with the people, sometimes sacrificed a whole hecatomb to the goddess Pallas Athena, entertained at public festivals by whole districts, and at the great feast of Dionysus arranged in the Cerameicus a drinking-bout for all who might choose to come, and provided cushions stuffed with ivy, on which the revelers could recline. Once, when he went to Corinth to visit a friend, but heard on the way that the man was on the point of having his property seized by his creditors, he sent a messenger forward with the money

needed to satisfy them, because it would have been unpleasant to him to find his friend in a melancholy mood on his arrival. His house in Athens, as has been already mentioned, was very unlike the dwellings of other Athenians.

Only the rich exchanger, Pylampes, attempted to equal him. The latter owned a house in the Piræus, which he had had furnished precisely like Hipponicus' residence, and tried to emulate Hipponicus in everything. If Hipponicus obtained a little dog of the Melitan breed, famed for its delicate proportions, Pylampes procured a still smaller one. If Hipponicus added to the number of his dogs a new Laconian, Molossian, or Cretan hound, whose size all admired, Pylampes did not rest until he possessed a still larger one. Hipponicus had a giant for his porter; as Pylampes could not get a larger man, he adorned the entrance of his house with a droll little dwarf, who attracted attention. Hipponicus' oldest son, who of course bore the name of Callias, found it difficult to remember the names of the twenty-four letters of the alphabet, so Hipponicus had the boy's playmates, his household slaves, and other persons whom the child often met, called by the names of these letters. Pylampes also had a son, whose cognomen was Demos, and as the little fellow was particularly fond of playing with puppies, he kept twenty-four in the house, each of which bore the name of a letter of the alphabet on a tiny label round its neck. Hipponicus was famous for his breed of magnificent horses; as Pylampes could not surpass him in this direction, he tried to throw Hipponicus' horses into the shade by a number of rare and curious apes. Hipponicus always raised numerous cocks and

quails to have them fight with each other, a spectacle in which the Athenians took great delight. Recently, however, he had devoted himself especially to the rearing of Sicilian doves, which were very popular in Athens, and soon no such beautiful and admirable specimens as those owned by Hipponicus could be found anywhere. This triumph robbed Pyrilampes of sleep. He pondered a long time to devise some means of surpassing Hipponicus' doves, and at last received from Samos a pair of the magnificent birds of Hera, with a hundred eyes in their tails, which at that time were scarcely known in Athens by name. Pyrilampes had the feathered strangers carefully tended, and soon a number of the beautiful creatures were strutting proudly in his spacious poultry-yard, nay even on the flat roof of his house, to the great delight of the passers-by.

By the aid of these Samian birds, Pyrilampes drove Hipponicus and his doves from the field. The curious Athenians flocked in throngs to gaze at the peacocks, and for a long time talked of nothing else.

Hipponicus' lucky rival did not rest until he had obtained Pericles' promise to come and look at his peacocks. The latter went to his house accompanied by Aspasia, who again concealed herself under the disguise of the Milesian cithara-player.

Any Athenian, who desired at that time to make his fair friend a particularly beautiful present, bought and sent her one of Pyrilampes' peacocks. Aspasia expressed so much admiration of the magnificent birds, and Pericles fancied he read so distinctly in her eyes the desire to have such a beautiful creature for an ornament to the peristyle of her dwelling, that he could not help drawing Pyrilampes aside and secretly commission-

ing him to send one of the young peacocks to Aspasia, who lived next door to Hipponicus. He said nothing to Aspasia herself, wishing to surprise her with the gift.

The morning after this visit of Pericles and the disguised Milesian, Hipponicus unexpectedly entered the apartment of the fair woman who was enjoying his hospitality. He was a somewhat corpulent man, with a red, bloated face. His eyes sparkled good-naturedly, and a smile was always hovering around his somewhat thick lips. With this same smile, though it now had a slight touch of sarcasm, so far as such a feeling was possible to Hipponicus, he said to Aspasia :

“My fair guest, I hear you are very well pleased in the city of the Athenians—”

“The merit is yours,” replied Aspasia.

“Not entirely !” returned Hipponicus, “you have from the beginning enjoyed most delightful intercourse with Phidias’ fellow-artists, and more recently with my friend, the great Pericles. I hear that for convenience you sometimes accompany him in the disguise of a cithara-player, and if I am rightly informed, Hipponicus’ doves no longer please you, but you prefer to go to the Piræus with Pericles, and admire Ppyrilampes’ peacocks.”

“The peacocks are very beautiful,” said Aspasia unconcernedly, “and you ought to go and see them yourself.”

“I passed Ppyrilampes’ house a short time ago,” answered Hipponicus, “and heard the birds *scream*. That was enough for me. Well, it’s every one’s own affair to seek his pleasure where he finds it. A pleasure enjoyed at home grows wearisome. I see it pays better to *amuse*, than to *entertain* a person—”

While uttering these words, Hipponicus looked keenly at Aspasia, hoping she would reply.

As she was silent, he continued :

"You know that I released you from unpleasant complications at Megara ; I brought you here to Athens ; I have hospitably entertained you. I have done a great deal for you. And now tell me what thanks I have received for it ? Do you hear, Aspasia ? What thanks have I received ?"

"Whoever asks for thanks in such a way," replied Aspasia, "desires *payment*, not gratitude. You, too, wish to be *paid*, I see, for what you have done for me. Your benefits seem to have a fixed price, but you neglected to stipulate for this price in advance and now are angry, like any huckster woman in the market, because it is too high for the customer."

"Don't distort the matter, Aspasia," said Hipponicus smiling ; "you know I was the customer, ready to buy your favor with everything that pleased you."

"So *I* am the wares !" exclaimed Aspasia. "Be it so. I am wares, if you please, and have a price—"

"And that price ?" asked Hipponicus.

"You will never pay, with all your wealth," she answered quickly

Hipponicus started.

"No fine phrases !" said he, his features regaining their good-natured expression. "*You are no longer to be had*. That is all. Some one else has bought you. At what price—is his affair. Since it is the great Pericles, I shall bear neither him nor you ill-will. I grudge him no possession ; he once did me a great favor, which I shall never forget, won from me a wearisome wife, the

beautiful, but quarrelsome Telesippe. May the gods reward him."

With this remark, which he always made whenever the conversation turned upon Pericles, Hipponicus rose and departed.

Aspasia's first thought, after he had gone, was that it no longer became her to claim his hospitality.

She called her slave, and gave orders to have her effects put on a couple of mules and conveyed to a Milesian friend, a matron, who had lived some years in Athens. She had been an intimate friend of Aspasia's mother, and loved her blooming young countrywoman with almost maternal tenderness.

After Aspasia had sent a message to Hipponicus, expressing her thanks for the hospitality he had shown and her determination to leave his house, she put on the cithara-player's disguise, and accompanied by a slave, set out to seek Pericles in his own dwelling.

She had never ventured on such a step until to-day, even in disguise, but was now urged on by her impatience to have an interview with her friend without delay, to consider what she should do after her departure from Hipponicus' house.

A short time after Aspasia had gone, Hipponicus was told by his servants that a slave had come from Pylampes, bringing a young peacock, intended for the Milesian who lived in the adjoining house.

Hipponicus hated nothing in the world so much as Pylampes' peacocks, and if he had yielded to the first fleeting impulse of his heart, would have instantly ordered the bird's neck to be twisted.

But he contented himself with saying:

"The Milesian has gone, and I don't know where

she moved. Carry the peacock to Pericles' house. No doubt it was he who bought it."

Meantime Aspasia had reached the Agora on her way to Pericles.

While hastily gliding through the crowd of strangers, Alcamenes suddenly met her.

The sculptor stopped, looked into her face with his bright eyes, and said smiling:

"Whither away, fair cithara-player? Doubtless to Pericles? May the new friends, with their claims on you and your favor, be more fortunate than the old ones."

"To whom did I ever grant any claim upon me?" asked Aspasia.

"Among others, to me!" replied Alcamenes.

"To you?" said Aspasia. "I gave you what you wanted, what was necessary to the *sculptor*. Neither more nor less!"

"A woman must give *all* or *nothing*!" answered Alcamenes.

"Then forget that I have given anything!" cried Aspasia, and vanished in the throng.

The few words had been quickly exchanged. Alcamenes laughed bitterly. Aspasia hastily continued her walk—

Telesippe was occupied that morning in a pious duty.

She hoped to obtain compensation for what, in her opinion, Pericles neglected in the management of the household, from the favor of the god Zeus Ctesius, the guardian and increaser of property, who was honored with domestic worship by all devout Athenians. No one understood holy ancestral customs so well as Telesippe. She wound woollen threads around her brow and right

shoulder, took a new earthen vessel with a lid, wrapped white wool about its handles, filled it with a mixture of all kinds of fruits, pure water, and oil, and set the gift in the store-room in honor of the aforesaid god.

She had just completed her pious task, when she saw the porter admit a slave, who brought in his arms a huge foreign bird, with long tail-feathers.

The man said the bird belonged to Pericles, put it down, and went away.

Telesippe was astonished, not knowing exactly what to think of the matter.

Had Pericles purchased the bird in the market, and was it to be plucked and roasted ?

Yet Pericles usually troubled himself very little about domestic affairs.

She determined to await the return of her absent husband, and ordered the bird to be placed for the present in the little poultry-yard of the house.

A woman, attended by a slave, now glided in at the outer door, and as Telesippe went forward, her friend Elpinice's well-known face emerged from the folds of the thick himation.

Elpinice's features wore an unusually grave expression. Her manner was agitated, her movements were hasty, her eyes wandered restlessly, and her lips trembled as if with impatience to say something, unburden her mind of some important secret.

"Telesippe," she said, "send away all witnesses, or retire with me into your most private room."

Pericles' wife was not entirely unaccustomed to see her friend enter in an excited mood. The latter still had many acquaintances, and formed as it were the centre, from which the feminine gossip of Athens spread

in all directions. She knew a great deal, and threw the tinder of exciting news into the stillness of many a woman's apartment. When the two were alone and undisturbed in the most secluded room in the house, Cimon's sister began with a shade of solemnity :

"Telesippe, what do you think of your husband's faith?"

Telesippe did not instantly know what to answer.

"What do you think of your husband's regard for our sex in general?" continued Elpinice.

"Oh," replied Telesippe, "the man's head is so full of public affairs—"

"That you imagine he no longer thinks of women?" interrupted Cimon's sister, her lips curling in a smile of mingled compassion and mockery. "Of course!" she continued watchfully, "you as his wedded wife, his lawful companion, must know better than any one else."

"Of course," answered Telesippe unsuspectingly.

Elpinice took her hand, again smiled compassionately, and said :

"Telesippe, is your husband's nature unknown to you? Think a little. Remember the beautiful Chrysis—the object of the poet Ion's love, to whom your husband, as all the world knows, paid court a long time—"

"But that is long since over!" replied Telesippe.

"Possibly!" said Cimon's sister. "But has no suspicion ever dawned upon you recently? Has nothing in your husband's conduct perplexed you more than usual? Has no presentiment of evil filled your soul?"

Telesippe shook her head.

"My poor friend!" cried Elpinice. "Then it will

come upon you without preparation, and you must hear everything at once."

"Speak!" said the wife.

"Has the name of *Aspasia* not yet reached your ears?" asked Elpinice.

"It is wholly unknown to me."

"Then listen," said Cimon's sister. "Aspasia is the name of a young Milesian, who, the gods only know through what wanderings and adventures, drifted to Megara, and was brought from thence to Athens by your former husband, Hipponicus. I think you are not ignorant of the character and worth of these Milesians, especially the Ionians, the women of the coasts on the other side of the sea? They are Bacchantes, who spread over Greece, and with burning torches kindle the hearts of men. Aspasia is the most dangerous, the most crafty, the slyest, the boldest of all! *Into this woman's snares your husband has fallen!*"

"What are you saying!" cried the startled wife. "Where does he meet this woman?"

"In Hipponicus' house!" replied Elpinice. "There she lives, and there these hetærae have their meetings. Orgies are held there, orgies, Telesippe! Horrible things are whispered about the orgies in Hipponicus' house! And your husband is in the midst of them! But that isn't the worst. He is wasting his property on the Milesian courtesan! He gives her slaves, household furniture, carpets, doves, talking starlings, all kinds of presents. Everything has been known all over the city since yesterday. Hitherto they have kept it as quiet as possible. It spread like wild-fire, for yesterday Pericles capped the climax of his shameless conduct. Yesterday he bought from Pyrilampes a foreign bird, a

peacock, bought it *for the Milesian, Aspasia!* Everybody is talking about this peacock. The bird was taken to Hipponicus' house this morning, by one of Pyrilampes' slaves. I, myself, on my way here, talked with people who saw the slave carrying the peacock in his arms. But just think! These same people told me that the peacock was not *received* at Hipponicus' house; the Milesian no longer lives there. Do you see the connection? She has moved to some other house. And who has bought or hired this dwelling? Your husband, Pericles! Why do you stare so thoughtfully into my face?"

"I am thinking about the foreign bird of which you told me," said Telesippe. "A few minutes before you came, a strange bird was brought here by a slave, with the message that Pericles had bought it."

"Where is the bird?" cried Elpinice. Telesippe led her friend to the poultry-yard, where the young peacock lay struggling piteously on the ground, for the thong had not been removed from its feet.

"It is the peacock!" said Elpinice; "it corresponds exactly with the description I have heard. The whole affair is perfectly clear. The bird wasn't received at Hipponicus' house; the slave would not or could not search further for the Milesian, and brought it directly here to the purchaser. This is a dispensation of the gods, Telesippe. Offer a sacrifice to Hera, the guardian and avenger of holy ties."

"Miserable bird!" cried Telesippe, casting an angry glance at the peacock. "You shall not have fallen into my hands in vain."

"Kill it!" cried Cimon's sister; "kill, roast it and prepare a Thyestes banquet for your faithless husband."

"That I will!" replied Telesippe, "and Pericles cannot even reproach me for it. Our poultry-yard is too small for such a bird, so if he bought it I could only suppose it was intended to be plucked, roasted and eaten. Pericles must keep silence, for he can find no objection to such an apology. He must keep silence, though secretly bursting with anger, when I place the roasted bird before him. Then, after he has angrily swallowed the accursed food, I'll open my lips and hold the picture of his public disgrace before his eyes."

"You will be acting wisely!" said Elpinice, smiling and rubbing her hands. "Now," she continued, "you see the nature of the public business that detains your husband from his lawful, wedded wife."

"His friends have corrupted him," said Telesippe. "His heart is easily inflamed, always open to every impression. Association with those, who deny the gods, has made him impious. His interest in the household service of the gods is very lukewarm, and he does and tolerates many things of this sort solely for my sake. You remember that he recently lay ill with fever for several days. You advised me to hang an amulet around his neck, a ring with various magical signs, or a bit of parchment with efficacious proverbs sewed into leather. I obtained one, and hung it round the patient's neck. He was half asleep and did not notice it. Soon after one of his friends came in, who perceived the amulet on Pericles' breast, removed it and threw it away. Pericles awoke, and his friend—a slave who was in the room—told me—said to him: 'The women hung an amulet around your neck; I am an enlightened man, and have taken the thing off.' 'That is all very well,'

replied Pericles, 'but I should have considered you still more enlightened if you had left it.' "

"That was surely one of the new-fashioned sculptors," said Elpinice. "I never liked Pericles—how could I like the rival of my noble, peerless brother—but he has become actually *hateful* to me, since he has allowed himself to be a mere tool and plaything in the hands of Phidias, Ictinus, Callicrates, and the rest of those, who now make such a tumult with their ambitious labors, and crowd all genuine merit into the background. Do you know, that while these men are busying themselves with chisel and trowel on the Acropolis, the noble Polygnotus, the admirable master my brother Cimon prized so highly, is forced to remain idle."

Elpinice poured forth similar complaints for some time, but at last rose to go. Telesippe accompanied her into the peristyle, and there the two friends, according to the practice of women, who in parting find it difficult to say the last word, lingered, eagerly talking about the great affair of the day.

Suddenly the outer door was opened, and a remarkably handsome youth entered. The two ladies, in accordance with the rigid etiquette of Attica, should have retired at the sight of a stranger, but they seemed spell-bound. Besides, was not the new-comer merely a beardless youth?

Ere Telesippe could recover her presence of mind, the latter, turning to her with mingled modesty and grace, asked if Pericles was at home and willing to receive the visit of a friend.

"My husband has gone out," replied Telesippe.

"I am glad to be permitted to greet his wife, the mistress of the house!" said the youth. "I am Pasi-

kompos, the son of Erekestides," he continued, intentionally emphasizing the harsh names, "from"—here he paused, not daring to say Miletus, for one glance at the two women into whose hands he had fallen, had taught him that he should make no favorable impression here by mentioning that gay city. He would at any rate excite least suspicion, if he came from austere Sparta.

"I am the son of Erekestides of Sparta," he continued. "My grandfather, Astrampsychus, was united by ties of hospitality, with the grandfather of Pericles."

Elpinice was overjoyed to hear, that the youth came from Sparta.

"Welcome, stranger!" she cried, "if you are from the land of good old customs! But who was your mother, that you, a scion of unpolished Sparta, possess such a wealth of curling locks, such slender, pliant limbs?"

"I am a degenerate descendant!" replied the youth. "At home in Sparta, people always took me for a woman; yet I have never trembled before any one, who wished to try his strength with me. Many a man have I overthrown. But it was all useless, people still mistook me for a woman. At last I grew weary of it, and, to escape jeering tongues, determined to go to a foreign country and not return till my beard had grown. Meantime, I intend to devote myself to the fine arts that flourish in Athens."

"I will recommend you to the noble master Polygnotus," said Elpinice; "I hope you are a painter, not one of the stone-cutters already so numerous and saucy in this country."

"I have not learned to carve stone, but I believe I understand something about colors, perhaps as much as

any of my nation, though I need not practise the art at present, since, thanks to the gods, I have property enough for my support."

"How do you like Athens and its inhabitants?" continued Elpinice.

"The inhabitants would undoubtedly charm me, if they should all prove as worthy of reverence and love, as those the gods have permitted me to meet in this house so soon after my arrival."

"Youth!" cried Elpinice rapturously, "you do honor to your native country! Would that the young men of Athens were equally modest and courteous. Happy Sparta! Happy mothers, wives, and maidens of Lacedæmon!"

"Is it true," asked Telesippe, "that the Spartan women are the fairest in all Hellas? I have often heard so."

The question did not seem to impress the youth favorably. His nostrils quivered and his lips curled, as he said contemptuously.

"If a robust figure is synonymous with feminine beauty, the Spartan women are the fairest. But if delicacy and nobleness of form decide the matter,"—here he paused, let his eyes wander over Elpinice's face and figure, then, with a winning smile, added: "the prize of beauty may be justly given to the Athenians."

"Spartan," said Elpinice, "you speak like the great master Polygnotus, when he came from Thasos to Athens with my brother Cimon, and begged permission to borrow my features for the face of Priam's fairest daughter, in the picture with which he adorned the hall. I sat to him for a fortnight, and he painted every feature."

"You are Elpinice, Cimon's sister?" cried the youth

with an eager gesture of surprise. "Let me greet you! My grandfather, Astrampsychus, talked of you and your brother Cimon, the friend of Laconia, when he dandled me as a child on his knees! You stand before me exactly as he described you. Now, too, I remember the fairest of Priam's daughters in Polygnotus' picture. I saw it yesterday, and know not whether to congratulate the picture because it so closely resembles you, or you because you are so like the picture."

Cimon's sister stood in a very dignified attitude, but was obliged to wipe away the tears that sprang to her eyes. Her heart was ensnared. For thirty years no Athenian youth had addressed her in the language used by this Spartan. She could have embraced all Laconia, and did not even venture to clasp this one youth, in obedience to the impulse of her heart. But she rewarded him with a tender glance.

"Amycle," said Telesippe, turning to a woman who appeared in the peristyle on some household errand, "you can greet one of your countrymen—this youth comes from Sparta." Then addressing the stranger, she added:

"This woman was the nurse of little Alcibiades, Cleinias' orphan son, whom my husband adopted. The strong, healthy Laconian women are everywhere sought as nurses. We have become attached to Amycle, and she is now acting as our housekeeper."

The youth answered the laconic greeting, addressed to him by the stout, ruddy Spartan in her broad native dialect, with a scornful smile, and the nurse scanned with somewhat suspicious glances the delicate, yet well-rounded limbs of her pretended countryman.

"These Laconian women grow into stout heavy

figures," said Telesippe, glancing after the retiring house-keeper.

"If it were not for their bosoms," replied the youth, "they would be mistaken for porters. Now, so far as they can be judged from the appearance of this wet-nurse, you can imagine the Spartan maidens, who run, wrestle, leap, throw the spear and discus, and vie with the youths in pugilistic combats. They are sturdy and bold, wear short petticoats, reaching barely to the knee and slit up on the side—"

Meantime Alcibiades, unnoticed by the women, had slipped into the peristyle, watched the handsome foreign youth, and listened to the last words.

"But how are the Spartan *boys* reared?" he asked, suddenly emerging from behind a column, and fixing his magnificent dark eyes upon the stranger.

The latter was startled by the unexpected appearance of the graceful lad.

"That is little Alcibiades, Cleinias' son!" said Telesippe.

"Alcibiades," she continued, turning to the boy, "don't disgrace your tutors by your rudeness. This is a Spartan youth."

The stranger bent over the boy to kiss him on the forehead.

"The Spartan boys go barefooted," he replied, "sleep on straw, reeds, or rushes, are never allowed to eat till they are perfectly satisfied, are flogged once a year at the altar of Artemis until the blood flows, to harden them against pain, receive instruction in all kinds of gymnastic exercises, the use of arms, and the art of stealing without being detected; but, on the other hand, need not learn the alphabet, and are expressly forbidden

to bathe and anoint themselves oftener than once or twice a year—”

“Fie!” cried Alcibiades.

“Besides,” continued the stranger, “they are always arranged in companies, and the younger ones have older lads for friends, from whom they try to learn everything useful, whose approval they seek to gain, and to whom they are devoted body and soul.”

“If I were a Spartan boy and obliged to choose such a friend, I’d take you,” said the little fellow, with sparkling eyes.

The youth laughed and again stooped to kiss the child.

At this moment, Elpinice, who had been standing quietly, close by his side, suddenly betrayed strange emotion.

A shiver seem to run through her limbs, she hastily drew Telesippe aside, and whispered:

“Telesippe, this youth—”

“Well?” asked the latter in the same tone.

“Oh, Zeus and Apollo!” sighed Cimon’s sister under her breath.

“What is it?” asked Telesippe eagerly.

Elpinice put her lips to her friend’s ear, and whispered:

“Telesippe, I saw just now—”

“Well, what did you see?” asked the wife anxiously.

“When the stranger bent over the boy, the edge of his chiton blew up a little, and I saw—” Again excitement stifled her words.

“What did you see?” repeated Telesippe.

“A *woman*!” gasped Elpinice.

“A woman?”

"A woman! It's the Milesian. Send the boy away and leave the rest to me."

Telesippe ordered Alcibiades to go back to his play-fellows. The lad refused; he wanted to stay with his "friend." Telesippe was obliged to call Amycle, to take the refractory child away.

After this was done, Elpinice cast a significant glance at her friend, then drew herself up proudly, approached the stranger and looked keenly into his face.

Pasikompsoi at first tried to return the gaze, but Elpinice's eyes seemed to seize and hold his, as a bailiff grasps a captured criminal. Involuntarily the culprit endeavored to evade the spell, and now, having emerged from the duel of the eyes as a conqueror, Elpinice broke the oppressive silence, and in a cutting tone began:

"Are you fond of roast peacock, Spartan? Pericles will have one on his table to-day. Would you not like to be his guest?"

"Yes," Telesippe chimed in, the expression of her face almost surpassing the crushing contempt of Elpinice's. "It is one of Pyrilampes' peacocks. He sold it yesterday to Pericles, who intended to give it to an Ionian coquette, but now prefers to have it roasted."

"Is it true," cried Elpinice on the other side, "that your companions by the Eurotas declared you were a woman? Indeed! Even here in Athens there are also people who maintain you are no man, but—a *hetæra* from Miletus."

"Miserable wretch!" cried Telesippe with uncontrollable fury; "are you not content to delude men outside of the house? Must you even steal into the sanctuary of the home? Have you no fear of the household gods of this dwelling, who look with angry eyes

upon the disturber and profaner of sacred family ties? Stand perfumed and bedecked before the door of your own house, and drag in the passer-by. What! Do you still dare to look me in the face? Are you not going yet?"

"Call Amycle here," said Elpinice to her furious friend, "that her *genuine* Laconian fists may thrust this *false* 'countryman,' this dainty doll out of doors."

"But first," cried Telesippe, who after her sluggish nature was once roused, always grew more and more excited, "first I'll scratch her eyes out with these fingers—tear her borrowed garments from her limbs!"

So the two women vied with each other in raving at the disguised and unmasked Milesian.

The latter patiently endured the first and most violent flood of abuse, until both, apparently bewildered by her quiet composure, paused for a moment.

• Then she began:

"Have you now discharged your sharpest, most poisoned arrows? I have suffered the hail-stones of your wrath to pass quietly over my head, for I exposed myself to this peril, ventured into the domain of these angry household gods, and though you revile me for the deception of my dress, I have enough of the masculine nature to reconcile myself to what is natural and inevitable. But you too, Telesippe, mistress of the house, and you, venerable Elpinice, will understand and endure it, if I make some reply to so much talking, though in a tone which will have nothing in common with yours. Why then, Mistress Telesippe, wedded wife of the great Pericles, do you so harshly insult and accuse me? Tell me, of what have I robbed you? Your household gods? Your children? Your fair fame? Your pride of virtue?"

Your property? Your trinkets? Your pots of rouge and ointment? I have taken none of these. There is but one trifle, which I may seem to have wrested from you, that which to you was least of all these things, which you yourself neglected, never really possessed, never strove to gain or keep—your husband's love! If it were really true that he loved me, not you, would it be *my* fault? No. *It would be yours.* Did I come here to teach the Athenians to love their wives? It would seem me much better and be far easier, to teach Athenian women what they must do to be beloved by their husbands. You Athenian housekeepers, withering in the seclusion of the women's apartment, do not understand the art of subjugating the hearts of men, and are angry with us Ionians, because we *do* comprehend it. Is it a crime? No! It is a crime *not* to understand it. What is the meaning of being loved? It signifies *pleasing!* If you wish to be loved, charm. No tie, no vow, no appeal to divine or human law will aid you to do this; only the motto: know how to please. And when does woman please? First of all, when she *wishes* to do so. *How* must she seek to please? With *every* charm that lures. She will not long enchant, if she merely pleases the senses, bewitches the imagination, interests the mind, or touches the heart—she must understand how to unite all these things in her own person, in one word to be *lovable*. But to complete her victory and awaken the love of another, she must be more careful to conceal than to betray her own. A premature display of affection from a woman chills an awakening love, repels a declining one. She begins by making the man proud, ends by wearying him, and the husband's weariness is the certain grave of matrimonial happiness, feminine sway. He may caress

or blame, coo or swear, but never, *never* be allowed to yawn. You, Telesippe, did too little and too much: too little, for you gave your husband only your faithfulness; too much, because you offered what you gave like liquor in a goblet! The wife must neither be like the liquor in a goblet, nor the furniture in the house; nor a slave, nor even merely a wife, for Hymen is the mortal foe of Eros. She must make her husband woo her every day, and understand the wondrous art of always preserving her girlish charm. If you can practise this art, do so. If not, renounce what is won through its power, and without envy, permit others to reap its fruits."

Pericles' wife looked haughtily at Aspasia, her lips curling in a contemptuous smile.

"Keep the lore of your coquettish arts for yourself," she answered, "you may need them, and forbear to try to teach me how a husband's admiration and esteem are won, me whom the archon Basileus sought to make his wife! What do you, the strange adventuress, expect to gain by your arts? You can lure my husband from me to a secret love intrigue, but you will remain an alien to his house, his hearth; even if he casts me off, you cannot become his lawful wife, bear him legitimate heirs, for you are a foreigner, you are no Athenian! Whether my husband woos me with love-sighs or not does not matter, I rule here beside his hearth-stone; I am the mistress of the house, while you are an intruder. I bid you 'go' and you must obey."

"*I will obey and go,*" replied Aspasia. "We have *divided fairly!*" she added with marked emphasis. "His house and *hearth* are yours, his *heart* is mine! Let each maintain her rights. Farewell, Telesippe."

With these words Aspasia departed.

Telesippe was once more alone with Elpinice, who applauded her friend's pride, praised the answer she had given the stranger.

After another long conversation, they separated, and Pericles' wife went to attend to her domestic affairs.

Little Alcibiades talked all day long about his "Spartan friend," to the great vexation of honest Amycle, who shook her head, saying:

"That young fellow never swam through the Eurotas."

Telesippe forbade both to mention the stranger in Pericles' presence.

The day passed, and the hour for the evening meal approached.

Pericles returned home and went to the table with his family.

He eat the offered viands, answered the questions of little Alcibiades and the other two boys, and sometimes addressed a word to Telesippe, who, however, remained absorbed in a half-gloomy, half-scornful silence.

Pericles liked to see cheerful people around him. His wife's morose, silent manner made him uncomfortable.

Another dish was now offered. It was the roast peacock.

Pericles cast a strange glance at the bird.

"What is this?" he asked.

"The peacock brought to the house this morning by your orders," replied Telesippe.

"Pericles made no reply. After a pause, during which he was trying to understand the connection of the matter, he said in a somewhat constrained tone:

"Who told you I wanted to have the peacock roasted?"

“What else could be done?” asked Telesippe. “Our poultry-yard isn’t large enough for such an immense bird, so I could only suppose you had bought it at the market, to be prepared for to-day’s meal. Why not? It is nice, and admirably roasted. Just try a bit.”

So saying, she placed a well-browned piece on her husband’s plate.

Pericles, whom people called the Olympian; Pericles, the victorious general, the mighty orator, the guider of the destiny of Athens, the man who was accustomed to gaze with dignified composure at the turbulent crowds of Athenians, as well as at the advancing hosts of the enemy on the battle-field—lowered his eyes before the piece of peacock his wedded wife, Telesippe, laid on his plate.

But he soon controlled himself, rose from the table, saying that his appetite was satisfied, and was about to retire to his own room.

Just at this moment, little Alcibiades asked:

“Have the swans in the Eurotas as handsome plumage as this peacock?”

Then, without waiting for an answer, he continued:

“Amycle is an old fool, when she declares that my Spartan friend never swam through the Eurotas.”

At this mention of a Spartan friend, Pericles glanced inquiringly, first at the boy and then at Telesippe.

“Of what Spartan friend are you speaking?” he asked at last.

Neither the boy nor Telesippe answered.

Pericles left the apartment, followed by his wife. At the threshold of the inner room, she said sharply, though in a low tone.

“Forbid Milesian adventuresses to seek you here in

your home, that they may not delude the boys also. Give them your *heart*, Pericles, if you choose, but they shall not profane your house and hearth. Follow them wherever you please, but here in this house, beside this hearth, I shall assert my rights. Here *I* am mistress, I *alone*."

Pericles was strangely moved by the tone of these words. It was not the cry of a wife's wounded heart, but the frigid, offended pride of the mistress of the house.

He coldly returned the speaker's icy glance and answered quietly:

"Be it as you say, Telesippe."

The same day a slave brought a written message to Pericles.

The latter read the following lines in Aspasia's hand.

"I have left Hipponicus' house. There is much to tell you. Visit me if you can, in the home of the Milesian, Agariste."

Pericles answered as follows:

"Come to-morrow to the country-house of the poet Sophocles on the banks of the Cephissus. You will find me there. Come in disguise, or be carried in a litter without a mask."

CHAPTER VI.

ON THE BANK OF THE CEPHISSUS.

THE pleasant, shaded valley of the Cephissus was speedily reached by leaving the ancient city of Athens in a northerly direction, turning slightly to the left of

the Cerameicus, crossing the gardens and plane-tree avenues of the "Academy," and continuing the walk northward, along a sunny highway in the open country.

A luxuriant, whispering olive-grove grew at the left of the entrance, stretching like a green wall along the side of the road, intermingled with bushes, whose blue flowers were relieved by the tender green of the narrow leaves. Garlands of ivy drooped from the trees, and yews grew up the slope of the hill, concealing it until nothing but green was visible.

On the other side of the road, the clear murmuring waves of the Cephissus came rippling out of the valley over sparkling white pebbles, here and there vanishing in pink laurel and agnus cæstus bushes.

A short distance beyond the Cephissus, appeared the lovely hill of Colonus, rich in numerous legends.

After entering the valley and walking a short distance between the olive-grove and the stream, a charming villa appeared on the opposite bank of the Cephissus, glittering in the sunshine, surrounded by ancient cypress, plane and pine-trees, and a garden that extended almost to the edge of the stream. But it was not only on this side, that the grounds stretched to the bank of the little stream, for the latter in continuing its course towards the entrance of the valley, made a wide curve to the right, and in so doing washed the fruit and flower-gardens that surrounded the house in that direction, only here the waves flowed between taller bushes, gleaming in the sunbeams and echoing with the songs of nightingales.

In the centre of the wide space, between the sloping bank of the Cephissus and the dwelling, stood a little summer-house overgrown with roses. In the corners of the garden, laurel, myrtle and rose-bushes mingled, form

ing secluded arbors. Even the scarlet blossoms of the pomegranate were not lacking. Double rows of olive, fig, and other fruit-trees, leading from arbor to arbor, encircled the garden.

Grapes were ripening on the rising ground towards the hill of Colonus. The house itself was covered with climbing vines, which also twined luxuriantly around the trees, while the ivy vied with them in growth, its large black umbels, somewhat resembling grapes, hung from the walls and trees, and its dense foliage bordered the dewy meadow.

Small beds of flowers were placed between the blossoming hedges and open spaces of turf. Owing to the lateness of the season and the Athenians' love for garlands, there were but few blossoms of the narcissus, the yellow crocus, the iris or violet, but roses glowed everywhere in countless numbers, never tossed by rude winds, and refreshed every morning by the purest dew from heaven.

It seems an easy matter to give the names of the objects to be seen here; but it is utterly impossible to describe the bright and joyous atmosphere of peace diffused over the green, tree-bordered valley, bedewed by the waters of the Cephissus and echoing with the songs of the nightingales. It was so near the busy city, yet appeared to be miles away. It seemed as if the rustic god Pan must emerge from the shady woodland solitude, or a naiad rise from her bath in the Cephissus. Surely satyrs must be revelling further in the leafy depths of the grove, and hamadryads could be heard laughing merrily as they mingled in the dance, or reclined on green leaves to rest. Sometimes a shiver ran through the tree-tops, which trembled against the pure blue of

the Greek sky, like a thrill of bliss emanating from the footsteps of Dionysus, the god of joy.

Here dwelt Sophocles, the favorite of the Muses. This was the house he had pointed out to Pericles and Aspasia from the top of the Acropolis. This spot was his birthplace, and here he now lived. Under the white monuments, overgrown with ivy and flowers, which peered forth here and there from the foliage of the garden and thickets, his ancestors slept.

He was seated in an arbor of roses, fanned by the morning breezes, holding on his knee a small wax tablet, on which he sometimes traced some verses with a sharp stylus, frequently smoothing the surface again with its handle to efface what he had written, if the first inspiration of the Muse did not fully satisfy him.

Glancing towards the road, he saw a stately man walking through the valley with a light, rapid step.

"Who is the early riser," he thought, "advancing almost as rapidly as Hermes, the messenger of the gods?"

The new-comer approached, the poet recognized his dearest friend, and full of joyous excitement went to the entrance of the garden to meet him. Pericles clasped his hand. "I will accept your invitation," said he, "and have escaped from the noise and bustle of the city, and all public business, to be your guest to-day. The cithara-player from Miletus—you doubtless remember him—will come and spend the day with us, if you permit. I have much to say to him, and know of no place where I could do so undisturbed."

"So the handsome cithara-player from Miletus will come?" cried Sophocles, joyously. "I thought some very inspiring cause must bring you here, when I saw

you walking so swiftly and eagerly along the road. There was not much left of the quiet dignity of the orator on the Pnyx. I scarcely recognized you, as you tossed your head and swung to and fro from your hips, almost reminding me of Homer's noble steed, that broke the halter in its stall, and with uplifted head and flying mane rushed to the pasture of—"

"Hush!" interrupted Pericles, closing his friend's mouth with his hand. "It was the spicy breezes of the valley of Cephissus, that produced such an exhilarating effect upon me in the freshness of morning."

"Why not also—the desire to see the beautiful Milesian?" said Sophocles; "is she not the most charming of women?"

"She is delicate as a Lydian, dignified as an Athenian, strong as a Laconian!" said Pericles.

"You no longer need envy Ion the fair, lily-cheeked Chrysilla," observed Sophocles, with a mischievous smile.

"Never mind Chrysilla!" cried Pericles. "Aspasia is peerless. One does not know whether she most resembles a Muse or a Grace."

"Perhaps she will prove a Fate to you," said Sophocles, "she can weave both good and evil into the thread of your life."

"Why not a Lamia and Empusa too?" cried Pericles. "And if she were—I have plenty of blood in my veins, and a sword by my side, which, like the hero Ulysses', can be torn from its sheath at the right moment against any—"

"I come to you like a weary, hunted animal," he continued, wiping the perspiration from his brow. "I have torn myself from the countless toils and anxieties

of my innumerable offices and dignities, to live one day in the companionship of beautiful leisure and her dearest child, love."

"You do wisely in seeking leisure to love," replied Sophocles. "In the heat of summer people should either not love at all, or do nothing else."

"I believe you are yourself sinning against that saying," observed Pericles; "the wax tablets in your hand show that you are industriously adding verse to verse. But it is said that doesn't prevent you from sheltering the beautiful Ephesian, Philainion, in yonder secluded building, hidden by myrtles and roses."

"Is poetry labor?" asked Sophocles; "I did not know it. If the burning brow makes the poet, poetry is probably a musical exhalation of all the beautiful light, all the divine fire, we drink in with our mortal senses from the heavenly ether. Light transforms itself into sound. So I would fain not miss love during the summer days, for it is then most fiery, most sweet, and most full of the God. Least of all would I miss it while I compose, for then one passion blends so beautifully with the other: glowing with Apollo's flames, you seek refreshment in the blissful atmosphere of love, returning to the Muse with a soul attuned to harmony. Eros and the Muse at last change parts—the Muse fans the ardent glow of love, and the loved one's eyes or bosom endows you with the most beautiful poetic thoughts."

"I believe we can never be so weary; that love does not afford refreshment; all who glow with the longing for action know that."

Such was the conversation between these two enthusiastic men, now in the very prime of life.

A litter stopped before the house, and Aspasia de-

scended from it, clad in women's garments. Sophocles received her, and led her to meet Pericles in the densely-shaded enclosure of the fragrant garden.

Concealed from watchful eyes, she threw back her veil, let the himation fall from her head and shoulders, and stood before them clad in the bright-hued, richly-bordered chiton worn by women, her rippling golden-brown hair arranged in waving lines upon the temples. Her sole ornament was a broad purple fillet, passing from the upper part of the head around the wealth of curling locks to the back. In her hand she carried a small, daintily-formed parasol, and in the belt that confined her robe around her waist, was thrust a no less graceful, leaf-shaped fan.

Sophocles now saw Aspasia in woman's attire for the first time, and an exclamation of admiration escaped his lips. The Milesian seemed like an almost too dazzling marvel in the idyl of the valley of Cephissus. She appeared alien to this rural solitude, and brought with her an intoxicating aroma of youth and beauty, which seemed to press into the background all the spicy odors of the groves, the breath of all the blossoms in the garden.

"Content yourself, Aspasia, with what nature has done for this spot," said Sophocles, as he conducted her through a walk overarched with vines. "You will have no occasion to admire Athenian horticulture. I well know that you Asiatic Hellenes understand far better how to lay out pleasure-gardens with labyrinths, hidden nooks and grottos, than we on this side of the sea. You have the Persians' extensive, magnificently laid out paradises for a model. We Athenians believe that beautiful nature, like a beautiful woman, is lovely even unadorned."

“Let Aspasia walk in this enclosure a short time,” said Pericles, “and you’ll soon be no longer satisfied with nature unadorned. She will speedily enchant and transform you and your spouse. That is her nature. Wherever she steps, something springs up under her feet. She knows how to plant a thorn in the hearts of human beings, and if she lets fall a few words about your garden, you will not rest until you create something that can vie with the fruit-orchards of the Hesperides, the garden of Phœbus on the farthest confines of the sea, the Cyrenian one of Zeus and Aphrodite, that of Midas with its hundred-leaved roses, or which can at least compare with the horticultural skill of the Homeric Phæacian prince Alcinous at Scheria.”

“I am well aware, that her nature conjures up unrest in the minds of men,” replied Sophocles. “Have pity, fair enchantress, and leave me and my garden here unchanged. I have been so contented and happy. If Phœbus shone in the vault of heaven, I rejoiced that my olives, figs, and pomegranates were ripening; if Zeus sent rain, I thanked him for making my meadows green. I satisfied myself with what was to be found here: flowers in Spring, shade in Summer, abundance of fruit in Autumn, refreshing breezes and silence blessed by the Muse in Winter. But above all, mighty Aspasia, do not, by some magic formula, transform what by habit has become dearest to me and what is always most desired by lovers and poets: the pleasant seclusion of these laurel bushes, these myrtle and rose-arbors.”

“Ought laurel-shaded solitude to be most advantageous to the poet?” replied Aspasia. “Ought he not rather, in order to fully ripen his powers, to emerge from the quiet shade into the full light of the world and life?”

"We suppose," replied Sophocles, "that it is the sun and only the sun, which ripens the grapes, until we discover that the largest, most luxuriant, and deepest-hued clusters hang concealed under the shade of the thickest leaves. If you doubt that this solitude is useful to the poet, you will at least confess it is welcome to lovers. Here you can enjoy each other's society all day, if you choose, disturbed only by twittering birds or rippling waves. No slave ever enters this garden unbidden. But if you desire to make acquaintance with the loveliest nook, most blessed by the Muses and Graces, come!"

Pericles and Aspasia followed the poet, who led them to the spot, where, as has already been mentioned, the Cephissus, making a curve, bordered the grounds on the other side. Here the ground sloped towards the stream, which flowed in a somewhat deeper channel. Yet the land did not fall steeply down to the water, but left between the river and the rising ground a charming level space, just wide enough to permit two persons, pressing closely side by side, to walk along the bank beneath a leafy roof, through which danced flickering sunbeams.

The poet led his guests to this charming path, where the plash and ripple of the waves sounded most musical, the birds trilled and warbled most sweetly, and the lights and shadows played like sportive sprites on the waves and between the boughs. Here and there was a turfy bank, where one might recline, rest, and dreamily enjoy the refreshing coolness of the shade. There was also a grotto, half concealed without by flowering vines, and invitingly supplied inside with seats and cushions for a resort during the warmest hours of the day.

Aspasia was delighted with this lovely resting-place,

and willingly accepted her friend's invitation to sit down. Pericles and the poet followed her example. They gazed into the clear waves of the stream, which here fell into a natural rocky basin. Bright-hued dragon-flies hovered and danced over the blossoms on the shore, as if intoxicated by the sunshine, and a beautiful pair of harmless water-snakes, believing themselves unseen, noiselessly made their graceful, rapid convolutions in the crystal flood. But when their observers betrayed themselves by some slight noise, they swiftly glided under the dense growth of plants that drooped from the banks over the stream.

"A wedded pair," said Sophocles—"I often watch them here. They are inseparable."

"It is difficult," Pericles began after a short pause, during which all had unconsciously given themselves up to the spell of nature—"it is difficult to transport ourselves in imagination from this peaceful world, to the persons and things we have escaped, left far behind us. And yet, Aspasia, the object of our excursion to-day would be only half attained, if we did not remember the persons and things we fled from. On the contrary, we must occupy ourselves with them first of all and before everything else, for you have not only much to tell me concerning the events of the last few days, but I myself have many things to explain, which have doubtless been mysterious to you. The dragon-flies are hovering gracefully over the waves, and the nimble serpents are describing their circles in the current; yet we must not heed them, for I must speak of very different creatures, miserable birds that yesterday became important to you and me, those accursed peacocks of Pyrilampes. Through Hipponicus' treachery, one of them, intended for a gift

to you, was brought to my house and fell into the hands of its mistress, Telesippe."

"And what was the stranger's fate?" asked Aspasia.

"Oh, don't question me about its destiny or mine on that day," cried Pericles smiling. "Imagine the man before whom, tradition relates, his own children were placed, daintily served for a meal! I can now for the first time realize his horror and surprise, since I have myself experienced the less shocking, but scarcely less bewildering incident of seeing the magnificent bird, which I supposed to be just spreading his feathers before the delighted Aspasia, who beheld in it an Argus, sent by her lover to watch her in his stead with the hundred eyes of love—seeing this bird dead, plucked, and transformed to a shapeless brown mass, on my plate."

Sophocles laughed merrily at the tale. "You sinned yourself," he replied, "by employing the bird consecrated to Hera, goddess of marriage, in the service of her rival, the golden Aphrodite—"

"The anger of the gods descended on *my* head far more heavily than on you and your peacock," replied Aspasia. "Know, that disguised, I sought you that very morning in your house, that I too, like the peacock, fell into Telesippe's hands, and if not slaughtered like the bird, found a scarcely less cruel reception. By the gods, Telesippe only wished I had a hundred eyes like the peacock, that she might scratch them all out. Your furious wife was accompanied by an elderly, ridiculous woman, named Elpinice. Both these matrons felt an ardent emotion of love for the young cithara-player, and flew into a furious passion when they discovered he was a woman. I was assailed by these two harpies, loaded with insults, driven from the house. 'I stand as mistress

by this hearth,' said Telesippe, 'but you are a vagabond, an adventuress. I bid you begone!' She added that she would give up your heart, but was not disposed to lose your hearth. I willingly grant her that, oh! Pericles, but do you intend to acknowledge the right of the woman, who rules your hearth, to assail with savage threats and insults her who possesses your heart?"

"What can I do?" replied Pericles. "The Athenian women have few rights, but we must respect those they do possess. They extend only to the threshold of the house—"

"So it seems," Aspasia interrupted, "that you men of Athens are not masters in the house, but only *outside* of it. How strange! You make the wife a slave, and then declare yourselves servants of these slaves."

"That is marriage!" said Pericles, shrugging his shoulders.

"If this is marriage," retorted Aspasia, "it might be better if there were no such thing in the world."

"Love binds the happy tie that unites hearts," said Pericles; "but a woman becomes a wife and mistress of the house, through the *law*."

"Through the law?" answered Aspasia. "I always thought it was maternity alone which made a beloved woman a *wife*, and that marriage began, so to speak, with the birth of a child."

"Not according to our Athenian civil law."

"Then change your civil law, for it is worthless," cried Aspasia.

"Sophocles, favorite of the gods," exclaimed Pericles, turning to his friend; "help me recall this angry beauty to calm discretion, that her little white hand may not tear down the whole fabric of the Athenian government."

“How could I suppose our high-minded Aspasia would ever lose the noblest possession of human beings, discretion? She knows well enough to teach us the lesson, should we forget it, that life without pleasure is no life, but to enjoy existence to the utmost, we must beware of rousing the anger of gloomy Ate, goddess of delusion and blind, passionate impulse; that we must never fight against anything without first wisely testing our strength; that happy ease is impossible without self-control; that we ought to love our fellow-creatures, for they are the companions of our pleasures, and honor the gods, for they are not mere empty names, but mark the limits of our power, and stand, ruling with potent sway, on the border line between our wilfulness and fate, between freedom and eternal necessity; that we—”

“Enough!” Aspasia interrupted laughing, “or I fear we shall not find our way back from the clear atmosphere of lofty thought, into which your wise and beautiful words have borne us, to the petty, but tangible matters with which our conversation commenced. But if it is allowable to apply general remarks to special cases, it seems to me, Sophocles, you intended to say that foreign birds and foreign women must submit to be plucked and torn in Athens, and timidly yielding, ought not to struggle against the laws of the country, which deprives them of all rights.”

“It is easy for our friend here,” added Pericles, “to make wise rules for human conduct, especially that of married men, and equally easy to follow them. His life flows on without contest; for he is unwedded, and no Telesippe threateningly confronts his Aspasia with a firebrand snatched from the hearth.”

“That’s the way intercessors and all who meddle in

lovers' affairs, even if invited to do so, invariably fare," replied Sophocles smiling. "I am now derided and almost reproached, because while counselling discretion, I was myself so imprudent as to try to advise lovers. By way of amends, I will now punish myself by instantly leaving you to your own wisdom, and bid you farewell for a short time, that you may settle your affairs. I am going to take care that you don't spend the whole day here without the refreshment of food and drink; and if, while you are discussing the subject of your interview, I linger for a time in yonder laurel grove, know that no Aspasia awaits me there, but, with tablets on my knee and stylus in my hand, I am listening to the lamentations of the noble daughter of Œdipus."

"So you have remembered the poetic idea mentioned on the Acropolis?" asked Aspasia.

"Half the work is already finished," replied Sophocles, "and a slave sits day after day with a reed pen in his hand, transcribing the completed lines from the waxen tablets to the papyrus."

"Won't you afford us the pleasure of hearing them in advance of others?" said Pericles.

"Your time is too precious!" replied the poet, and withdrew.

After Pericles and Aspasia were left alone, they returned to the subject of conversation, which had arisen in their friend's presence.

But, as usual in lovers' talks, they frequently wandered from the main topic, and did not strive for rigid logical sequence, because too much feeling mingled with their speculations, and they permitted themselves to make numerous digressions. Meantime they listened to the songs of the birds, inhaled the spicy odors from

the meadows, and now and then plucked a tempting grape from a drooping cluster, or a red-cheeked juicy fruit. Aspasia bit an apple and handed it to Pericles, who received it with a radiant smile, for he was not ignorant of the meaning a bitten apple bore in the sign language of love. Nor were opportunities for questioning love oracles neglected. Aspasia twined a garland, gave it to Pericles, and laughed when some leaves fell from it, for this omen signified ardent love in the heart of the wearer. Pericles gathered flowers, whose calixes possessed the property of bursting with a sharp snap, when pressed between the fingers, and did not disdain to draw from the loudness of the report an oracle in regard to the depth of love in Aspasia's heart.

But however rapidly Pericles' love made the blossoms in the garland wither, and its leaves fall, and Aspasia's did honor to the oracles of the bursting flowers, both tried to return to sensible conversation. Many questions were asked, but few decided. They discussed how Aspasia, with Pericles' help, could best arrange her new household to enable them to continue their intercourse with as little interruption as possible, and, since lovers like nothing better than to talk of the history of their first meeting, this pair reverted to their interview in Phidias' house. Pericles mentioned what had since occurred in consequence of it, spoke of the great works that had been commenced, and how he was at that time compelled to defend himself from the reproaches of his friends, but at last all departed satisfied except Sophroniscus' son, the truth-seeker, who desired a thorough discussion of the question whether the fostering of the beautiful rendered the fostering of morality unnecessary.

This question had been allowed to drop, and was afterwards entirely forgotten. But since Aspasia, on being reminded of it, instantly expressed with great decision her favorite assertion, that the cultivation of the beautiful was as justifiable, or even more so, than the advancement of morality, and a peacock was as valuable as a duck, though the latter might be more easily fattened—and Pericles did not know whether he could admit so much, the lovers were interrupted by Sophocles just at the right time.

The latter came to invite them to lunch, and led the way to a little summer-house in the middle of the garden. The interior was charmingly decorated, almost luxuriously arranged for a comfortable resting-place, and at this moment was transformed into a cosy dining-room. Cushions were arranged so that the company could recline in pairs, supporting the upper portion of the body on the left arm, and before these cushions stood small tables, bearing various dishes.

Pericles and Aspasia, obeying their host's invitation, reclined on the pillows and prepared to eat the refreshments, which consisted of poultry, cakes, cheese, figs, almonds, nuts, grapes, and delicious wine from the islands.

"I hope, Sophocles," said Aspasia jestingly, "that you are not setting nightingales before us; though in a city where they don't hesitate to cook peacocks, nightingales might also chance to fall into the frying-pan."

"Don't abuse the whole Athenian nation on account of one culprit," pleaded Sophocles.

"A woman capable of killing a peacock, plucking off its magnificent plumage and throwing it into a pan, deserves to be scourged out of Hellas," cried Aspasia with

a fresh outburst of indignation. "If the wrath of the Greek gods falls on any one, it must surely overwhelm *her*; for she has sinned against the most sacred thing on earth, the *beautiful*."

"If we must believe our wise and beautiful Aspasia," observed Pericles, turning to his host, "beauty is the supreme law of life and, penetrating the soul as well as the body, the sum and substance of all the virtues."

"The idea seems to me very charming," replied the poet, "though I don't quite know what Anaxagoras, Phidias' well-known stone-cutter, and the other philosophers would think of it. But even among these men, there is not one who will dispute the mighty power of beauty and the emotion, *love*, it awakens in the hearts of men. This very morning, agreeably to your wish, Aspasia, I introduced into my work, to show the unconquerable power of love, a scene in which I make Hæmon, King Creon's son, voluntarily descend into Hades to follow his beloved Antigone—"

"That is too much, Sophocles," replied Aspasia, to the great perplexity of her host, who had expected to win her thanks. "The poet's stylus must not show so gloomy a side of love. Love is cheerful, and ought to renounce itself sooner than its gaiety. It should not lead a human soul to Hades. It should ally men with life, not death. Gloomy, fanatical passion ought not to be designated by the name of love among the Hellenes. It is disease, it is slavery."

"You are right," replied Sophocles. "The rule you express is obvious; you, Pericles, and I myself will always pay homage only to beautiful, gay, untrammelled love. If you wish, we will offer a sacrifice to the gods this very day, imploring them never to fan this pure

flame in our bosoms into a raging, devastating glow. But in poetry and sculpture, the mind urges the writer and sculptor to put a sharp, penetrating edge on what he desires to express. I wished to show that Eros was a mighty god; but I earnestly desire that he may never again turn the whole of his power in such a manner against a Hellene. Above all, may he make the hearts of the beautiful, gentle and yielding; for what, except beauty, is to blame for all the evil and trouble love endures in the world? In truth, beauty is a fatal, decisive, momentous power in the lives of mortals. She sits, if I may so express it, in the council of the highest powers."

"*Beauty sits in the council of the highest powers!*" repeated Aspasia. "That remark, in my opinion, deserves to be ranked among the sayings of the philosophers of Hellas."

"If it affords you pleasure," replied the poet, "I will repeat it aloud throughout all Hellas, and interweave it as a chorus into my tragedy. When could I finish this choral song to Eros under a better omen, than while your foot still presses the soil of this garden? You must not leave here until I have written the hymn and heard your opinion."

"You could not offer us a more gracious gift," replied Pericles.

"Pardon me, if I now present nothing with which a collation is usually spiced," Sophocles began. "I don't even introduce a dancer or flute-player, for to-day, it seems to me, my guests are enough in themselves; and besides, who would venture to play the cithara before the beautiful 'cithara-player from Miletus,' and thus vie with such an artist?"

"You yourself!" cried Pericles, "you owe us the

contest, for you promised something of the kind on the Acropolis. Bring your stringed instrument, and another one for Aspasia; then begin to vie with each other in singing and playing, like the Sicilian shepherds, in the presence of my impartial umpireship—for that you will permit me to be umpire is a matter of course, since you will have no other listener."

"The pleasure of hearing Aspasia sing and play will not be too dearly purchased at the cost of a defeat," replied Sophocles.

He left them, soon returned with two beautifully-ornamented instruments, and asked Aspasia to choose one.

The fair woman drew her fingers over the strings, and a lovely rippling sound instantly rose from the instrument, like sparks from a forge.

The poet and the Milesian beauty, warmed by the fire of the island wine, began to sing, to the accompaniment of their instruments, love-songs by Anacreon and Sappho, winged distiches, and new verses of their own, rapidly composed.

"What are life and pleasure without Cypria's smiles?
Gladly would I die, when mirth and joy have gone,
When my heart no more rejoices in love's winsome wiles.
Flowers of youth, how swiftly time's scythe mows ye down!"

Aspasia eagerly responded:

"Ay, full short is the time that's allotted a mortal;
But Bacchus, the dance, love, wreathed garlands invite!
These, these only are life—'t is a joyous high festival!
We know not to-morrow, seize to-day in its flight!"

The poet, fixing his sparkling eyes on Aspasia, sang:

"Sweet, by Pan, the Arcadian, the song that thou singest!
Sweet the notes of the lute that blend with thy lay!
Could I flee? No, Aspasia, for hidden in thy breast,
Eros' self is the siren who charms me to-day!"

With a bewitching smile on her rosy lips, Aspasia replied :

" Gaily Neæra sported with her friend. About
Her waist, fair Cypris flung a flowered zone
Enwrought with golden letters : ' Love me, but grieve not.'
So ran the words, ' if other rule I own ! '"

" How long will you still delay, oh ! Pericles," said the poet, " to award Aspasia the wreath of victory ?"

" Give it to the poet, Pericles," said Aspasia, " but first impose *one* condition : he must sing us some lines addressed to the fair Philainion."

" Do you hear what Aspasia desires ?" said Pericles to the poet, " you must celebrate the charms of the beautiful Ephesian, Philainion, who is now, it is rumored, the companion of your happiest hours, and whom we strangers, to your secret torment, have perhaps driven from this charming spot."

" The condition is not without secret malice and cruelty," replied Sophocles, smiling : but I will not leave it unfulfilled."

And he sang :

" Philainion's dark-skinned, Philainion's small,
But the poppy's bloom is not more dainty,
Philainion's prattle hath stronger thrall,
Than Cypris' girdle. I'll love but thee,
Philainion, fair one, until as a rival,
Aphrodite doth give fairer beauty to me !"

" Are you satisfied, Aspasia ?" asked Pericles, and when the latter smilingly nodded assent, he turned to his host and offered him the prize of victory, saying :

" Receive the wreath, hospitable singer."

" I should not be that," replied Sophocles, " if I did not conclude by praising the charms of the fairest of women :

"Cypria's beauty hast thou, and the lips of Peitho,
The Hours vernal bloom, Calliope's sweet tone,
The balancing of Themis, the Pallas' wisdom,
The Graces' charm with earnest Muses blended."

"That is shaming us," said Aspasia, "and imposing a greater debt of gratitude than we can ever discharge."

So ended the contest. Sophocles and his Milesian guest then discussed many things concerning music, and Aspasia talked so learnedly about the Doric, Phrygian, Lydian, and other styles, the delicate distinctions between them, and the advantages one possessed over another, that Pericles was amazed and at last exclaimed:

"Tell me, Aspasia, what is the name of the man who can boast of having first trained you in these difficult arts?"

"You will learn," replied Aspasia, "when I tell you the story of my early youth."

"Why did you never do so?" replied Pericles. "How long will you defer it? Tell me to-day. The opportunity is favorable, and Sophocles is so intimate a friend, and so discreet, that you need not fear to make him a hearer of your story."

"No," said Sophocles, "charming as I imagine the story of Aspasia's childhood to be, I cannot help fearing, that if you are compelled to share the pleasure of hearing it with another, the tale will not last half so long as if you listen to it alone. Besides, I remember that I have vowed not to let you go, until I have entirely conciliated Aspasia, by writing a chorus in honor of Eros, so I must speedily seek my solitude and leave you to one not less desirable to you. By sheltering a pair of lovers, like yourselves, in my asylum, on the self-same day that I compose a song in praise of Eros for my tragedy, I expect to obtain so much favor from the god

of Love, that it wouldn't surprise me if I succeeded in writing my best song as a proof of the divinity's gratitude."

With these words the poet took his leave, Aspasia calling jestingly after him, to say he must not return without bringing the charming Philainion.

The lovers were again left to themselves in the pleasant, secluded, fragrant garden.

Still excited by the animated conversation, music, and singing, yet overcome by a sort of gentle weariness, they spent the time in walking and resting, lulled into the sweet dreamy state which takes possession of the mind, especially in the forest, fields, or shady garden, during the noontide hours, when Pan is sleeping, and his sprites pursue their mischievous pranks uncontrolled in the lonely valleys.

The oily fruit of the olive glittered in the mid-day sun. No lark hovered about, the tiny lizards lay sleeping in the hedges. Only the crickets began to chirp softly and musically here and there.

The wanderer's nature at such moments is so thrilled, excited, steeped in sunshine and perfume, that when he lies down to rest on the shady turf, under rustling trees, he scarcely knows whether he is trembling with a sense of delicious fatigue, or the still unexhausted abundance of animal spirits.

The two lovers at last paused again in the ivy-covered nook, where the waves of the Cephissus plashed under sun-flecked branches, and in the sultry noontide stillness the unsuspecting pair of water-snakes described their circles through the crystal flood.

Rousing himself from the half slumber of a dreamy, blissful siesta, Pericles repeated his entreaty that Aspasia

would crown the confidential intercourse of the day, by relating the long promised tale of the incidents of her early youth.

But there is one peculiarity about a narrator, whose lips are delicate, pouting, and sweet as Attic virgin honey. Pericles confessed that he knew not whether he was most eager for his friend's kisses, or her story. At last she began :

" You know I am not old enough to delight you with a long, adventurous, and varied tale. But you have a right to inquire about my origin, and ask what my fate was ere it became connected with yours.

" Philammon was the name of the man to whom I owed my knowledge of music and other arts, indeed everything for which one human being can be indebted to another, though that, as I believe, is not much, for the character of human beings, especially women, is principally determined by the soil on which we grow up, the native air we breathe, the things around us, and above all, fate and the star under which we are born.

" Good Philammon! I don't think I shall ever again live with any man so peacefully; for he made no claims on me, nor I on him. He was eighty years old, and I ten. To be sure, he seemed twenty years younger than his age, and I one-fourth older than mine.

" After the death of my father, Axiochus, and my mother, he, as a paternal friend and guardian, received me into his house. He was the most learned, wise, eloquent, and at the same time gayest old man in gay Miletus; perhaps the most amiable, since Anacreon lived on this earth. I know not whether there is any friendship more beautiful, than that between a youthful old

man and a precocious little girl. The fairest contrasts of life meet each other. I was passionately in love with Philammon's long white beard, his clear eyes, from which all the knowledge of the world seemed to shine upon me, his lyres and citharas, his books, the bronze and marble statues in his house, the beautiful flowers in his garden. He, too, seemed to take no little delight in me; from the hour I was brought into his house, he always wore on his lips a smile, whose beauty I have never seen equalled, and which not even death could entirely efface. For five years I lived amid the perfume of the roses, with which the godlike old man entwined his goblets, drank in the wisdom that shone in his eyes and flowed from his eloquent lips, played on his lyres and citharas, unfolded with glowing cheeks his rolls of MSS., gazed at his bronze and marble statues, and tended the flowers in his garden. The world of poetry, music and spring again became fresh to him, because he enjoyed it with a child. He said that he was eighty years old, but understood many of his books for the first time, now that a child read them aloud to him.

"When he died, the Milesians called me the most beautiful maiden on the Ionic coast, and I saw myself for the first time in a mirror. The life of the wealthy city, where the Hellenic mind is early ripened by the sun of Asia, began to press upon me with its surging waves.

"But I was discontented.

"I had been gay among Philammon's books and statues; in the rushing whirlpool of pleasure, surrounded by homage, I became grave, thoughtful, obstinate, capricious. I missed something.

"The men of Miletus seemed foppish. They sought my favor, but I despised them.

“After Philammon’s death I stood alone in the world, a young, poor, inexperienced, orphaned girl.

“Then a Persian satrap saw me, and instantly formed the plan of taking the much-praised Ionic maiden to Persepolis, to introduce her to the great king. My foolish, girlish heart kindled. I thought of Rhodopis, who wedded the Egyptian king; of my countrywoman, Thargelia, who won the sovereign of Thessaly for a husband. The Persian king himself, the most powerful monarch on earth, hovered before my mind as the incarnation of everything lofty, noble, amiable and beautiful in man. As a child in Philammon’s house I had been precocious, now, as a young maiden, I became foolish. On reaching Persepolis, I was magnificently attired and then conducted to the superb palace. Amid this splendor sat the Persian king, no less gorgeously adorned, but with the face of an ordinary man. He stared at me with the dull eyes of a despot, and at last sleepily stretched out his hand as if to examine a piece of merchandise. This enraged me; indignant tears filled my eyes. It pleased the Persian, who smiled faintly. He even spared me from that moment, saying that the pride of the Greeks pleased him better than the slavish submission of other women. After a few weeks, the despot’s heart kindled with love, but I was seized with dread and sank into a state of melancholy. The life around me seemed strange, monotonous, dull. These people did not allow themselves to be influenced, but lived inertly in their magnificent rooms, filled with enervating perfumes. The gorgeous splendor of the East was alien and alarming to me, the spell with which it at first enthralled my imagination quickly vanished. I shivered at the sight of the foreign tem-

ples and idols, and longed to return to the Gods of Hellas.

“After a short time I fled, and uttered a sigh of relief when I again trod Ionic soil and saw the Greek sea, promising a new and fairer happiness, dash upon the shore. Accompanied by one female slave, I sought in the harbor of Miletus a ship that would convey me to Hellas, and found a merchant who was willing to take me to Megara. Thence I could quickly reach proud Athens, for which my soul had long yearned. On arriving at Megara with my slave, I stood alone and helpless. The elderly ship-owner, who had brought me from Miletus in his vessel, invited me to his house and promised to send me in a few days to Athens. I accepted, but he delayed the arrangements for my departure, and I at last perceived it was his intention to detain me. But I soon saw that the son’s heart glowed with love as well as the father’s, and kept prisoner in the house, was tormented by a double wooing. The fools thought it was for them I had escaped unharmed from the Persian king. As my reserve still continued, and I did everything in my power to break the chains woven around me, the anger of both burst into a blaze. The ship-owner’s wife had always looked with suspicious eyes on the young stranger, and now while the two men raged at me and quarrelled fiercely with each other on my account, she was seized with savage jealousy, so that I saw myself surrounded by furies and threatened by all these people. The idea of rousing the Megarians against me as a foreign deluder, a disturber of the peace, occurred to the woman, while the two men, enraged to the utmost by my reserve, and the impossibility of keeping me a prisoner longer, upheld her, from a thirst for

vengeance. Their efforts were not unavailing. I was in Megara, among people of Doric race, people who, surrounded by Ionians, separated from their own kindred in the Peloponnesus, so near threatening Athens, only showed their Doric nature the more plainly, thought themselves compelled to follow Spartan customs more slavishly. They wish to appear stern and manly, but are doubly uncontrollable when passion seizes them, for their minds are rude, their natures base. Their violent emotions are impervious to the soothing influence diffused over others by the atmosphere of grace.

"At my earnest entreaty, my hosts at last pretended to let me go quietly. A mule stood ready to carry my baggage, a litter waited for me and my slave. But when I went out of the house, I found an infuriated crowd assembled in the street, and was received with words of scorn and abuse. The news that I was a Milesian had been enough to make the Megarians hate me and pursue me with savage fury. I know not what animated me with such pride, such courage, when I beheld this Doric mob grimacing, shrieking, uttering threats around me. With head erect I walked through the throng, the trembling slave following. The foremost, who had shrunk back a little, pressed by those behind, again crowded upon me; I was entangled, pushed, and when I indignantly uttered an angry protest, some insolently seized me by the arms and garments.

"At this moment, a travelling-carriage, drawn by horses, came along the road. In it sat a man, apparently wealthy and distinguished, for he was surrounded by slaves.

"When he perceived me amid the menacing crowd,

some of whom were already seizing me, he stopped, ordered his slaves to lift me and my slave into the spacious equipage, and in a few moments I saw myself borne away by the stranger's horses from the never to be forgotten ignominy that threatened me, and from accursed Megara."

"Now I understand, Aspasia," observed Pericles, "why, contrary to your usual moderation, you always show so much hostility whenever the Dorians and Doric nature are mentioned."

"I don't deny it," she replied, "since that day, I have vowed eternal hostility and vengeance against all Dorians."

"The man who rescued you was doubtless Hipponicus?" asked Pericles.

"Yes, it was he."

"You have learned to know the Ionic nature in its most luxurious development at Miletus, and the rude excesses of the Dorian temperament at Megara. On the soil of Athens, I hope you find yourself in that beautiful and happy medium, which contains the reconciliation and harmony of the most opposite traits."

"It was a good omen to me," replied Aspasia, "that after treading the soil of Athens, chance brought me in contact with the place whence come the brightest sparks of the new Athenian spirit—Phidias' studio!"

"And there," cried Pericles, "there you found the men you missed at the Persian court, active, susceptible minds that you could *influence*—there you found the fiery Alcamenes—"

"And the thoughtful, unimpassioned, yet promising son of Sophroniscus," replied Aspasia. "To both I strove to offer what their natures seemed to need. I

showed the sculptor that he need not learn solely from his master Phidias, and partially succeeded in changing to genuine humility the false modesty of the truth-seeker, who torments everybody with his searching questions. But the man whom I did not shrink from offering merely this or that, but *everything*, my *entire self*, was still absent. At last I found him. Since then I have come *still nearer* the forge from which rise the most original sparks of the new Hellenic intellect and life."

"And where was this?" asked Pericles.

"In the heart of the husband of the peacock-killer, Telesippe!" replied Aspasia, smiling and resting her sunny head on her companion's breast.

The latter bent to kiss her and replied:

"Many of those life-sparks of the Hellenic mind would perhaps have slept unawakened in this breast, Aspasia, if you had never leaned your fair head on it."

Thus passed the day spent by the happy pair in Sophocles' garden.

Evening began to approach, the shrubs exhaled a stronger fragrance, the nightingales began to sing amid the branches, and the cicadas, as if seeking to rival them, raised their clear voices in the grass; glow-worms glittered amid the dusk of the thickets, and Hesperus sparkled in the sky.

The poet now appeared to invite his guests to the evening meal, and again led them to the pretty, cheerful summer-house.

"You gave me a command as I was leaving you," said Sophocles, turning to Aspasia, "and who would neglect to obey your every wish?"

He pointed towards the back of the summer-house, from which Philainion came forward, smiling.

Pericles and Aspasia were pleasantly surprised. Philainion was small, but possessed a figure enchanting in its symmetry ; every movement was full of grace. She had the blackest of eyes, and the blackest hair curled over a somewhat low forehead.

Aspasia gracefully thanked her host for his obedience, and kissed Philainion. All merrily reclined on couches, ready for the meal. Numerous sweetmeats were offered, and again the fiery Chian wine flowed freely amid gay, witty words and laughter.

Sophocles then read to his guests his promised song in honor of Eros, the immortal chorus of :

" Mighty power, all powers above !"

Intoxicated with enthusiasm, Aspasia and the poet began to sing the song at the same moment, to the music of stringed-instruments. The melody seemed to flow from their lips of its own volition—they invented it together.

Philainion, seized by the same rapture, joined her voice to theirs, and inspired by the music as well as the fiery Chian, soon began to accompany the melody with the movements of a most charming and expressive dance.

Who could describe the happiness of these gifted mortals ?

They were as gay as the Olympic Gods.

As Pericles and Aspasia walked through the garden at a late hour on their way home, the roses exhaled an intoxicating perfume, and the flaming scarlet blossoms of the carnation glittered mysteriously in the gloom.

Never did the nightingales on the bank of the Cephissus sing louder than that night.

"Do you know what they are singing?" said Pericles to Aspasia, who walked smiling by his side. "Sophocles' chorus in honor of Eros; they are all chanting:

"Mighty power, all powers above!
Great, unconquerable love.
Thou, who liest in dimple sleek,
On the tender virgin's cheek—

And

"Thus Venus wills it from above,
And great, unconquerable Love.

And

"All thy maddening influence know,
Gods above and men below.
All thy powers resistless prove
Great, unconquerable Love!"

CHAPTER VII.

THE CAST OF THE DISCUS.

SINCE the magnificent building, devoted by Pericles to musical performances, had been dedicated and opened with a contest between musicians, the Athenians flocked to the southern foot of the Acropolis, to admire the peculiar edifice and its wedge-shaped roof, built of the masts of captured Persian ships.

But the completion of the Lyceum soon followed that of the Odeum, and the crowd now flocked out of the eastern gate towards the Ilissus to see the handsome new gymnasium, which had no equal.

Although still new, the walls and pillars were already scrawled here and there with flattering inscriptions praising some handsome boy. Not only the sculptors,

to whom the graceful figures of the youths, displayed naked here in numerous bodily exercises, afforded a welcome school of symmetry and beauty, but idle admirers of the beautiful came hither to enjoy the sight of the perfect development of youthful grace. The enthusiastic gaze of these connoisseurs was rivalled by the eyes of affectionate, ambitious fathers, who watched with proud satisfaction the feats and contests of their offspring, encouraging them by many an eager gesture, many a loud shout. There were also lovers of gymnastics, to whom the sight of them was a pleasure in and of itself, and whose aged limbs seemed rejuvenated by the zeal, motions, and exercises of the youths. Nay, the delight of many enthusiastic lovers of this sport rose to such a height, that they were not content to spend whole days in the Lyceum and Palæstra, as idle spectators; but when the longing seized upon them, threw themselves among the youths and shared their exercises, or challenged one of their contemporaries to a friendly wrestling on the sand of the gymnasium. "Holloa, Charisios," some one would cry, "shan't we try another little match, as we have so often done in our happy days? What young Hercules we were—how different from the boys now!" Then the two men, remembering the bright days of their youth, would clench and wrestle with each other, according to the unforgotten rules of the art, amid a group of encouraging spectators.

But the place was not used solely for gymnastic exercises, it was also a vast assembly-room. Nay, so largely was it devoted to this purpose, that the real apartments for gymnastic exercises all opened from the southern side of the peristyle, behind the double portico, while the other three halls, as well as the tree-shaded

grounds adjoining the wrestling-school, were intended exclusively for the social intercourse of the Athenians. Here came the most famous men with their admirers, friends, and pupils. Here people could talk with less interruption, than in the noisy Agora. The words posterity eagerly reads in dusty tomes, here fell in living streams from the lips of the sages. Any one in the crowd, who desired to do so, could join the master and the few pupils who at first walked beside him, listening to his discourse. It was only a few days since the halls of the Lyceum had opened their portals, and already the rustle of the bold pinions of Hellenic thought could be heard.

In the old man with the clear eyes might be recognized Anaxagoras, the friend of Pericles. Many an Athenian had already learned from him to inquire the causes of the course of nature, and place the eternal laws of natural events above the caprices of the Olympic Gods. But there were also many, who still inclined to see in him an uncanny sort of magician.

"Isn't that the philosopher from Clazomenæ?" asked an Athenian, addressing one of the pupils and listeners, in the group which surrounded the sage. "Isn't he the man, who is said to have sat at the Olympic games with a sheepskin cloak fastened around his body, while the sun was shining in the clear sky, and told those who laughed at him, that a storm would burst in less than an hour, which to the astonishment of everybody, actually did occur. Whence did the man get such a supposition, if he is not more learned in supernatural things and the art of divining, than other people?"

"Ask him," replied the pupil.

The Athenian followed his advice, and addressing

himself directly to Anaxagoras, repeated the question. "Are you the man, who went to Olympia in a sheep-skin cloak, and predicted a thunder-storm when the sky was clear and the sun shining?"

"Certainly," answered Anaxagoras smiling. "And you might have done the same, without the use of any magic arts, if like me you had been taught by an Arcadian shepherd about *the cap of Erymanthus*."

"What do you mean by that?" asked the Athenian.

"Erymanthus," replied Anaxagoras, "is a lofty mountain, which stands at the point where the borders of Arcadia, Achaia and Elis meet, and if, during a time of great heat, while the wind blows from the north-east, the summit of this peak is seen from Olympia to be covered with the thinnest cap of clouds, in less than an hour a storm will rise, bringing cool air and floods of rain over the Pisatan meadows."

When the bystanders' conversation afterwards turned upon the origin and causes of thunder-storms, Anaxagoras declared that the lightning proceeded from a certain kind of friction among the clouds. He then passed to other natural phenomena, making new and unusual assertions; for instance, he declared that the sun consisted of a glowing mass of metal, and was larger than the Peloponnesus. The moon, he maintained, was inhabited and had hills and valleys.

While the philosopher thus walked with his hearers, and excited groups gathered elsewhere around the politicians or news-mongers, two persons sat on the smoothly-polished marble bench in an empty corner of the most northern hall of the Lyceum, apparently eagerly discussing some important affair.

One was a remarkably handsome youth, the other a

young man whose type of countenance was singularly unlike his companion's.

There was scarcely a person among those who passed, who did not pause or at least look back, to glance a second time at the youth's remarkable beauty. Some even returned, or lingered near, watching the youth and waiting for the moment when he would bare his whole form to take part in the gymnastic exercises, for which purpose he had probably come.

But those who cherished this expectation were disappointed, for the bewitching youth was Pericles' lovely friend, who had to-day resolved to again avail herself of a masculine disguise, to inspect one of Pericles' favorite creations, the now completed Lyceum. This time she had chosen her old friend Socrates for a companion; for she scarcely dared show herself publicly with Pericles in this costume—too many persons had already penetrated the cithara-player's secret. Socrates gladly undertook the charge Pericles was forced to deny himself.

He had gone to the Lyceum with her early in the morning, to show her the interior of the wrestling-ring before the youths and boys began their gymnastic exercises. He eagerly did his part by accompanying Aspasia into the central room of the gymnasium, the vast court-yard surrounded by porticos, behind which extended spacious halls, and did not even forget the baths nor the groves of young trees, which stretched along the meadow lands of the Ilissus, an addition to the gymnasium welcome to those who were fond of walking.

To choose for a companion the "truth-seeker," the "friend of wisdom," the meditative pupil of Phidias,

without falling a victim to the loquacious man's secret designs, was impossible. Thus, speaking in his thoughtful manner, he had remarked how ingeniously Pericles had completed the Odeum by the Lyceum, and in so doing perhaps intended to say that music and gymnastics must always be connected, and united produced the harmonious activity of body and soul, and that the Greek not only desired to foster and enjoy the beautiful in bronze and marble, but to realize it in his own mental and physical nature.

After satisfactorily performing the office of guide, he understood how to detain Aspasia, and involve her still longer in conversation. Seating himself with her on the marble bench, in one of the most secluded and least crowded halls, he again reverted to the favorite topic, never neglected when he could secure the beautiful Milesian's society. Unluckily, while striving to obtain the long-desired explanation of the idea and nature of love, Aspasia's answers resulted in making Socrates believe himself compelled to reply :

"What you describe, Aspasia, is not love for *others*—all that is merely love of self."

He wished to know the real meaning of the words, when, for instance, people said: "Pericles loves Aspasia," or "Aspasia loves Pericles." But no matter what fine turns his companion might give the subject, Socrates turned and twisted still more skilfully, and continually drew from her words, no matter what she might say, the interpretation that whoever seemed to love another person, in reality loved only self and personal enjoyment. The thought of an emotion which should be *really* love for another, not solely of oneself, constantly hovered before his mind, and with his usual

whimsicality he pretended that he could not even find the slightest trace of such a feeling in Aspasia's statements. He discovered nothing but egotism—a *dual egotism*.

The truth-seeker and the beautiful woman had already discussed this subject some time, when they saw Anaxagoras and several companions come slowly up the hall.

"The gods doubtless send this man to relieve us from our perplexity," said Socrates.

"Don't you think youth ought to be ashamed to question age about love?" replied Aspasia smiling.

Anaxagoras, advancing slowly up the hall and sometimes pausing a moment, was just explaining to his followers that the beginning of all things consisted of tiny particles exactly resembling each other; for as gold is composed of gold-dust, the entire universe was made of the smallest atoms, which received the first impulse towards harmony and form, through the reason that ruled everything. This reason, which he called the *nus*, or spirit, existed not only in conscious human beings, but pervaded even the apparently darkest depths of the life of nature, and *everything was full of souls*.

As the philosopher and his companions approached the spot where Socrates sat conversing with Aspasia, the former, without waiting for a greeting from the younger man, with whom he stood on very friendly terms, turned towards him with a pleasant smile.

Socrates rose from his seat, saying:

"How I envy the friends who can accompany you all day long, Anaxagoras, and quench their thirst for knowledge at any moment. We, who rarely meet you, must bear our unsolved doubts for many days, torment-

ing ourselves and the friends no less eager for information, with endeavors that lead to no result. I have been vexing Axiochus' son for an hour, in the attempt to learn from him the meaning of *love*, for he understands such matters. But he apparently intentionally withholds his knowledge, and with mischievous malice only tells me things which make me even less wise than before. Have pity, Anaxagoras, and tell me: *what is love?*?"

"In the beginning," replied the philosopher, misunderstanding the question, and taking the subject on its speculative side, "the original elements and germs of things were mingled in blind confusion. All was chaos, darkness, Erebus. There was neither sky, nor earth, nor air, till black winged night, wedded by the wind, produced the primeval egg, from which yearning love, or winged Eros, as the poets say, came into the world, through whose power the strife and dissension of matter ceased, and everything mingled lovingly together, until water, earth, sky, human beings and gods, emerged in separate forms from the womb of fruitful nature, as the children of love."

"Then Eros was the first principle," said Socrates, following the philosopher for a moment into the realms of speculation; "but I have also heard you call the *nus* the first and highest element. Are nus and Eros, all-ruling reason and all-producing love, the same?"

"It is possible that they are," replied Anaxagoras, "and both strive to reach the same goal—the former *consciously*, the latter *blindly*."

"Then," cried Socrates, "that would at once explain what is meant when people speak of the blindness of love, the bandaged eyes of Eros. If I understood you

correctly, Anaxagoras, Eros is nothing but the *nus with bandaged eyes*."

"Understand it so, if you choose," said Anaxagoras smiling.

"But," continued Socrates, "how you have diverted me and my young companion from our original subject, by leading us to the upper heights of wisdom. We had in mind a very different kind of love, from that to which you have just alluded in your remarks about the strife of matter, Erebus, and the primeval egg. We were inquiring—and perhaps this question too may not seem valueless—what was the real nature and purpose of that feeling, by whose might one human being professes to love another, especially a man a woman, or a woman a man."

"A yearning of this kind," replied Anaxagoras, "which attracts a man not towards the sex in general, but one woman in particular, or a woman towards one particular man, is a sort of disease of the soul, and as such pitiable. For not only does such a love plunge him who is disappointed in obtaining the object on which his heart is set, into the most terrible despair and grief; but even if he has a hope that it will be returned, brings him into a state of dependence on the woman he loves, which he cannot help recognizing as unworthy and disgraceful, and should be especially avoided by the wise man, who, if he desires to maintain calmness and contentment of mind, must never suffer himself to cling to anything with ardent devotion, because every object to which we allow ourselves to be bound in this manner by habit, may be snatched away, and its loss cause unendurable torment. Such a sickly love confuses the mind, fills it with continual anxiety and jealousy, makes the

boldest timid, the strongest feeble, the best indifferent alike to honor and disgrace, and the most economical lavish. Moreover, it kindles the fiercest discord among men, and brings misfortune on whole nations, as for a woman's sake Ilium was destroyed, and Greece for a decennium suffered every conceivable misfortune, and the loss of her best sons."

Anaxagoras had scarcely finished, when Pericles came up the hall, engaged in conversation with a companion. He saw Anaxagoras talking with Socrates, recognized Aspasia, and cast a surprised, inquiring glance at her, which she answered by an unembarrassed smile.

Pericles paused, and as he had heard the last words, asked those who greeted him, on what subject they had been listening with such profound attention to the philosopher's instructions.

"Let this youth explain it to you," replied Socrates, with a sly smile; "for it is his fault, that Anaxagoras was compelled to stop here and express his views of what, in my opinion, is one of the most difficult points of human knowledge."

"The wise Clazomenian's address was caused by Socrates' question—what is the nature of love," said Aspasia.

"And what did the wise Clazomenian answer?" asked Pericles.

"If I have followed his thought and not merely his words," replied Aspasia, "love, however ardent it may be, must always remain associated with the gay and cheerful pleasures of life, and never degenerate into sickly, mournful fanaticism, tyranny, nor *jealousy*."

"He said," interrupted Socrates with a significant smile, "that if a man should see the youth who was

dear to him, or the fair woman he loved, by the side of another man, whether handsome or ugly, he must not therefore consider it necessary to contract his Olympic brows, or collect a Greek fleet at Aulis to blot out nations and efface cities, in his wild thirst for revenge."

Pericles smiled. The Silenus figure of the truth-seeker, seemed to him almost ridiculous, beside the radiant beauty of the disguised Aspasia. True, he had at first been surprised to meet her here, and his Olympic brows had really contracted a little at the sight; but he now felt almost ashamed of this emotion. He did not doubt his fair friend's intention of retiring from the wrestling-school, as became her sex, before the gymnastic exercises began, yet thought it advisable to remind her, by a secret hint, that this time was drawing near and she must not linger. He therefore remarked that the exercises would soon begin, adding that it was an affair of honor for him to be here, as his two little sons, Xanthippus and Paralus, and his ward, Alcibiades, after passing through a small preparatory school in the Palæstra, were to take part for the first time in the public gymnastic exercises of the boys in the wrestling-school. Little Alcibiades could be kept away no longer, he scoffed at the Palæstra and longed to cope with the lads of his own age in the public field of honor, the Lyceum.

Anaxagoras and his companions heard this news with eager interest and joined Pericles, to witness the contests of little Alcibiades, of whom, young as he was, the Athenians already began to talk.

Aspasia also rose with Socrates, as if to follow, but privately requested the truth-seeker to guide her out of the building.

But Phidias' thoughtful young pupil, after escaping

from the throng with the disguised beauty, walked by her side as if in a dream, and without knowing or intending it, instead of leading her out of the Lyceum, conducted her to one of the most secluded halls, far from the spot where the boys and youths were practising their gymnastic exercises.

His mind was entirely absorbed in reflecting upon what Anaxagoras had said about the passion of love. The sage's words had penetrated deep into his soul.

Aspasia at last asked the cause of his thoughtful silence.

It was long ere he replied ; then, as if waking from a dream, he asked his companion to sit down with him on a marble bench in the empty hall, and began :

" Do you know, Aspasia, when *my demon* first made itself known to me ?"

" What do you call your demon ?"

" A creature midway between divine and human nature. He is no phantom, no delusion of the brain ; for I sometimes hear his voice within me as distinctly as anything can be heard. But unfortunately he disdains to secretly reveal the depths of wisdom ; so far as knowledge is concerned, he seems no stronger and wiser than myself. He contents himself with briefly telling me in certain cases, without giving any reasons, what I must and must not do. I heard his voice for the first time in my life, Aspasia, when I first saw you."

Aspasia felt strangely moved at hearing the young sculptor talk so gravely of his demon, as if speaking of a real person and the most natural thing in the world.

" And what did he command at that moment ?" she asked smiling.

" When I saw you and instantly thought of question-

ing you about the nature of love, I heard him say in a low, distinct tone: 'Do not.' But I thought: what does this stranger mean? Why should he trouble himself about my affairs? I did not obey, but questioned you, questioned you *often*, and always about the nature of love. Now I have resolved to follow him in everything he may forbid or command; for I have convinced myself that he has excellent judgment, is my friend, and worthy of all confidence."

"You are a dreamer," said Aspasia, "though you intend to search for the clear ideas of things. You are too much devoted to studying your own nature, son of Sophroniscus. Look around and see the pure, quiet, healthful life, full of cheerful beauty, that surrounds you. Sacrifice to the Graces, oh! Socrates, sacrifice to the Graces! And don't forget that you are a *Greek*."

"A Greek?" replied Socrates, smiling. "Am I not too ugly to be a Greek? My snub-nose does not belong to the pure lineaments of my race. I shall make a virtue of necessity, and seek an ideal of life compatible with unloveliness."

Aspasia looked at Socrates with an expression of mingled perplexity and compassion.

Unfortunate son of Sophroniscus! He moved amid the happy, cheerful throng, the only discontented person in the crowd. People were beginning to number him among the philosophers, but no one had ever heard him assert anything. He only *questioned*. He walked among his fellow-men as a huge, living, almost uncanny interrogation point. Was he the embodied necessity of a new revelation, a new thought, a new time?

As reality, even in its richest development, did not wholly answer his questions, he took refuge in the

domain of pure thought. He pursued "clear ideas." But nothing is more closely allied to meditation than its apparent opposite, enthusiasm. So he spoke of his *demon*.

He was perfectly serious in doing so. The Greek's eye was accustomed to gaze clearly and frankly at *outward* objects. Socrates turned his *within*. He heard himself think, discovered his inward life, and was so much startled that it seemed to him some diabolical power, which he called his demon.

Much was said of his "irony." Ah, the sarcasm with which he revealed the ignorance of others, was but a faint reflection of that whose sting he turned against himself, the vain struggle for knowledge going on in his own breast. It was sorrowful earnest, when he declared of himself that he was aware he knew nothing.

Yet the thought-germs of the future were fermenting in his mind.

He sought, as Aspasia had just heard him say, an ideal of life that should be compatible with unloveliness.

He sought, divined, a graver ideal than that of omnipotent beauty, which cast a halo of glory over his age.

Such was the character of the youthful thinker. And yet—he was a Greek. Unlovely of aspect and meditative by nature, he was nevertheless inspired by the grace of the Hellenic intellect. He was no gloomy fanatic, and could never become one. Aspasia's spirit had also influenced him; he could never wholly fall a prey to the gloomy powers. His nature must become gradually more and more attuned to gentle cheerfulness, though only the cheerfulness of the philosopher, who calmly drank the goblet of poison, when his hour had come.

But now youth and a secret youthful love, of which he was himself scarcely conscious, were seething in his veins. He was not yet the man, the old philosopher, of which the ancient books tell us—he was still the young stone-cutter in Phidias' studio.

He secretly loved the beautiful Aspasia, loved her, yet knew that he had the snub-nose of a barbarian, the face of a Silenus, and she could never love him in return.

He knew this, but he was still young and only half realized the force of the fire that secretly blazed in his veins.

"I know," he continued, "I seem to you to creep like a worm on the flowers of Hellenic life, secretly gnawing and sullyng them with the spleen of sceptical thoughts, and you would like to snap me off with the tips of your rosy fingers. But, Aspasia, I would far rather be handsome than wise. Only tell me what I am to do, to become so."

"Always be gentle and bright," replied Aspasia, "and strive to sacrifice to the Graces."

"Shine upon me with the radiance of your eyes!" cried the usually quiet truth-seeker, overpowered by the emotion of his heart. "Then," he continued, "I shall always be gentle and bright."

He uttered these words with passionate feeling, bending nearer to Aspasia, as if he wished to absorb the cheering light of her gaze, and putting his Silenus countenance so near her lovely face, that his pouting lips almost touched the beauty's.

"Sacrifice to the Graces!" cried Aspasia, starting up and walking rapidly away.

At the same moment a naked boy came running

breathlessly up the hall, and perceiving Socrates, rushed to him and wrapped his mantle around his bare limbs.

The truth-seeker knew not whether to fix his eyes on Aspasia's retreating figure, or the boy who had fled to him for protection. He looked like a man from whose hand a dove had escaped, while a swallow flies into his breast.

The boy, wrapped in the cloak, nestled closely to him, and still gasping for breath, besought him to conceal and protect him.

"Whose son are you, and what is the cause of your flight?" asked Socrates.

"I am Cleinias' son, Alcibiades, the ward of Pericles," answered the boy.

The incidents that caused the little fellow to fly to Socrates, naked and trembling, occurred in the following manner.

While the latter was absorbed in his conversation with Aspasia, the gymnastic exercises of the youths and boys had commenced in the halls of the Lyceum devoted to this purpose.

Pericles and his companions, with many other persons stood in the room set apart for the lads.

It was a most charming spectacle to see these bright, beautiful, slender boys, strengthened by their preliminary training in the Palæstra, divested of the purple chlamis, wrestling on the sand.

Alcibiades was conspicuous among them all. Though one of the youngest lads, his footing was firm, and there was a touch of boldness and defiance in his bearing, softened, however, by the charm of his beauty. The sculptors pressed forward to admire the play of the still undeveloped muscles, the budding symmetry, the

masculine harmony of form reduced to a juvenile scale.

Besides Alcibiades, his two playmates Xanthippus and Paralus, the sons of Pericles, and little Callias, son of the wealthy Hipponicus, with whom Alcibiades had already formed a friendship, were among the boys. Pyrilampes' little son, named Demos, was also present.

The ardent, vivacious lads could scarcely wait for the commencement of the exercises, which began with races, under the direction of *pædotribæ*.

These men instructed their pupils how to economize their breath and strength in running, how to move their limbs equally, how to stride as far as possible with up-lifted feet, in order to pass over the greatest amount of space with the smallest number of steps. They also taught the boys certain regular movements of the arms, which, corresponding with the motion of the feet, were calculated, in their opinion, to increase the speed.

But little Alcibiades would not heed this instruction—he declared the motions of the arms he was taught to make, awkward, and disputed about the matter with the *pædotribæ*. One of the inspectors and directors of the exercises soothingly interposed, patted the boy's cheeks, and praised his eagerness to preserve the beauty of gesture and attitude so pleasing to the eye, but pointed out to him in justification of these movements, the example of the Mauritanian ostrich, which assisted its running by the motion of the little wings it used like sails.

The naked boys rushed towards the goal with a joyous shout, that grew louder the nearer they approached it. The race was repeated several times—Alcibiades was always first.

The exercises in running, were followed by those of leaping.

The *pædotribæ* put weights in the boys' hands and taught them to use them in such a way, that far from checking the lightness of the spring, they helped the movement of the body forward. These weights also displeased refractory little Alcibiades, and he was on the point of throwing one at the head of one of the persons who had charge of maintaining good-behavior among the lads, and somewhat sharply reproved him for his unruly conduct. Anger and shame seized upon Pericles, as standing with his friends among the spectators, he became an eye-witness of the boy's rebelliousness. But he soon smiled again, as, amid the plaudits of the crowd, Cleinias' son took precedence of all his companions in leaping as well as running.

The boys were now anointed with oil by the *aliptæ* appointed for this purpose, to prepare them for wrestling. Alcibiades was pleased; yet when sand was strewn over the oil to render the limbs less slippery, he eagerly resisted. But here people did not submit to the lad's caprices, as they had done in the *Palæstra*; the stricter rules of the gymnasium were at stake and the child was forced to yield.

The boys advanced to wrestle in pairs.

The *pædotribæ* instructed them how to advance the right foot a little by a slight bend of the knee, how to manage their arms in attack and defence, how to hold the neck and head erect, draw in the lower portion of the body, but round and arch the breast. The mode of throwing the opponent by skill rather than by strength, twining the hands and feet around the fallen foe, so that he was forced to lie motionless and renounce

all hope of rising, together with various other artifices, was also impressed upon the minds of the youthful wrestlers. But both teachers and inspectors of the exercises directed their attention principally to grace and dignity of movement. The rules they gave were not intended solely for the development of strength and skill, but also for the display of every grace of form, and the free, beautiful, easy bearing by which the Athenian was distinguished from the Barbarian, and even from many Greeks.

Alcibiades wrestled with the oldest of the boys, and threw him on the sand by a trick for which he was not indebted to the *pædotribæ*, but had invented himself on the spur of the moment's need.

Scrapers were now given to the lads that they might rub the oily sand from their limbs, and when this was done, each received a disk and a small pole instead of a spear, both intended for use in the exercise of casting. The boys' disk was not made of bronze, as usual, but carved from hard wood. Throwing the disk was by no means an easy matter, when correctly done. Alcibiades, like the other boys, was told how to adopt the right poise of the body, seize the *discobolus* in the best position, after rubbing it with earth to obtain a better grasp, correctly adapt the degree of strength to be expended to the weight, make the muscles of the arms elastic, swing the disk in a semicircle and then hurl it straight into the distance—but he despised these rules, and when one after another stepped forward to make his cast, and the distance each reached was distinctly marked on the ground, Cleinias' son, when his turn came, threw his disk as he chose. Nevertheless, it flew far beyond the others.

A strong lad, who possessed special dexterity in hurling the disk, then stepped forward to try his fortune. Cautiously, duly observing all the rules of the pædotribæ, he threw his disk, and though he did not surpass Alcibiades, did not fall behind him. The two disks lay at an equal distance from the others.

Alcibiades turned pale. For the first time he was compelled to share the honors of victory with another. He stood silent, trembling with excitement, casting furious glances at his rival. But the latter ventured to assert that his disk, if the distance was exactly measured, lay a little beyond that thrown by Alcibiades!

At this remark the latter, seized with indescribable fury, raised his right hand, and with all his strength hurled the disk he held at his opponent's head. It reached its goal only too well; the boy fell, bleeding and senseless.

A great tumult ensued. The almost fatally injured lad was borne away. Alcibiades turned pale and trembled a moment at the sight; but when the relatives and friends of his wounded rival pressed upon him with threats and reproaches, instantly regained his composure and defiance.

Then he saw the angry Pericles advancing, accompanied by the dignified gymnasiarch, and perceiving that he was to be seized, led away, perhaps punished in some disgraceful manner, suddenly turned, burst through the circle of spectators where it was thinnest, and fled with the agility that had helped him to victory in the races.

He was followed, but soon vanished from the eyes of his pursuers.

In the most secluded portion of the Lyceum he met

Socrates, rushed to him, as has been already mentioned, and beseeching his protection, hid himself in the folds of his mantle.

"So you are Cleinias' son?" said Socrates in a gentle, quiet tone, after the boy, in reply to his questions, had related the story of his escape. "Do you pay no heed to praise or blame, have you no regard for the opinions and wishes of the admirable and distinguished men from whom you descend, or who are allied by ties of blood?"

"I don't want to be always doing what other people wish," said the boy defiantly. "I want to do what I like and desire myself, and what I intend—"

"You are perfectly right," replied Socrates, still calmly; "a man ought to be permitted to do what he himself wishes and has intended. But what did you really desire and propose, when you came with the other boys to the Lyceum?"

"To be first in everything!" cried little Alcibiades eagerly. "To be first, to distinguish myself, and bear off the greatest honors. *That* is what I intended."

"Then you have not done what you really desired and proposed," observed Socrates, with the same calmness. "You wished to distinguish yourself, to leave the Lyceum covered with glory; but you have actually been driven away in disgrace and shame, and perhaps will receive a punishment when you are restored to your friends. Why did you not go straight to the goal you wished to attain, instead of losing your time in minor matters, which diverted you from your object? You did not come here to cut a hole in your companion's head with a disk, but as you say, to gain praise and honor. Your error was, that you forgot for a moment what you really intended, and devoted yourself to

secondary things, which resulted in your being obliged to fly from the gymnasium in disgrace and shame, instead of leaving it covered with honor."

This was the first time that the law of proper conduct had been set before the eyes of Alcibiades, not as something arbitrary and threatening, but as a power living in himself and connected with his own will.

Besides, the words of Socrates and the tone in which they were uttered, inspired the boy with confidence. He looked gravely and silently into his companion's face, gazed into his pleasant brown eyes, and his trust was unconsciously transformed into a sympathy he had never felt for any man.

Those who had been searching for Alcibiades, among them Pericles and the gymnasiarch, now approached.

The boy again began to tremble.

"Fear nothing," said Socrates; "with the aid of the gods I will try to appease all these fierce foes and pursuers."

The advancing group recognized Socrates, and nestling to his side, wrapped in the folds of his himation, the boy they sought. It seemed as if they beheld the young Achilles in the company of his tutor, the clumsy, good-natured centaur.

When Pericles and the gymnasiarch, with the others, came directly towards Socrates, the latter said:

"I know whom you seek; but he is under my protection, as you see, and I will not give him up, but defend him, as is my duty, to the best of my ability. He came to the Lyceum, he tells me, to distinguish himself, but did not fully succeed, only because from forgetfulness he meddled with matters which did not belong to his object, that is threw a disk at a play-

fellow's head, which brought him disgrace instead of the honor he sought. Concerning my intercession for the lad, consider that a similar misfortune or crime, as you choose to call it, has happened by the hands of gods and heroes; for, as you know, Apollo killed his favorite Hyacinthus, and the hero Perseus his grandfather Acrisius, by the cast of a disk. It is probable that this dark-haired, fiery-eyed lad might resemble the gods and heroes in *other* respects, if he would."

Pericles' wrath subsided at the sight of the boy, from whose face every shade of defiance had vanished. He addressed a few friendly words to the intercessor, which at the same time served to relieve the culprit, who still expected punishment, and ordered the pedagogue to dress the child and take him home.

Socrates joined Pericles and the gymnasiarch, and the men conversed for some time about the singular blending of noble and unworthy qualities, united in the character of Cleinias' son.

The latter himself did not leave the hall with the pedagogue, until he had cast a loving glance from his dark, sparkling eyes at his protector and intercessor.

Thus was formed the strong bond of affection existing between Socrates, called the ugly, and the handsomest of all the sons of Greece, the youthful Alcibiades, on the day that a dove flew out of the truth-seeker's hand, and at the same moment a swallow found refuge in his bosom.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE SACRIFICE TO THE GRACES.

No one enters so thoroughly into his work as the sculptor. Phidias' only walk was between the Acropolis and his studio. Even in his dreams he saw nothing but his statues of the gods, his groups, his frieze; and as his restless mind was active in his sleeping as well as his waking hours, he often, to his great surprise, found his plans matured and developed when he awoke. Many of his designs had originally suggested themselves in a dream, and he could say that the gods appeared to him in slumber, as they did to Homer's heroes. The whole world was valuable to him, only so far as it was connected with his art-aspirations. He renounced the pleasures of life, and remained alone and unwedded.

His soul was filled with the archetypes of all things, and his clear eye mirrored in pure outline every created object.

There was a motley confusion of persons and things in Phidias' studio. Designs were constantly being invented, tested, rejected, modelled afresh in clay; measures and proportions were considered. Besides the preparatory work in clay, many a piece of sculpture was being hewn from the block by the stone-cutters, to be afterwards entrusted to better skilled hands for its perfect development. The workshop might be called a heap of rubbish, but it was rubbish of origin, not destruction. It was chaos, yet not the chaos of ruin, but that from which proceeds creation. Fragments lay scattered every-

where, not as parts of what had once been a whole, but as portions on the way to form one. Over this chaos hovered the spirit of Phidias. His mind directed everything, and kept the fiery Alcamenes and stern Agoracritus united in a common labor.

This pair were his two powerful arms. Nay, the former was an eloquent tongue. What Phidias suggested in monosyllabic, perhaps mysterious words, Alcamenes interpreted, repeated, inculcated.

He also kept watch over the young pupils and assistants, whose work was entrusted to his care, reproving, admonishing, encouraging, with the impetuosity natural to him, while examining the various portions of the pediment, frieze and metopes.

"What are you doing, Dracyllus? The curve of the breast is too flat to produce the right effect at a distance, the abdomen too little marked, not sufficiently distinguished from the groin. The principal muscles are too little raised, the lesser ones too much!

"Charicles, you make the skin here too tight, and here too loose over the muscles. It's not sufficiently visible here. Even in the rigid bronze or marble, the skin ought always to look as if it could be grasped and lifted a little between the fingers.

"Lycius, your god can scarcely be distinguished from the folds of his garments. Are you one of the sculptors, whose Heracles can only be recognized by his club?

"Your nymph of the spring, Crinagoras, seems to intend to rely upon her urn to mark her character, instead of having it appear from the soft, almost liquid outlines of her limbs."

He now came to one of the groups on the frieze of the Parthenon—youths curbing rearing steeds. "On

what animal, Lycius, did you see that broad head, these blunt ears? The whole is too stiff, not sufficiently free, too old-fashioned. Did you go to school with the Æginetans? Argeladas would no longer have approved such bungling work!" Such were Alcamenes' exclamations, particularly condemning this or that point, and as he grew angry seeming by no means disinclined to shatter the pupil's carvings, a thing he was quite capable of doing, when passion overpowered him.

Agoracritus stepped forward and, as often happened, defended the fiercely reviled work against the impetuous Alcamenes. The hot blood crimsoned the latter's face, and he made a hasty reply.

Just at that moment, Phidias approached with two companions, who were by no means strangers in his house.

How could Pericles and Aspasia have denied themselves the pleasure of sometimes casting a glance at the quiet creation and progress of these vast designs?

They found the master in the midst of throngs of pupils and assistants, among clay models, half-hewn statues and blocks of marble; found him more silent, stern, thoughtful and reserved than ever before.

When Alcamenes saw Aspasia, he strove to appear gay and careless, to conceal the indignation he could not yet wholly stifle, and to which he had allowed himself to give expression during the hasty meeting in the Agora. The sullen Agoracritus made no effort to hide the secret rage he still cherished in his heart against Aspasia. He turned away and wasted no words on the distinguished visitors.

As the latter had overheard some portion of the dispute, the conversation soon reverted to the same sub-

ject, and Aspasia did not hide the fact, that she entirely agreed with Alcamenes in his desire to see every trace of old-fashioned tradition effaced from art. While looking at the sketches and clay models for the colossal groups on the pediment, the frieze, and the metopes, she found many of the most beautiful a little hard and rigid, and even the richest development of the art seemed to her to advance too slowly. These opinions she expressed without reserve.

"The beautiful Aspasia," said Phidias with a grave smile, "would like to have everything we carve as delicate, luxurious, and charming as herself. But do not forget, that in these tasks we sculptors have to represent no mere human, commonplace prettiness, but almost supernatural beauty."

"Perhaps Phidias is right in not allowing himself to be entirely deprived of what Aspasia calls the harsh, stiff, old-fashioned style," said Pericles. "Who knows whether the highest ideal of beauty may not dwell on the narrow line, that separates chaste, virginal loveliness from luxurious, fully developed charms? The highest and last stage of development is often the first of decline; so the point which delights and refreshes the mind with the purest, loftiest magic, should lie a little on the side of the summit and not directly upon it."

"If I urged you ever so strongly towards the charming, delicate, and luxurious," replied Aspasia, "and you encouraged your pupils to strive towards the same goal, I think even then it would be long ere the correct limit was passed. Your assistants seem to me so far from making their work too delicate and graceful, that even if they exerted all their powers, they would

scarcely attain the goal. I do not say you are slow, but the road is long."

"When I look at Phidias' statues," said Pericles evasively, as if he feared the sculptor might be wounded—"or hear the songs of Homer, I think them sublime in their charm, and charming in their sublimity. They are sublime, as every one knows, they are charming, as no one can deny, and we may call them beautiful, because they are both at the same time."

"I agree to that," said Socrates, looking up from his work of hewing the rough outlines of a statue in a marble block. "I have been reflecting a long time upon the real nature of beauty; Pericles' words have shone like a ray of light into my soul. So the beautiful is graceful sublimity and sublime grace. When Pericles and Aspasia again discuss together the right limits of the progress of development in the arts, they will find it easy to say that the beautiful, to remain the beautiful, must never be merely charming and never merely sublime, but both united. The gods grant that I may remember this lesson at every stroke of the chisel, especially while I am executing the gift I intend to make Phidias' goddess, on the day of the opening of her magnificent temple on the Acropolis."

"What?" cried Aspasia, "does the thoughtful stone-cutter intend to try his skill as the creative sculptor?"

"Of course!" replied Socrates. "True, Phidias and Alcamenes have assigned none of the carved work on the new Parthenon to my independent execution, and when I begged permission to try this greater task, was sharply refused by Alcamenes, with the smiling contempt of which he is master. By Zeus! I have learned from Phidias how to carve the perfect egg form of the

face, to make the head small but delicately shaped, the line of the brow and nose almost straight, curve the eyebrows in a delicate arch, chisel the eyes large, round, and deep, and the sides of the nostrils in a gradual slope, round the chin, and arrange the hair and beard in graceful masses. I will not forever hew blocks of marble into mere rough outlines, and as an obedient workman, help embody the thoughts of others. I will prepare a gift modelled after my own design, and try with practised hands to represent in stone, a clear, pure idea of my own."

"But what is the clear idea, which as you say, you wish to embody in stone?" asked Aspasia.

"You shall hear," replied Socrates; "but it is not seemly to talk of a pupil's efforts, before you have seen as much of the master's work, the divine Pallas Athena, as can be viewed at present."

Pericles and Aspasia earnestly entreated Phidias to let them see what he had already created, but the sculptor replied:

"You can see nothing at this moment but fragments, for the clay model has been broken in pieces, as the necessities of the work in gold and ivory required."

But, as Pericles and Aspasia protested that they would be satisfied with even a sight of the fragments, Phidias, accompanied by Socrates and Alcamenes, led them into one of the spacious court-yards, and there pointed out a wooden framework, over which the figure was to be shaped of gold and ivory, as flesh and skin rests on the skeleton of bones. Besides the workmen engaged in separating the clay model of the magnificent work into fragments, were others employed in sawing elephants' tusks—of great size and beauty

which the Greeks imported from India—into thin plates, each one of which was to be exactly fitted in its place over the wooden skeleton, according to the design of the clay model.

The visitors scanned the huge, separate portions of the colossal statue. Even these fragments afforded food for thought, and fortunately the head of the goddess was still uninjured. This they could examine to their heart's content, and give themselves up to the spell of the master's lofty thought, revealed in the sublime, pensive features of this new *Pallas Athena* of peace.

They mirrored *intellectual power*, the light of pure intelligence rising from the depths.

"The beautiful, pensive face of this goddess makes her appear indeed the divinity, who sprung from the head of her father, Zeus," said Pericles.

"But," interposed Socrates, ever in search of ideas, eagerly seizing upon the remark, "in the head, as all well know, dwells *thought*. So what is Pallas, springing from her father's brain, save the living, embodied thought of Zeus? Oh, happy Phidias, blessed by the gods, to be thus called to represent what is *highest—thought!* I, poor bungler, strove all my life to attain the realm of pure thought, and would fain have guided it from Zeus' brain to mine, like a leaping spark, yet could never grasp it. This Phidias here takes a bit of clay, a lump of earth, kneads it, and beneath his hands grows a statue that dazzles my eyes when I behold it, forces me to exclaim: '*This is thought!*—the thought of Zeus!' Yet Phidias is right, when he names the thought placed before us, Pallas Athena, the glorious guardian divinity of Greece. We have proof of that, when we compare what philosophers say of thought, and poets of Pallas.

Apart from her oft mentioned origin in the brain of Zeus, the poets declare that Pallas Athena is a virgin, also that she partakes of both masculine and feminine nature, quite unlike the goddess of Love, who has nothing to do with thought, but devotes herself exclusively to delightful emotions and the unconscious creative works of love. Who will deny that thought is virginal, and at once masculine and feminine? Thought is calm, like starlight, and remains sufficient for itself on its pure, clear height; only its counterpart, feeling, is full of ardor and enters into all the deeds of love. What is the horrible Gorgon head, which poets and sculptors place on the shield of the goddess Pallas Athena, save the terrors of conquered *darkness*, which victorious thought bears as a trophy? So there is no doubt that Phidias intended to represent *thought*, though we may still be permitted, if we choose, to call the head before us that of the goddess Pallas Athena."

Grave Phidias smiled faintly, and Alcamenes, also smiling, interrupted Socrates by patting him on the shoulder, but praised his words.

Aspasia said:

"If Phidias, as you assert, Socrates, wished to embody in this statue the might of lucid thought, he scarcely ventured, while creating it, to ponder over this idea."

"The same thing doubtless happens to other fathers," replied Socrates.

"It certainly doesn't happen so with *you*," cried Alcamenes with a mischievous smile.

"No," replied Socrates, "but why should you jeer at me for it? It is certainly better to think than not to think. The gods may bestow their best gifts on their

favorites in dreams. We other mortals must try to help ourselves with our waking senses. No doubt, Aspasia, you have wondered why I so often questioned you about the idea and nature of love. Yet I could not help it. As Phidias has embodied the victorious light of thought in the statue of Pallas Athena, I would fain embody love in a statue of Eros. You surely will not assert that Eros is a contemptible deity; nay, some call him the first and oldest of all, and if love, as it appears, is, above all things, an aspiration, a strife, an endeavor, I can say that this god is really mine. To learn still more exact particulars about him, I have, as you know, moved much among men, inquiring—"

"That's true," interrupted Alcamenes smiling, "you have been seen far more frequently at the Agora and other public places, than in Phidias' workrooms. This fellow really seems to be driven about by some special anxiety. First he chops at his marble blocks for half a day like a madman, then drops his tools and stares thoughtfully for an hour into vacancy. Then he starts up, dashes off, and doesn't come back for half a day. You mean to carve an Eros? Tell us *when*? Do you know, my dear fellow, that Phidias calls you his most negligent pupil?"

"I know it," replied Socrates; "but remember that you too often throw down the chisel and rush off, with or without a pretext, and like me, it is said, follow *love*, though certainly without inquiring much about its idea and nature."

"You are right," cried Alcamenes laughing, "I don't inquire about its idea. But who tells you I follow love, when I leave here?"

"You don't always go away yourself," replied Soc-

rates, "sometimes you merely send one of the men who carry mortar, or even mad Menon, if he happens to be lounging about here, with a little note to the beautiful Corinthian, Theodota."

Again Alcamenes smiled, and Socrates continued:

"My friend Anaxagoras has called the passion of love a disease—I only want to know whether it is an ordinary sickness, to be treated with medicine, or a divine one, like the poet's rapture or the ravings of the Delphic priestess. I know the god of Love must have wings and a boy's figure; but how I am to represent him in other respects, grave or gay, looking upward or downward—I should really like to know, Aspasia, how you would undertake to represent him, if you were one of us pupils, here in Phidias' studio?"

"I should not attempt to represent it," replied Aspasia. "Love is an emotion, and a feeling is formless. Why seek to represent what has no form? Instead of love, present what awakens love, the charming, the *beautiful*. That has a shape, is tangible, visible, perceptible by all the senses. Nor need you ponder over it and question other people, but simply copy the most beautiful and graceful object you behold."

Socrates spent several minutes in silent thought, and then replied:

"Nothing can be truer than what you have just said, Aspasia. I will let Eros go, and try to carve the *Graces*; for you probably intend to point them out to me again, as you have often done, as the real goddesses of loveliness and beauty. Aphrodite is beautiful, but she is not only the goddess of beauty, but of love—in her nature beauty is already mingled with love, while in the *Graces*, it is still apart, and so to speak, sufficient

unto itself. So I will carve the Graces, and offer them as a gift to Phidias' goddess on the Acropolis. But as I formerly pursued love, I must now follow beauty. Where shall I find the most beautiful and graceful person, to 'simply copy,' as Aspasia just said."

"If you want to see the most graceful creature ever beheld, my dear Socrates," said Alcamenes smiling, "I can give you a piece of advice. Try to see the beautiful Corinthian, whom you just mentioned, dance."

"The Corinthian Theodota?" asked Socrates; "I have often heard the charm of her dancing praised. But who is to procure us the pleasure of seeing and admiring the Corinthian, except yourself, Alcamenes, her best panegyrist, friend, and companion?"

"Why not?" replied Alcamenes, with merry arrogance. "Whoever desires to enjoy the sight of the most perfect grace a woman's form is capable of displaying in the dance, should see Theodota, and I will ungrudgingly serve as guide to any one who wishes to have this pleasure."

These words were not devoid of secret malice towards Aspasia. He intentionally praised the grace and charm of another woman, in the presence of Pericles' friend and Pericles himself.

The beautiful dancer Theodota had been induced to come from Corinth to Athens by Alcamenes. The cause of this action was a singular one.

On perceiving that he must give up Aspasia, of whom he had thought himself secure, the young sculptor was seized with secret indignation against the Milesian. Yet his temperament was too light, gay, and careless to allow grief to gnaw at his heart on account of this loss; his sole endeavor was to seize some real happiness, some

genuine love in place of that of which he had been robbed.

A very wealthy Corinthian had given him an order for a small marble statue. Alcamenes finished the work and sent it to Corinth. The owner was delighted with its rare perfection and grace, and wrote to Alcamenes that he might ask any payment he desired for the little masterpiece; whatever his request, it should be fulfilled.

Upon this the young sculptor, with his usual arrogance, wrote the Corinthian the following reply:

"It is well known that your wealthy and luxurious Corinth has long possessed the fairest 'friends,' to be found in Hellas. As you offer me any reward for my little statue, I beg you to send the most famous beauty in Corinth to remain a month in Athens at your expense, informing her that during this month she is to serve me exclusively as a model."

The rich Corinthian laughed when he read these lines, and a few days after, the beautiful hetæra, the dancer Theodota, arrived in Athens.

Alcamenes was satisfied, and for a month enjoyed the society of the far-famed beauty at his wealthy patron's expense.

When the month had passed and the fair Theodota's engagement was fulfilled, she felt little inclination to return to Corinth: she had become fond of Athens and determined to stay there.

Alcamenes remained her constant friend, and praised her to all who would listen to him as the fairest woman in Hellas, never neglecting to add she was more charming than the famous Milesian, Aspasia, who had ensnared Pericles more by craft than beauty.

As Alcamenes thus praised Theodota to Socrates in

Aspasia's presence, the latter instantly perceived the intention of the offended youth, and knew he wished to annoy her by bestowing admiring words upon the beauty of another woman. With feminine quickness she instantly arranged her thoughts and formed her resolution.

Amid the lightning-like reflections that darted through her mind, was the wonder what impression Alcamenes' words might have made on Pericles' susceptible fancy. She considered that he might wish to see the fair Corinthian, and gratify this desire on some other occasion than when accompanied by his friend. She did not care to have Pericles meet Theodota unless she was present, but had little fear of such an interview in her company. She well knew what she could throw into the scales against all other women, and as for Alcamenes, decided that she could not punish his secret malice better, than by showing him how little she cared for this kind of annoyance.

To these motives for her resolution was added another—she herself was not without some curiosity to see the much-praised Corinthian beauty.

So, to the no small perplexity of the young sculptor, she eagerly accepted his offer to take any one to Theodota, who might desire to go, saying with careless gayety :

“ If you are able to show us the way to the most beautiful and graceful person you know and let us see Theodota dance, it would be folly for Pericles, Socrates, I myself, or any one who hears you, not to instantly take you at your word and compel you to fulfil so tempting a promise without delay.”

“ I suppose,” replied Alcamenes, quickly recovering

his self-control, "that you have spoken in your own name, as well as for Pericles and Socrates."

Pericles hesitated a moment, then said he would not oppose Aspasia's wish. "We are going," he added, "only in Socrates' train and for his sake: but it can never reflect disgrace upon a man to follow a *philosopher*."

"Our fiery Alcamenes," said Socrates; "is a friend to all hasty and bold ideas. See how joyously he rubs his hands and seizes his Thessalian hat. I'll wager that he'll give us no farther peace, but is fully determined to conduct us immediately, just as we are, from Phidias' house to the fair Theodota's dwelling."

"Even so," cried Alcamenes. "Our master Phidias has slipped quietly away while we were talking. I advise you not to disturb him by leave-taking. Here is a passage close at hand, the door is open, the street empty, Theodota's house not far away—let us go."

They soon reached Theodota's residence.

There was no occasion to fear annoying the beauty. Alcamenes went first to tell her his companions were coming, but returned almost immediately and invited them to follow him.

He conducted them to Theodota's most private apartments, which were furnished with the most luxurious splendor. Soft pillows and purple cushions lay scattered everywhere, the floor was covered with thick carpets, delicious perfumes rose from delicately-wrought vases. A couch, with purple coverings, was supported by graceful cupids; jewels and garments were strewn around in picturesque confusion. Soft sandals, fillets, costly girdles, pots of rouge, boxes of ointment, circular mirrors of polished metal with richly-carved handles, exquisitely-

shaped sunshades, and gaily-painted fans in the form of leaves, were intermingled with small works of art in bronze and marble—some gifts from Alcamenes—musical instruments inlaid with gold and ivory, fresh and withered garlands of every kind. At the first glance, all these things in their motley confusion made a bewildering impression on the senses, an impression strengthened by the perfumed air of the room, while the beautiful, richly-dressed hetæra rose from one of the soft cushions to greet her guests.

Theodota was beautiful. Her hair was black as a raven's wing, her eyes were dark and fiery, and her features delicate. She was very much rouged, her eyebrows were artificially curved, and her lips much redder than the coloring of nature. She wore a robe embroidered with flowers, and was adorned with magnificent jewelry. This robe was fastened around her waist by a girdle of gold plates, whose clasp was richly ornamented, and from which hung no less tasteful and daintily-formed amulets of various kinds. Her neck, bosom, arms, and even her ankles were encircled with ornaments of serpent-shape, set with garnets or amber. Even her small, delicately-formed ears were adorned with dangling rings of exquisite workmanship. On her head she wore a metal coronet, set with pearls.

"I have already informed Theodota why you came," said Alcamenes, turning to his companions.

"Alcamenes is rash to suddenly bring me such distinguished guests, without permitting me to make the slightest preparation to receive them worthily," replied Theodota smiling.

"No preparation is necessary," answered Alcamenes, "for you are always yourself, and our visit is not paid to

your house, but to yourself, your charms, and your art. You see before you a wise, earnest man," he continued, pointing to Socrates, "who is longing to see you and admire your dancing. You owe it even more to him than to my enthusiastic words, Theodota, that to-day the great Pericles and the far-famed Aspasia from Miletus cross your threshold, to convince themselves, by the evidence of their own eyes, of your much-praised skill."

"What," cried Theodota, "must I venture to display myself and the little I can do to the criticism of such judges?—a philosopher, a dignified statesman, and one of my own sex, who it seems, surpasses in brilliant accomplishments all other women?"

"Fear nothing, Theodota," said Pericles, "Alcámenes has praised you to us, and Alcámenes knows how to discover what is most beautiful in everything."

"Indeed," added Socrates, with a subtle smile, glancing at Aspasia, "he always meets the most beautiful *first*."

"Then he can take the responsibility!" said Theodota. "To act the prude before any one, or refuse to display my art, ought not to enter my mind. You wish to see me dance, like hundreds before you, and I obey. Consider yourselves my masters. What do you desire me to dance and represent? What goddess? What heroine? What myth or history?"

She addressed these questions principally to Pericles, but he replied:

"Ask the philosopher, for he came here with intentions, that certainly make it desirable for him to be permitted to fix the subject of your dance. Speak without hesitation, Socrates. What do you wish to have Theodota dance?"

“If you and Theodota are willing to leave the decision to me,” replied Socrates, after a short pause, “I know of nothing I should like better, than to request her to dance the three goddesses seeking to win the prize of beauty from Paris on Mt. Ida. What a task, to appear before us first as Aphrodite, then as Hera, and then as Pallas, and show how each with the same means, though subtly varied according to her character, strove to bewitch the shepherd and snatch the prize from his hand. Alcamenes has promised to let me learn here what grace is, so we will compel Theodota to be as charming and graceful as possible, yet in the most different ways imaginable.”

When Theodota had left the room to make certain changes in her dress and appearance, required by the task imposed upon her, Socrates said :

“We shall gain our object, for Theodota is not like other beauties, who only deal out what they mean to give by drops, but will honestly offer us what she has to proffer and pour out everything at once, as if from Amaltheia’s horn of plenty. The whole affair will be settled, and we can go home. Theodota, I can see, is yielding and gentle, but not intelligent. How Aspasia would dance if she chose! But which of us, except perhaps the Olympian Pericles, has ever seen her!”

Theodota now returned, clad in a robe that did not check the freest motions. With her came a boy bringing a lute, and a flute-player. The latter began to play, and the boy chimed in with a few chords. Theodota’s movements commenced, as it were, to blend with the sounds, and it was impossible to say at what precise moment she had begun to dance.

First, as she had been requested, she danced Aphro-

dite's wooing for the apple, the prize of victory in the hands of Paris; then Hera's, then that of Pallas. It was the same dance, thrice repeated, yet each time with totally different expression, in accordance with the characters of the goddesses. Theodota seemed thrice transformed. It was marvellous to see what changes she succeeded in bringing into the mimicry of the suit by speaking glances, buoyant gestures, significant movements. By turns the wooing appeared like graceful pleadings, sweet flattery, charming coquetry, bewildering fascination, promise of the fairest reward; then proud command, an imperious order rather than bold or sportive entreaty, then as a swift surprise, an attempt to wrest the prize of victory from the judge's hand by gentle violence. Meantime, she succeeded in displaying every physical charm of attitude, movement, gesture. As each cleverly-devised expressive feature, exactly adapted to the character of the goddess, appeared in the triple performance, the spectators knew not whether to most admire the wealth of invention and variety of the whole, or the charm and perfection of the execution of each individual trait.

The fact should be mentioned that Theodota, during the whole dance, kept her eyes, glowing with a varying but always beseeching expression, almost constantly fixed upon Pericles. She made him the involuntary companion of her mimic suit, seemed to see in him Paris, and seek to win from his hands the prize of victory.

When the fair Corinthian had finished her dance, Pericles praised the grace and expression with which she had performed her task.

"The commission you gave the beautiful Theodota

was by no means too difficult," said Alcamenes, "she would have performed harder tasks in a way to rouse still greater astonishment. She can not only imitate the tenderness of the dove and the fierceness of the lion, but if necessary the undulation of water, the blaze of fire, and the light rustling of the trees."

"I don't doubt," replied Pericles, "that she even understands, like the dancer I saw a short time ago, how to represent the letters of the alphabet by the motions of her wonderfully lithe and pliant body."

"And now what have *you* to say about Theodota?" cried Alcamenes, touching Socrates on the shoulder. The latter had not once averted his eyes from the dancer during the entire performance, and now stood apparently absorbed in thought.

"*I will learn to dance!*" he answered gravely. "Hitherto I only knew of wisdom of the head; I now perceive that there is also a certain wisdom of the hands and feet."

The listeners smiled, supposing he was speaking with his usual irony. But Socrates continued:

"Rhythm is proportion, and proportion is morality. A rhythm of the body so beautiful as that Theodota has shown us, must necessarily fill the whole nature of men with appreciation and love for beauty of proportion. When this has once been seen, everything rude, coarse, unpolished and base must be despised. I envy you your beautiful rhythm of body and soul, Theodota."

"I enjoy this beautiful rhythm myself," replied Theodota, smiling, "if I possess and others take delight in it, for it is my profession to amuse and please. But this art of pleasing and amusing seems to grow daily more difficult in Hellas. To the eyes of you art-pampered

men, beautiful nature in woman is not enough. You require us to adorn ourselves with every charm of art, if we desire to attract or captivate you. Yet," she added with a bewitching smile, "difficult as you make the profession of pleasing, I shall not cease to consider this calling the most delightful, and, if you allow it, *mine*."

"You evidently don't belong to that class of women, who seek to please only *one* man," said Socrates.

"No, by the gods!" exclaimed Alcamenes. "She doesn't belong to their ranks. She is the terror of all enthusiastic youths, who babble of love. Young Damos complained yesterday, Theodota, that you drove him out of the house, because he became too melancholy."

"Yes," said Theodota, "I not only deride Hymen's chains, but those of Eros also. I am no priestess of love, but a daughter of pleasure."

"I admire you, Theodota!" said Socrates. "You seem to me to have chosen not only the fairest, but the most philanthropic of all professions. What self-sacrifice you must practise! You disdain to be the refreshing draught in one man's pitcher, honorably placed in the shade of the domestic hearth, you prefer to mount into the air like a light cloud, float over many lands, and melt away in a rain of pleasure on the heads of men. You renounce household peace, the honor of wifehood, maternal happiness, the consolations of age, merely to gratify the strengthened desire for beauty and pleasure in the bosoms of the men of Hellas. And it is not only Hymen's fetters you disdain—but with insolent courage, and so to speak Promethean defiance, dare the wrath of Eros, the most revengeful of all the gods. Yet you are not ignorant how short a time beauty and youth last.

You stand there full of self-renunciation and self-sacrifice, like a blossoming tree in the month of March, and say: 'Gather and shake off all the flowers of my fleeting Spring, and let any one bind a bouquet to last a few days. I have no wish to be a fruit-tree, I am a flowering-tree!' What self-sacrifice, Theodota, what self-denial! May gods and men bless you for it, and the Graces bury your body under roses."

Theodota thanked him with a smile. She had become too familiar with the eccentricities of different men, to be surprised by this strange mortal's words.

"You exaggerate my merits."

"I have not yet told all," replied Socrates.

"That will be a reason for coming again," answered Theodota.

The conversation between the two continued for some time, but soon grew more animated as the others took part in it, and Theodota found opportunities to direct many an eager glance, many a significant word to Pericles.

Pericles responded in the gentle, friendly manner peculiar to him, when addressing women.

Aspasia noticed the advances made, but without the passionate blindness of other women. She herself announced the message of free, joyous love, and publicly declared her hostility to slavery not only in marriage, but in love. Besides, she knew that a woman who betrays jealousy is lost, and was aware of the distance that separated her from Theodota. The latter carelessly spent her life in fulfilling her calling of nymph. Aspasia could never have entered upon such a career. She was far removed from the self-sacrifice Socrates had praised in Theodota. She did not renounce the blossoms of her

Spring to gratify the love of pleasure of the common crowd ; she had sought and found a more brilliant goal. She was beloved and loved—though only with the gay, bright love she preached. As for the means of bewitching and captivating—Theodota gave what she had recklessly, and soon had nothing more to bestow. Aspasia's rich, deep nature was inexhaustible.

Yet the latter did not disdain to note the best way to wrest from her rival even a fleeting victory. A little plan quickly matured in her mind, and the visit to the Corinthian beauty was not without its consequences.

When the four companions left Theodota's house, the sculptor asked :

" Well, friend Socrates, what have you learned for your group of Graces from the charming Theodota's triple dance ?"

" Many and marvellous things !" replied the latter. " I now know what the trio of Graces is intended to mean, each in herself and all three united. But this shall remain my secret for the present, for it is time to take the chisel in my hand and let the marble speak. You will see what I have learned from Theodota to-day, when my group of the Graces stands completed on the Acropolis. To-day accept my thanks for having given me your company on the way I took for the sake of the wise and beautiful woman, who commanded me to sacrifice to the Graces."

CHAPTER IX.

ANTIGONE.

THOSE who passed the house of the wealthy Hipponicus in Athens, during the spring month Elaphebolion of the fourth year of the eighty-fourth Olympiad, heard the sound of flutes and the notes of men's voices, practising in chorus, which echoed from within into the street.

Similar sounds were also heard from the mansions of Pyrilampes, Midias, Aristocles, and other rich Athenians. It almost seemed as if the blows of the chisel were drowned by the music of flutes, stringed-instruments, and voices. The festival of Dionysus had returned, and with it the season when public interest in Athens centered upon the dramatic performances, which took place in the theatre of Dionysus.

The plays, according to custom, were submitted by the authors to the second archon. The latter, aided by the judgment of experts, selected those to be performed; the actors who were to appear in them were engaged at the public expense, and the wealthy Athenian citizens, whose turn it was to defray the cost of the choruses, that is, to hire the men, clothe, feed, and have their voices trained, had been appointed to discharge their offices. Hipponicus had to procure a chorus for Sophocles' *Antigone*, Pyrilampes for a tragedy by Euripides, Midias for one by Ion, Aristocles for a comedy by Cratinus, and others for other plays. An almost passionate rivalry had sprung up between these men, each

of whom strove, with the ambition peculiar to the Athenian, to surpass the others in the careful, artistic, and magnificent outfit and training given to the chorus of which he had charge. 'A wreath, scarcely less desired than the garlands of Olympia and Pytho, allured the victor.

The melody of voices and the music of flutes rang loudly from Hipponicus' mansion, as a man of very pliant figure and lithe, agile tread, came down the street. He seemed to be a stranger, for he had a mule-driver behind him, whose beast was laden with luggage. His eyes roved about as if in search of some particular house.

Suddenly the voices and music from Hipponicus' dwelling echoed in his ear. He listened an instant, then smiled as if well satisfied, and said to the slave:

"We need not ask any one. This, and no other, is Hipponicus' house."

He hastily approached and was about to knock at the door, when a man coming up the street from the opposite direction, met the stranger.

The latter seemed very pleasantly surprised at the sight of the new-comer, and as he smilingly approached, threw his head a little back, laid his left hand on his breast, raised his right, and in slow, sustained tone, as if his feet were in the cothurni, uttered the following words:

"If my mind wanders not
In dark forebodings, and the light
Of reason doth not fail me—"

"It is a favorable omen from the gods, to meet on Hipponicus' threshold my old friend, the tragic poet Sophocles."

So saying, he held out his hand to the poet, who cordially grasped it.

"Welcome, admirable Polus!" he cried. Welcome to Athens! Have you been bewitching men in all the cities of Hellas with the music of your voice, as you strode in the high-heeled cothurnus, reaped fresh renown, and ringing reward?"

"Even so!" replied Polus. "I have been honored here and there, wherever I was needed at the festivals in the cities of Hellas. But there was ever an echo in my soul:

"O! could I climb the woody steep
That hangs incumbent o'er the deep,
From Sunium's cliff by waves forever beat!
Thence should my eye the lovely prospect greet,
And smile on sacred Athens rising at my feet.' *

"And when the message from your archon reached me at Halicarnassus, summoning me back to Athens and promising any payment I might ask, and I heard that at your request the principal part in your new tragedy had been assigned to me, I flew across the Archipelago as if on wings, for nowhere do I more gladly buckle on the cothurnus than at Athens, and there is no poet I would rather serve with my art than my glorious friend Sophocles."

Again the poet cordially pressed the actor's hand.

"And you are always the most wished for by *me*!" he answered.

"In Hipponicus' house," continued Sophocles, "you will meet the members of the chorus, their leader, and perhaps also your two fellow-actors, Demetrius and

* For most of the quotations from Sophocles' plays the translator is indebted to Franklin's version.

Callippides. Hipponicus invited you to come here at this hour, that we may all assemble to distribute the parts and make every preparation necessary to secure our tragedy the victory. Let us go in; Hipponicus is expecting you impatiently."

The two men knocked at the door and were admitted. Hipponicus received Polus with great delight, and instantly invited him to be his guest during the time he might remain in Athens.

"Do you wish to burden yourself with this trouble, in addition to all your other cares?" replied Polus.

"I should not consider the new burden, even if it were one, worth mentioning," replied Hipponicus. "But you were not wrong in saying that I have had no little care and trouble, since the duty of procuring the chorus of Antigone was assigned to me by the archon. The necessary singers and musicians were to be obtained, and I now have them all in the house. These people must be lodged and boarded at my expense, and what boarding! Fed with milk, virgin honey, and all kinds of sweets, that their throats may not get rough. Caged nightingales couldn't be more carefully cherished, than I feed and care for these fellows. Then there are costly garments and jewels to be ordered for each member of the chorus, and you know what Athenians require. If they don't see gilded garlands and every kind of Dionysian splendor, victory is not to be expected. I don't know whether I can get off this time at a cost of less than five thousand drachmæ. But I would spend twice the amount, if necessary, to surpass that peacock-raiser, Pylilampes, who is trying to win the prize with a tragedy of the woman-hater, Euripides. Sophocles already knows, but you do not, my friend, what this man has

done to wrest the victory from my hands. First he tried to bribe the archon, then endeavored to alienate the best members of my chorus, and at last even secretly offered the leader money to conduct the practising carelessly. All this did not suffice. When my ornaments and costumes for the chorus, whose magnificence cannot be exceeded, were finished and lying in the maker's shop, Pyrilampes passed by and wanted to force the man to sell them to him. When refused, he ordered his slaves to beat him, and threatened to burn down his house at night with all it contained. That's the way this scoundrel, Pyrilampes, behaves."

"Be comforted, be comforted, thou dear one!"

Polus began with deep pathos:

"Zeus is still in Heaven,
Leave with him thy bitter grudge,
Hate not too much, neither forget
The objects of thy wrath."

"For the rest," he continued in a less lofty tone, "I know this man and his wiles myself, Hipponicus. You think you can teach me something about him, but I can tell you what you don't know, the means he employed to prevent me from taking part in Sophocles' tragedy. He promised to add to the payment of the government a large sum from his own purse, if I would appear in the tragedy of Euripides. But I—I stood like Philoctetes, when the cunning Ulysses sought to convey him and his victorious bow away to Ilium.

"Never, never,
(Be sure of that) though thunder-bearing Jove
Should with his lightnings blast me, would I go."

"I thank the gods, Polus," said Hipponicus, "that

a man like you stands by us faithfully; for no matter how admirable a chorus may be, if the actors appointed by the government are good for nothing, the Athenians hiss and whistle."

"And I thank the gods," said Polus, "that it is *you* who fit out Sophocles' chorus, for no matter how admirable the actors may be, if the chorus is not magnificent, the Athenians pound with both hands and feet."

Two new-comers, the actors Demetrius and Callipides, now entered. They were kindly received by Hipponicus and exchanged greetings with Polus, with whom they had often been on the stage, especially in the tragedies of Sophocles.

"I now see all who are to work together, to win the victory for 'Antigone,' assembled in my house," observed Hipponicus.

"The practising of the chorus," said Sophocles, turning to the actors, "commenced long ago; we have been waiting for you impatiently. Now you are here, we will not delay in making the distribution of the parts. First of all, there is Antigone herself: she falls to the player of the leading character." So saying he addressed Polus, the "protagonist." The latter, like his companions, silently assented as if this arrangement was a matter of course.

But Sophocles interrupted himself, by asking Polus:

"Have you ever heard of the beautiful Milesian, Aspasia?"

The latter answered in the affirmative, and he continued:

"If we obeyed her wishes, my dear Polus, I should be obliged to request the archon to assign a *woman* for the character of Antigone. I had an excited argument

with her, in which she condemned the custom of having women's characters assumed by men, and said that women should be allowed to go on the stage. I vainly spoke of the masks which cover the face, and the enormous size of the theatre."

Polus laughed scornfully. "What," he cried indignantly, "when I entered as Electra and began:

'O sacred light! and O, thou ambient air!'

did any one ever miss the woman in me, my bearing, or the voice that issued from the mournful mask?"

"No one! No one!" all exclaimed.

"And when I sorrowfully embraced the urn containing the supposed ashes of my brother" continued the excited Polus.

"O, ye dear remains
Of my Orestes, the most loved of men—"

"The whole audience was moved, stirred, melted with sorrow!" cried Sophocles, and the others assented.

"Never was any voice heard on the stage," continued Sophocles, "that sounded more touching, more *womanly* than yours."

"I hope you don't mean to say, that my voice has a feminine character," replied Polus? "I think you must still remember my *Ajax*."

"Wretch that I was, to let
The cursed Atreidæ 'scape and shed the blood
Of harmless cattle!"

Polus' voice seemed utterly changed in the delivery of these words. "That is the deepest, most powerful of all heroes' voices!" cried the listeners enthusiastically.

"Well? And my Philoctetes?" continued Polus,

"my cry of anguish, when the old serpent venom glowed within me—my oh! oh! oh! oh! it comes—it comes—"

Again exclamations arose: "What a voice of sorrow! What a natural expression of grief, feebleness, faintness!"

"Well!" cried Polus; "but when at the end of the tragedy I began:

"I will but pay my salutation here,
And instantly depart,
Now ye fresh fountains! each Lycœan spring
I leave you now."

"It was a glorious moment," assented Hipponicus; "but the finest thing I have ever seen or heard you do, was when, as Ajax, you stood on the stage repeating that wonderful soliloquy—"

"You mean," said Polus, "when in the lonely ravine, just before the suicide, I thrust the sword point uppermost into the earth—"

"There stands my sword, and fixed as it may best
Perform its office—"

"That is it!" cried Hipponicus, "and when you called Zeus, and then the Furies, and then Helios—"

"Oh, Helios," interrupted Polus.

"And then, O Sun! who drivest the flaming car
Along the vaulted sky; when thou shalt see
My native soil, O! stop thy golden reins.
Tell the sad story to my hapless sire—"

"And when last of all," continued Hipponicus, enthusiastically, "you remember your *native soil*, the paternal hearth, Salamis, the famous city of Athens, and your kindred, the Athenian nation—the hearts of twenty

thousand Athenians quivered with a fiery glow ! Each breast thrilled with patriotic emotion, and each individual felt that he shared the dying hero's farewell. Hitherto they had been secretly touched and moved—now they burst into a storm of applause, bestowed on you, Sophocles, and the heroes of Salamis."

"You are right, Hipponicus, in praising Polus," said Sophocles, "but do not forget to recognize the merits of Demetrius and Callippides. They too are sought and honored in the Hellenic cities; they too have helped many of my tragedies to victory. To you, Demetrius," he continued, "I will confide the part of King Creon, to Callippides, Ismene. There are a few minor personages, who, it is true, only appear on the stage a few minutes, yet I should not like to entrust them to the care of the first bungler procured."

"Give them to us!" cried the actors, "we are ready to undertake as many characters as may be wanted, if they don't appear on the stage at the same time. Anything can be played under the masks."

"Then there is the lover Hæmon," said Sophocles; "he does not appear until after Antigone has been led to death."

"Then give me Hæmon!" cried Polus.

"Callippides must undertake the blind prophet Tereias," continued Sophocles. "Then there is a guard and a messenger. These two have long tales to relate, and stories must always be delivered as well as possible on the stage. Nothing is more disagreeable than to have them stammered out by a person, who scarcely understands how to speak. I have determined to play these two minor characters myself. I often took part in my former pieces in this way."

The actors applauded the poet, as if honored by his companionship. Hipponicus joined them.

"Finally there is Eurydice, Creon's wife," said Sophocles; "she appears and utters a few words at the end of the tragedy."

"I'll take Eurydice!" cried Polus.

"She is already assigned," answered Sophocles. "A person who has never appeared on the stage and desires to remain unknown, wishes to play Eurydice."

The poet's mysterious manner aroused no small degree of curiosity in the minds of Hipponicus and the actors, but he refused to give any further information.

Sophocles then handed to the actors copies of the tragedy, made suggestions concerning the conception and representation of their parts, and arranged the costumes in which they were to appear.

Hipponicus introduced the fifteen members of the chorus, with their leader, to the new-comers, and invited them to attend the rehearsal which was to take place that day.

Accompanied by the music of the flutes, the chorus, with solemn melodies and the measured dancing-step specially associated with the god—because the first commencement of dramatic plays originated with the expressive dance around his altar—began to repeat the numerous and beautiful hymns of "Antigone." While so doing they moved now to the right, now to the left, stood still, separated, then mingled again. The didascale, or leader and teacher of the chorus, enthusiastically marked time with hands and feet, and often when zeal overpowered him, with his whole body. Sophocles himself often assisted. It had been his task to compose the melodies for the choral songs, the dance-like

motions of the chorus. Sometimes he pushed the flute-player aside, seized a stringed-instrument, and accompanied the chorus, to be better able to guide the singing as well as the majestic movements.

Euripides was in Ppyrilampes' house, Ion in Midias' and other authors in other dwellings, all eager to win the Dionysian prize of victory, and directing, urging, commanding as Sophocles did at Hipponicus' home.

These dwellings were so many hearth-stones, from which a tumult of anticipation and eager partisanship spread over the whole city. The usual interest felt by the Athenian populace on such occasions had been increased this time to a still higher degree, since the unprecedented exertions made by Hipponicus and Ppyrilampes to secure the triumph, and the hostilities practised by the two rivals towards each other, which daily threatened to break out in deeds of violence, constantly occupied the nimble Athenian tongues. Public affairs, the news from the colonies, business at the Piræus, all were set aside, and if an Athenian fleet had put out to sea against an enemy, it would have been less discussed than the contest between Hipponicus and Ppyrilampes.

Two men, however, met on the Agora, who talked confidentially of very different matters. These were Pericles and Anaxagoras.

"You are thoughtful," said the philosopher; "have you a new idea in your mind, or does some beautiful woman occupy your fancy?"

"Perhaps both," replied Pericles; "how delightful it would be if we could dispense with one, namely woman, and devote ourselves wholly to public affairs, or knowledge, or some great, serious cause."

"We *can* dispense with women—we can dispense

with *everything* !" said Anaxagoras impressively, plunging into a dissertation on the question of how much better it would be to renounce everything beforehand, since there is nothing we can certainly and inalienably possess."

Pericles listened quietly, but not with the expression of a man convinced.

"And if," said Anaxagoras in conclusion, "you cannot do without a woman, your wife, Telesippe, sensibly considered, is as good as any other. She gives you children. What more do you want?"

"You know her," replied Pericles. "You know she is superstitious, narrow-minded, and no friend to the Muses. Perhaps this might be endured, if she only possessed as much consideration as is shown her. But she is always full of contradiction and prejudice, ever ready to misconstrue my most well-meant intentions. When, in former days, I often gave her some dainty undergarment or pretty trifle for her adornment to please my eye in the house, she took offence and asked: 'Am I no longer beautiful enough for you, that you consider such things necessary? If I don't please you as I am, I don't wish to please you adorned!' Can any one talk more absurdly? Does not even the youngest, fairest woman gladly adorn herself for the man she loves, and is it not the natural impulse for lover or husband, to adorn the woman of his choice? You know too, that it is one of my peculiarities, to carry the love of cleanliness to a passion. How many bitter words have been exchanged between Telesippe and myself on account of the pen for sucking-pigs and poultry, which according to ancient custom, is close beside the hearth, and is a horror to me, but greatly endeared to her. She does not understand

the feeling of loathing. Doesn't she offer me her lips, sullied with the smut or saliva she has just kissed from her children's faces? To dabble and soil her fingers and lips unnecessarily, if the children are ill, seems to her a natural proof of maternal love. But ought not the mother to be also a wife? Should not a woman of proper feeling understand how to unite and equalize both duties? What avails maternal tenderness, the instinct she shares with every maternal ape, if it remains shut up in the dark depths of nature, and is not coupled with a correct judgment of what is really advantageous to the offspring? Have you not often asked: 'What is the use of instinct without judgment, without the moral consecration that raises it from animal to human life?'

"What you say on this last head is both true and beautiful," replied Anaxagoras. "But the ornamented saffron robe and such things, which Telesippe will or will not wear, are, considered in the light of reason, folly and wantonness. Such delight in beauty is harmful. A woman is a woman, I tell you. In the name of wisdom, cease this extravagant admiration of the beautiful Milesian, Aspasia."

"Is it my fault," asked Pericles smiling, "if the gods have endowed beauty with greater power on earth than wisdom?"

On the day of this conversation something occurred, which, had Pericles chanced to see it, would have made him perplexed and thoughtful, perhaps shaken his faith in Aspasia, dimmed the bright glow of his enthusiasm for her, as a brand on the hearth is extinguished, with sudden smoke and odor, by pouring water upon it.

Messengers had secretly gone to and fro repeatedly

between Sophocles and Aspasia. Nay, once the poet himself had been seen to glide stealthily at dusk into the house of Pericles' fair friend.

But this time it chanced that Aspasia, on returning home, was accompanied by a man, whom the watchful neighbors, in the gloom, mistook for Pericles.

But it was Sophocles. On reaching the door, both stood still a moment. Perhaps they were considering whether the poet might cross the threshold, or must turn back? At last the latter, in his gentle manner, asked the beauty:

"Which is most sacred: *friendship* or *love*?"

"Probably, in each individual case, whichever is the *older*"—said Aspasia, smiling and giving the mysterious question an equally mysterious answer.

Sophocles then took his leave, and Aspasia entered the house.

The morning after this little incident, Lampon came down from the Acropolis, where he had been holding a long, whispered conversation with Diopeithes, and went to see Elpinice.

Scarcely was the priestly office, for which she had summoned the prophet, completed, when with a mysterious face she turned the conversation upon Pericles and Aspasia.

These two often exchanged the news gleaned in extensive circles.

"The gods seem to wish to punish the haughty Pericles," began Lampon.

"What has happened?" asked Elpinice eagerly.

"It is said, that another steals in the dusk of evening to the Olympian's fair friend, Aspasia," replied the other.

“Why not?” cried Elpinice. “She is a hetæra. But who is this other?”

“Pericles’ best friend, the ‘beloved of the gods,’ as he likes to be called, the smiling tragic poet from the province of Colonus.”

“A woman-hunter,” cried Elpinice, “a woman-hunter and love-maker like Pericles himself. But the news you bring, friend Lampon, is almost old. It’s a long time since the poet was first seen with Pericles and Aspasia. It is well-known, that he is no less in love with the adventuress than his friend. It was to be expected that he would go to her. But who has *seen* him? Who can positively *prove* it?”

“I saw him myself,” replied Lampon, “and even heard a snatch of the conversation between the two at the door of the house. If a second witness is necessary, summon Diopeithes.”

“That is well!” cried Elpinice with heart-felt delight. “This news, conveyed to Pericles, will give the death-blow to his bond with the Milesian, which is the centre and shield of all the impiety of Athens, as this Ionian woman is the great corrupter. She must be supplanted, expelled, ruined. But who will undertake the office of messenger to Pericles?”

“Diopeithes thought Theodota would be the best person. For some time this woman, apparently not wholly without success, has cast her nets around Aspasia’s lover. If it is she, who gives him proof of the Milesian’s faithlessness, she can most surely supplant her, by taking her place.”

“Poor Telesippe!” cried Elpinice. “It would be best that you should have no rival; but for the present it is gaining much, nay everything, to get rid of the Milesian.”

"Indeed it is!" replied Lampon. "A beautiful, crafty woman can only be torn from the heart of a man like Pericles, by a beautiful, crafty woman. Theodota is far less dangerous than Aspasia. On the contrary, this venal Corinthian will be wax in our hands. She must lure Pericles to her house on the pretext of having something important to tell him about the faithless Aspasia. Then the affair will take care of itself."

"Success is certain!" cried Elpinice. "Pericles has already cast his eye upon her. I know it. He has already been to her house once, though in the company of the Milesian, who was bold enough to take him there."

"At Alcamenes' instigation!" said Lampon. "He has been preparing the way for us. He is one of those, who hate the Milesian, and would reap advantage from seeing her rejected, humiliated, cast off by Pericles. He seeks to revenge himself upon the woman who betrayed him. He formed the plan of supplanting the Milesian in the statesman's favor through Theodota's influence, long before us, but lacked the right weapons to use against Aspasia. We will supply him with them. But who shall tell Alcamenes, that he may arrange matters with the Corinthian?"

Elpinice reflected a moment, then replied: "Leave that to me. I know what way the message must take, to reach the Corinthian's ears in the shape we desire."

From this hour Aspasia had to prepare for serious warfare, not only against Telesippe, but Theodota.

Elpinice applied to her friend Polygnotus; the latter was on intimate terms with Agoracritus, Aspasia's bitter enemy, who delivered the message from Lampon and Cimon's sister, to his companions in Phidias' workshop.

These hot-blooded youths found the opportunity for vengeance on the proud beauty quite too tempting, and he quickly came to an understanding with his impetuous friends.

In this zig-zag line moved the thunder-bolt hurled against the bond uniting the best man and the fairest woman in Hellas, a thunder-bolt first fabricated in the forge of the angry old god Erechtheus on the Acropolis.

The festival of Dionysus was celebrated in a joyous, noisy fashion. The last days were dedicated to the contests of the tragic muse.

While the gay comedy of Cratinus was being performed on the stage, amid the frantic mirth of the spectators, a cloud bringing a light shower of rain floated from Hymettus over the theatre of Dionysus, and the high-priest, who sat in his magnificently-carved marble arm-chair in full view of the audience, was wet on the nose by a falling drop, just as the saucy Cratinus, amid the laughter of the Athenians, discharged a feathered shaft of his Attic wit at this very high-priest, Agasthenes.

"It is beginning to rain," said the high-priest to his neighbor Pericles, "I think we will stop the play."

"The shower is passing," replied his companion smiling.

But another arrow whirred, striking the speaker himself. All the Athenians laughed and looked at Pericles, who smiled with them.

A third arrow came—an allusion to the new Hera and the new Zeus, Omphale and Heracles.

Again all the Athenians looked at Pericles. But the latter no longer smiled, a cloud flitted over the Olympian's brow. The shaft had struck *Aspasia*.

Other plays followed, and thus the greater part of

the first day was spent by the Athenians. Many went away and returned again, others remained till the end of the performances. The rich had wine, fruit and cake brought to them by their slaves.

The next day everything began afresh. Again thirty thousand Athenians sat on the stone benches of the theatre of Dionysus, garlanded dignitaries on beautifully-adorned marble chairs in the first rows, the rich men on purple cushions brought with them, attended by their slaves, the poor with figs and onions in a knapsack to last all day. Yet the latter felt themselves as truly citizens of Athens, summoned to behold the most beautiful things, as the others, and talked of Sophocles, Ion, and Euripides, or cast a searching glance at the tiny clouds in the sky, to see if any of them threatened to dim or interrupt the festivities of the day.

Again the first thousands of the thronging crowd were lost like pygmies in the vast amphitheatre. But at last the whole theatre was packed from the topmost to the lowest seats, a huge, seething, roaring human crater. It was almost horrible, enough to make the head swim, to look down from the upper row on this surging sea of human beings.

Amid the confused roar that arose, a threatening tumult became more and more audible. The fiery strife between Hipponicus and Pylampes was to be decided that day. The partisans of the two men seemed ready to rush at each other. If either appeared amid the spectators, a loud outcry burst from friends and foes, shouts of applause and jeering hisses.

The agonothe τ æ and mastigophori were constantly compelled, in the discharge of their duty, to rush from their stations in the orchestra up the flights of steps that

obliquely intersected the rows of seats, to settle some quarrel, or silence some unruly spectator.

The calmest of the excited throng was Socrates, who had come less to see the plays than the spectators, and pursue his thoughts about their conduct.

"There sit thirty thousand Athenians with eager faces," he said to himself, "all intent upon listening to a fictitious tale, to amuse themselves with false tears and feigned sorrow. They are like children, who listen open-mouthed to idle stories, only the latter do not know they are pure inventions, while the former do. Whence comes this strange love of mankind for mimicked, invented things?"

The beautiful Theodota, most charmingly attired, was among the spectators. Her gaze was constantly fixed on the chair occupied by Pericles, who did not refuse to sometimes return the ardent gaze of her dark eyes.

At last the herald's clear voice, commanding silence, rose above the roar of the multitude. A libation was poured on Dionysus' altar. Then the herald's voice was again heard:

"Let the chorus of Ion come forward!"

Ion's tragedy was heard, applauded, and criticised with innate delicacy of perception by the Athenian populace. A tragedy by Philocles followed. The pronouncement of the protagonist of the piece did not perfectly satisfy the sensitive Attic ear. A storm of wrath fell upon him in the shape of laughter, groans, shrill whistles and stamping feet. A comedy came next. The scoffer was now master of the world, elevated even over Zeus and all the Olympic gods. The most unbridled wit found vent in the most perfect rhymes.

Then the chorus of Euripides came forward.

This author's work stirred all hearts. The women were touched by what appealed to the soul, the men by the brilliant thoughts with which the whole poetic drama was interwoven, as a purple fabric is wrought with golden threads. The splendid appearance of the chorus was greeted with exclamations of astonishment and admiration. Rarely had anything of the sort been seen. Loud applause burst forth at the close of the piece. Pyrilampes, with his friends and followers, revelled in the anticipation of certain triumph.

In the short time which elapsed between the representation of this tragedy and the beginning of the next, a slave suddenly approached Pericles' chair and handed him a folded sheet of papyrus. Pericles unfolded it and read the words :

"Sophocles glides in the dusk of evening to Aspasia's house."

Pericles was perplexed. Who had written these lines? They came from Theodota.

When he looked for the bearer of the curt, strange tidings, the messenger had vanished.

The clear voice of the herald roused the statesman from earnest thought.

"Let the chorus of Sophocles come forward."

And now a *tragedy of love* was performed before Hellenic eyes and ears, a tragedy of love in the three forms in which it successively visits the human heart, fraternal, conjugal, parental. Antigone dies for the sake of her beloved brother, Hæmon for his bride, Eurydice for her son.

Long, dark mourning robes floated around the tall figures of the daughters of Œdipus. The masks showed

noble, earnest, girlish faces, the voices sounded soft and touching. Antigone swears to bury her beloved brother, whom King Creon has cast forth to be the prey of dogs and birds; she will perform this sacred duty in defiance of human law. The chorus of aged Thebans robed in purple garments, whose splendor suited the festival of Dionysus, and with golden circlets on their brows, performed their majestic evolutions.

The passionate, stormy rhythm.

"By Dirce's sweetly flowing stream
Ne'er did the golden eye of day—"

burst forth. King Creon, clad in a gold-broidered purple robe, his brow adorned with a diadem, appeared on the stage, leaning on a sceptre, surmounted by an eagle. His form, elevated by the cothurnus, towered far above the ordinary stature of mankind, the mask lent him royal dignity; he stood there a mighty prince, distinctly visible to the most distant spectator in the vast building. He asserted the ruler's power against the noble girlish figure—but she recognized only the *one* supreme duty written in her heart: *love*—and made the king, who based his cruelty to her brother on the righteous hatred felt by the citizens of Thebes towards the dead man, the immortal answer:

"My *love* shall go with thine, but not my *hate*!"

Then she went forth to do what she had vowed, and sacrifice the right of the living to the right of the dead. In a solemn majestic chant, the chorus reflected upon the presumptuous minds and audacious resolves of men, and mourned the sorrows of the Labdacidæ. Hæmon, Creon's only son, came and pleaded for the life of Antigone, his bride—but the king held to his

decree, there were brides enough, "other soil might be tilled;" the despairing lover departed, uttering words of dark significance—then the chorus began the strophe composed on the glowing day, when Pericles and Aspasia lingered in the poet's rose-arbors on the banks of the Cephissus.

"Mighty power, all powers above!
Great, unconquerable love!"

Then, alternating with the chorus, began the touching death-lament of the daughter of Œdipus, condemned to descend alive into the rocky tomb—the long threnody was deeply pathetic, and every eye in the wide circle of listening Athenians grew dim with lofty emotion at this climax of sorrowful fate—reminded, by the character, of Danæ, who like Antigone was

"Condemned to change heaven's cheerful light,
For scenes of horror and of night.
Within a brazen tower long time immured."

Teresias, the infallible prophet, entered and with solemn warning addressed himself to the implacable king; at last the Olympians changed his obstinate temper,—suddenly overwhelmed by a horrible foreboding he yielded—the chorus were already exulting, in a joyful strophe addressed to Dionysus, the god of joy—the exultant strains sounded strangely after the mournful death-chant—but it died away and again gave place to the dirge, for Antigone had killed herself in the tomb and Hæmon, slain by his own hand, had gone down with her, embracing her dead body, to the dark realms of Hades.

Eurydice, the wife of the sorrowing Creon, now appeared, heard from the lips of the *messenger* tidings of the united deaths in the rock-tomb of Œdipus' daughter,

learned that her son was dead. The news broke the mother's heart.

The announcement of death from the messenger's mouth produced a strange effect on the minds of all, but still more marvellous was the impression made by the few words the queen uttered.

The multitude listened breathlessly to the close of the sublime tragedy, which ended, as if with a magnificent final accord, in a strophe praising moderation.

Great and deep was the impression produced on the minds of the listening Hellenes by this tragedy of Sophocles, which intertwined three bonds of love and three deaths. The grave, sombre sternness of tragic art had never before been so beautifully mitigated—never had the sublime been so human, the human so sublime.

Never in any tragic work had such a wealth of magnificent melodies been poured forth upon the listeners; never had the Attic stage witnessed a representation so harmoniously finished down to the minutest detail, and never had so well-trained and splendid a chorus appeared before the assembled Athenians.

When Hipponicus' chorus had disappeared, and the dramatic contest of the year was ended, the whole audience with loud shouts declared so impetuously in his favor, that the umpires, without consultation, at once announced to the Athenians, who were eagerly awaiting the verdict, that the author of *Antigone*, and Hipponicus, were victors in the department of tragedy. Sophocles and Hipponicus, according to custom, appeared on the stage to receive a crown of victory from the hands of the umpires before the eyes of the spectators.

It is impossible to describe the joy and pride of Hip-

ponicus, equally impossible to picture the fierce wrath of Pylampes and his adherents.

As Pericles left the theatre amid the throng, he suddenly saw Theodota beside him. Her beautiful face was turned towards him a moment with a most expressive glance, a most significant movement of the lips. Unseen, she herself slipped a note into his hand.

Pericles read this also. Its contents ran as follows :

"If you desire news of Sophocles and Aspasia, come to Theodota. A slave will await you under the columns of the Tholus and guide you by a private way through a back door into my house."

Before Pericles could consider whether to accept this invitation, he found himself in the midst of a group of Sophocles' friends, who were thronging around the poet to congratulate him.

When the latter perceived Pericles, he released himself and hurried towards him.

The Olympian, though thoughtful and out of humor, also congratulated the victor.

"I thank you," said Sophocles, "but do not speak to me as a friend, but as a critic."

With difficulty repressing the subject uppermost in his thoughts, Pericles replied :

"Do you know what part of your tragedy has given me cause for reflection? Like many others, I was almost surprised to see the tie of plighted love accorded the same power, the same rights, the same mortal earnestness in the tragedy as the bonds of blood, ever held sacred by the Hellenes from the earliest times. This innovation completely occupied my mind, and I cannot yet determine whether you have done right."

Digressing from the subject, Pericles continued :

"Was it not you, who, under the mask of the messenger, so solemnly related the touching story of Hæmon's death? I thought I recognized your voice? But who spoke Eurydice's words? What actor was concealed under the mask of the queen? I know not what mysterious, secret charm hovered around the scene in which you, as messenger, and that queen, confronted each other. I have never heard any words uttered on the stage as the queen spoke them. What man, save Polus, could feign the wondrous magic of that voice?"

"Not even Polus!" replied Sophocles smiling. "You have spoken of innovations in my tragedy; know that in the representation to-day an innovation took place, of which until now no human being was aware except myself and Hipponicus. For the first time since Thespis put her car in motion, a real woman appeared to-day upon our stage under the mask. You shall be the third sharer of this secret, and let it remain buried among us three for all eternity."

"And who was the woman, who dared, though unknown, to tread the stage and defy ancient usage and the good old customs?"

"You shall see her," replied Sophocles, who disappeared and returned with a female figure, wrapped and disguised beyond recognition.

When Sophocles, accompanied by this figure, had led Pericles a short distance aside till they were perfectly safe from the curious gaze of the crowd, he said:

"Is unveiling necessary for you to recognize the woman, who is not only the most beautiful, but the most daring of her sex?"

Pericles was perplexed: "It *is* necessary," he replied in a cold, grave tone. With a resolute movement

of her hand the female figure drew the veil aside, and Pericles stood face to face with Aspasia.

He remained silent. The contents of Theodota's lines now seemed confirmed. Aspasia, as was evident, had secretly conspired with the poet, carried out the bold plan in connection with him. To be sure, he knew the loyal friendship of the noble Sophocles; but Aspasia had given a fresh proof that her mind, in gay freedom, mocked at all fetters.

All that Pericles was thinking, Aspasia read clearly written on his brow, in his eyes, as he stood gazing mutely at her.

Answering the eloquent silence with eloquent words, she began :

"Frown not, Pericles, and above all do not be angry with your friend Sophocles. I compelled him to do what he did—"

"But don't be angry with Aspasia either," interrupted the poet, turning to Pericles, "and above all, know that it was she who made me remember that friendship is more sacred than love, when it is *older*."

"It is my mission to battle against custom!" continued Aspasia, "and why should you be angry with me because I take no less interest in the poet's images, than in the marble statues in Phidias' work-rooms? I came to Hellas to find beauty and freedom. Had I sought slavery, I should have remained at the Persian court and spent my life under the sleepy eyes of the great king. What governs you at this moment, my friend, is a delusion, a prejudice, a horrible feeling, unworthy of a Hellene. Away with it, Pericles!"

At this moment, Hipponicus approached and invited Pericles and Aspasia to the banquet, with which he in-

tended on the following day to celebrate the victory of himself and Sophocles.

Twilight was already approaching, when the statesman parted from Hipponicus, Sophocles, and Aspasia, and walked thoughtfully homeward.

He was thinking of Aspasia, reflecting upon what she had just said to him. He admitted that she was perfectly right. Love should be no chain, no slave's yoke to Aspasia.

But neither should it fetter him. "You can go to see Theodota!" he said to himself; "perhaps it is not well to be the slave of one woman too long." The demands of the free, proud Aspasia, now blended harmoniously in his mind with the warning words of Anaxagoras. He remembered the Corinthian's note, and the slave who was awaiting him under the columns of the Tholus. True, the tidings Theodota had given him, had meantime been better explained by Sophocles. But might she not have something to say?

He came to the columns of the Tholus. The slave approached and led him through a deserted lane to the enclosure of a garden, where he prepared to open a little gate. Pericles was standing on Theodota's threshold. He could enter, no one saw him. The nightingales were singing in the bushes.

Suddenly he paused, reflected, and found that he utterly lacked inclination for a conversation with Theodota. He was surprised at himself, but told the slave he must defer entering the little gate until another opportunity. The messenger gazed at him in bewilderment, as he slowly withdrew.

The moon had risen. The sea glittered in her light, and the peaks of the mountains of Attica shimmered

with a silvery lustre. The air was soft and refreshing. Suddenly, borne on the evening breeze, fragments of the choral song :

" Mighty power, all powers above !
Great unconquerable Love !"

fell on the ear of Pericles. Youths, returning from the theatre in the soft spring night, were joyously singing portions of the song which had aroused their enthusiasm.

Anxiety of a different kind blended with Pericles' mental excitement and thoughts of Aspasia. He almost envied Hipponicus and Sophocles the laurels of the day. It seemed as if he ought to gird on a sword, collect a fleet or army, and rush to brilliant victories. The long peace began to appear destitute of lustre. A sense of oppression stole over him, from which he only succeeded in escaping by the sight of the Acropolis glittering before him, and the echoes of the Antigone in his soul. He had reached that point in the ascending path, where on one side the huge granite and marble mass of the theatre of Dionysus yawned in the darkness, while on the other towered the rocks of the Acropolis, gleaming in the moon-beams. A death-like stillness pervaded the vast theatre, which during the day had been stirring with active life, resounding with the highest creations of Hellenic poetry. Pericles gazed down into the marble abyss, then upward to the height of the Acropolis, shining in the moon-beams, where the stones of the rising temple were gleaming. His own person and his own fate almost vanished from his mind, the slight cloud on his brow passed away, his breast heaved, and from the depth as well as from the height he felt himself fanned by a breath of immortal life.

CHAPTER X.

THE QUEEN OF THE SYMPOSIUM.

FOR several days after Hipponicus' victory and the ensuing conversation with Aspasia, Pericles was the prey of various emotions, aroused by the Milesian's love of freedom, and during this time the thought frequently arose: "I will accept the charming Theodota's invitation. Why should this woman bind me in chains she does not recognize?"

But this idea speedily became merged in the stronger one of Aspasia herself, her free, proud nature, and the possibility of losing the sole empire over her heart. The new emotion could not easily assert itself, in the presence of the ardor to which this thought gradually fanned Pericles' love. This effect had been foreseen, nay calculated upon by Aspasia. But Pericles continued to struggle with himself, and the conflict did not lack fresh excitement.

Hipponicus, who was doing everything in his power to make the magnificence of his wealth and the splendor of his entertainment, the theme of conversation, did not rest until Pericles and Aspasia had consented to attend the banquet in honor of his victory.

When the appointed day arrived, the most distinguished and famous men in Athens assembled at his house.

Scarcely had the guests appeared, when Hipponicus began to display the magnificence of his dwelling. He led them through the various apartments, showed them

his gardens, his baths, his wrestling-ring—a gymnasium in miniature—his fish-ponds, his noble steeds, his dogs, his rare birds, the cocks and quails kept for the pleasure of seeing them fight with each other. He pointed out the monument he had erected over a favorite dog of the Melitan breed.

He said his house was like a tavern, always full of guests; he fed a dozen parasites daily at his table. “The fellows have grown so fat,” he added, “that I’m sorry you can’t see them to-day, but I took it into my head to have only the most distinguished men in Athens at my board.”

One of the guests, with a slight touch of malice, asked for his wife. Hipponicus replied that she was well, but he did not wish to disturb her in the woman’s apartment. Everybody knew that his only care for this lady was to adorn her with jewels and pearls, and sometimes have her drive through the streets, according to the new fashion, in a carriage drawn by Sicyonian steeds. For the rest—also according to the new fashion—he devoted himself to a foreign friend, and it was said that at present the far-famed Theodota enjoyed his homage.

He also mentioned to the guests his children, his son Callias, whom he said he had just sent to Delphi to have his hair cut, and, according to ancient custom, consecrated to Apollo; and his little daughter Hipparete, whose beauty and goodness he could not sufficiently praise, and whom he seemed to love warmly. “This child,” said he, “will grow up to be the fairest and noblest of all Athenian maidens, it will be hard to find a bridegroom worthy of her. As for beauty, I know of no boy in Athens, who promises as a youth to com-

pare with this maiden, except your ward, little Alciades, Pericles. I have seen him several times in the wrestling-ring, and he can boast of holding almost the same rank among the lads, that Hipparete does among the little girls. They seem very suitable in age too. Well, who knows what the gods may decree, when these two buds have opened? What do you think, Pericles? However, there is plenty of time to talk about it."

Amid similar conversation, Hipponicus ushered his guests into the spacious, beautifully-decorated dining-hall. The cushions, on which the Greeks reclined at table, were arranged in a large circle. It is scarcely necessary to mention that the carpets spread over them were rich and gaily embroidered, the round pillows that supported the arm, magnificently wrought in colors, the silver, gold, and even jewelled vessels on the side-boards attracted the eye even more by their beauty of form than by their costliness, that perfumes rose from equally beautiful vases filling the whole apartment with odors which delighted the senses; and that the walls were painted with pictures representing scenes of pleasure. There were groups and scenes, amid which were delineated countless Loves gracefully riding doves and sparrows. The floor was still more worthy of notice. At first it seemed entirely covered with the fragments of an elegant banquet—fruit-rinds of the most various hues, bones, bread-crumbs, the combs of cocks, brilliant feathers plucked from birds, remnants of every description. But on looking more closely, it was discovered that all these things were skilfully represented by colored stones, inlaid in fine mosaic. Large, magnificently-painted jars were placed in suitable positions for the further decoration of the hall, and opposite to the en-

trance stood a flower-wreathed altar, on which burned a flame diffusing perfume.

Hipponicus invited his guests to take whichever cushions they pleased. At first they sat erect; slaves approached with silver basins and ewers, unfastened their shoes or sandals, and holding the basins under their bare feet, poured over them the contents of the silver ewers, which instead of water contained fragrant wine, made still more spicy by the mixture of odorous oils and essences. Their hands were also sprinkled and wiped with fine napkins.

Hipponicus' guests, accepting their host's invitation, had taken their places on the cushions in pairs, as accident or friendship dictated. The truth-seeker Socrates sat beside the philosopher Anaxagoras, the sculptor Phidias beside Ictinus the architect, the poet Sophocles beside the actor Polus, the sophist Protagoras beside the physician Hippocrates.

Protagoras had just arrived in Athens, and was visiting Hipponicus. His coming had attracted much attention, for his renown in Hellas was daily increasing. He was a native of Abdera and therefore a Thracian, yet also an Ionian, for Abdera was settled by Ionians. He was said to have been a porter in early youth, until a philosopher discovered and developed his talents. Since then he had travelled extensively, had even drawn from the fount of Oriental wisdom, and now crossed the sky of Hellas like a dazzling meteor. He understood everything; the science of gymnastics, music, oratory, poesy, geography, astronomy, mathematics, ethics, politics; and wherever he went, had an immense concourse of curious inquirers. Wealthy youths paid enormous sums to enjoy his instruction. His appearance was well calculated to

charm the eye, for he had the dignity of a king, wore magnificent garments, and had a bewitching gift of eloquence.

This Protagoras joined the young, but very skilful and sagacious Hippocrates, a nephew of Pericles.

By a somewhat singular accident, the reserved Polygnotus, who did not feel wholly at ease in this circle, had for a neighbor the saucy Cratinus, famed as a boon-companion as well as a comic poet. Yet, unlike in temperament as the two men might appear, there was *one* point of contact and fellowship. They were the only persons not united to the assembled company by ties of friendship, and owed their invitation solely to Hipponicus' desire to see around him the men most distinguished in every profession. Polygnotus, Elpinice's friend, cherished a secret grudge against Phidias. So these two, Cratinus and Polygnotus, looked doubtfully at each other and whispered together, as they saw Aspasia, at Hipponicus' invitation, take her seat between the host and Pericles on a special cushion, where, after the fashion of women, she sat erect, while the male guests, resting the left arm on a pillow, reclined on the left side. Cratinus and Polygnotus secretly asked each other why such honor was shown to a foreigner, a hetæra? The other guests thought differently. They were friends of Pericles, formed the brilliant throng of his followers, knew Aspasia's worth and power, and had ceased to wonder at anything. Protagoras, though he saw Aspasia for the first time, had been so completely enthralled from the first glance, that anything would have entered his mind sooner than the idea of taking offence at her presence.

At a sign from Hipponicus, a small table was moved before each pile of cushions, some dishes were placed

upon them, others passed around, and the meal began.

As these distinguished guests had all assembled for the first time in Hipponicus' house, the latter had resolved that nothing which could do honor to the Athenian market should be absent from the banquet.

"If I have made it my duty to receive so many distinguished men at my table," said Hipponicus, as his guests prepared to take the dainty viands, "I certainly ought to entertain them as well as possible. But you know, though we Athenians have made so much progress in other arts, we are still somewhat backward in that of dining well, although it seems to me by no means one to be neglected. For my own part, I have always prided myself on being a gourmand and should consider myself fortunate, if I could do something towards raising Attic cookery to a higher degree of perfection. I see some of you smile somewhat scornfully, as if you wished to say that our Athens needs nothing of the sort, and may be called upon to lead the nations in other arts, but not this. Allow me to tell you that this is an error. For if you appeal to our beautiful marble, excellent clay, and similar things, I can easily prove that you will nowhere find better salt, oil, vinegar and aromatic herbs, which are always the most important ingredients in the hands of skilful cooks. To say nothing of Attic salt, which is famous in a two-fold sense, everybody knows that nothing can be compared with the fruit of the Attic olive, that the herbs of Hymettus are the most aromatic, the honey of the Hymettus is the most delicious in the world.

"I regret that, in order to obtain a really excellent cook, I was obliged to get one from Sicily. This man,

named Anacharsis, is really a master of the rare art, and I might call him a Sophocles or Phidias in the culinary department. Nobody so well understands how to spice the first dishes to excite the appetite. The sauces in which he has set before us sausages, giblets, boars' liver and little birds, will satisfy the most critical. You will also be able to judge of his skill in disembowelling tunny-fish, eels, murænas and sucking-pigs and then stuffing them again, to the delight of the palate, with field-fares, eggs and oysters. His hares and deer, partridges, snipe and pheasants you will find as admirable, as his cakes prepared with milk and honey and filled with fruits of various kinds.

"You might have, I repeat, an opportunity to judge the work of this skilful man; but you all—especially you Athenians—constantly have your minds too much occupied with other things, to test such a matter with genuine appreciation, and acknowledge the value of this art. The parasites are really the only gourmands and appreciative table-companions. Luckily, the number of these experts in the art of dining well at other people's expense, is daily increasing in Athens. As I said before, I have a dozen such critics daily at my table and can't do without them, for it is tiresome to enjoy even the best things alone. You should see with what earnestness these people attend to their duties, how they smack their tongues and lift their eyebrows when my cook surprises them with a new invention, or a delicate variation of some old dish, perceptible only to the connoisseur. You are certainly not of this sort, but while letting the best productions of my admirable Anacharsis slip over the bridge of your palates, one is thinking of this, another of that subject; Pericles of his public

business and a new colony he desires to send forth, Sophocles of a new tragedy, Phidias of the frieze of the Parthenon, Polygnotus considers how the walls of this dining-room might have been better painted, and Socrates secretly dismembers an idea, instead of the partridge he has on his plate."

Thus Hipponicus gave vent to his feelings, and the guests smiled gaily at the good-humored reproof.

The host then rose, and with dignity scarcely less solemn than when performing the office of Daduchus at Eleusis, offered the usual libation. "To the good spirit!" he cried, poured a few drops of wine on the floor, drank some himself, ordered the goblet to be refilled and passed around the circle of guests, commencing at his right hand. A solemn silence prevailed during this libation, which was accompanied by the low, subdued music of the flutes.

Then the little tables were removed and the floor cleaned.

Dessert was served, and with it all kinds of confectionery intended to awaken a desire for drinking, and at the same time goblets and the large vessel for mixing wine and water were brought in. Chaplets and fragrant garlands of roses, violets and myrtle, were passed around the circle, the guests twined them about their heads, the pæan in honor of Dionysus was sung, and a libation of mixed wine, in honor of all the Olympic gods, poured into the flames on the flower-wreathed altar.

"You know, valued guests and friends," Hipponicus began, "what the beautiful old custom requires of us. Will it be agreeable to you to *choose* the symposiarch, or do you prefer to let him be appointed by drawing lots?"

Phidias, Ictinus, Anaxagoras and several others instantly protested against drawing lots, fearing, they said, that the choice might fall on them, and feeling little vocation for the office of a symposiarch, a leader and arranger of social pleasures.

"If it is necessary to choose a symposiarch," said Protagoras, "I know not to whom we should first offer this honorable office, save to the most distinguished of so many distinguished men, the great Pericles."

The latter smilingly declined, saying :

"Choose Socrates! He knows how to direct clever conversation, why shouldn't he also understand how to manage a symposium?"

"I don't know whether I understand how to direct clever conversations," replied Socrates; "but this I do know, that even if it were so, it would be presumption in me, either in a conversation or a symposium, to assume the part of director in the presence of my teacher and mistress, Aspasia, whose victorious wisdom is sufficiently well known to all present here. I admit custom requires us to choose a *king* of the banquet, and that Aspasia is a woman; but I don't know why sex should have aught to do with the character of a symposiarch? Hipponicus desires this symposium to be unique in its way—very well, let us support him in his design, and choose a queen, instead of a king."

The revellers at first seemed bewildered, but soon eager assent greeted Socrates' proposal on all sides.

"It will be strange, though perhaps wise," said Aspasia, "to choose for monarch of the symposium, one who does not drink. What is the wine that now fills our goblets?" she continued.

"Thasian wine of the best kind," replied Hipponicus,

"such as is poured out in the Prytaneium of Thasos. The wine has the most delightful odor, but its sweetness proceeds from the wheaten flour, mixed with honey, thrown into the casks according to certain rules."

"Honey-sweet, perfumed wine of Thasos!" cried Aspasia, "thou art worthy of being drunk to the health of the two men whose victory this banquet celebrates! Fellow-revellers! Drain your beakers to the health of Hipponicus and the author of Antigone, whose brows are wreathed with the garlands of victory."

All the company gaily drank the toast, and the goblets were refilled at the command of the queen of the feast.

"Thrax!" cried Hipponicus to one of the attendant slaves, "bring the list of wines prepared for this symposium and give it to the queen of the banquet. You will find on the same tablet, Aspasia, the games and amusements at our disposal in this house to-day. May it please our sovereign to choose what seems to her the most beautiful and fitting, and conjure it up by a word or look, as if by some magic wand."

"Will you have a cithara brought to me?" asked Aspasia. "As queen of the revel, I will presume no farther than to give the key-note for the mood and harmony of this symposium."

Hipponicus instantly ordered a slave to fetch a cithara ornamented with gems and ivory.

The fair Milesian took it, and began to sing to its accompaniment, the following lines:

"With violet garlands crowned, with Syrian spikenard scented,
Sprinkled with gold and roseate drops of Dionysian dew,
With melody of lute and voice through all the world extended,
Hail, beauteous *pleasure*, loftiest gift this wide earth ever knew!"

Then she ordered the lute to be passed to Socrates, but the latter said :

“Since the office of symposiarch includes the duty of giving out riddles for the amusement of the company, I expected that Aspasia would test our penetration in such matters. What, viewed closely, is this praise of the enjoyment of life, which she has sung to the accompaniment of the cithara, in order as she says, to give the key-note of our symposium, save a tempting enigma? This fair Milesian really seems to me like a sphinx with an abyss beside her, into which she will plunge us all, if we do not solve her riddles. How I envy the excellent Hipponicus! He seems to understand pleasure and the enjoyment of life better than any of us, and so perhaps is the only one capable of correctly interpreting the riddle Aspasia has sung. Surely one can best give instruction in the art he most skilfully practises.”

All eagerly shouted in assent.

“That is true! Hipponicus is the man to teach us about pleasure and the enjoyment of life.”

“If troublesome philosophy cannot be wholly avoided in this symposium,” began Hipponicus with a mischievous smile, “I thank the gods that the conversation turns upon this subject instead of any other; for this is really the one upon which, as Aspasia observed, I may presume to say a few words. You doubtless remember how I strove to show you, that scarcely anywhere in the world can the art of eating and drinking be carried to greater perfection than here in Athens, if we only *desire*. The proposition may also be made, that on this soil, under this Hellenic sky, people are born to be happy. But I wish to show you, that here in Greece it

is easy to unite the pleasantest life with wisdom, virtue, piety, reverence for the gods, or whatever else you may please to call it. The Hellenic gods require everything except renunciation or sacrifice of the joys of life. They don't even ask it of me, though I am of priestly race, and once a year have to exercise the office of Daduchus at the festival of the mysteries of Eleusis. The rest of the time I spend in Athens to my own satisfaction and that of my native land, without having it occur to the gods or anybody in the world to reproach me for it. If poor Diopeithes upon the Acropolis is my enemy, and says evil things about it, it isn't because I like a good table, am fond of fair women and making myself comfortable, for he would gladly do the same, if he did not lack means; but merely because the Eleusinian priestly race has outstripped his in power and splendor, the Eumolpidæ have surpassed the Eteobutadæ. If Diopeithes lives a dissembler, he does so on his own account; the Hellenic gods do not trouble themselves about it, and though I keep a better table than he, I can boast of being equally devout and pleasing to the gods. Is there any one who will assert, that I am not pious and do not revere the gods as much as any man in Athens? Zeus Herkeios has his altar beside my domestic hearth; in the niche behind the door stands Hermes Strophaios, the divine guardian of the door-hinges; before it is the usual shrine of Hecate, and the cone-shaped column of Apollo Agyieus, the guardian of streets, and beside it the laurel sacred to the god, as a protection against witchcraft and epilepsy. On the door itself, from one Pyanepsian festival to another, hangs the blessed olive-branch, which wound with white wool, is consecrated in the temple of Apollo at every festival; nor does it lack

the inscription placing the house under the protection of the gods, and surmounted by the usual Medusa head to guard the entrance from all evil. I neglect neither suitable gifts to the gods, purifications, propitiations, prayers, sacrifices, nor large contributions to increase the splendor of the festivals, and have just spent five thousand drachmae to fit out as magnificently as possible the chorus our Sophocles needed for his 'Antigone.' So who can come forward and say I am no pious man, and do not honor the gods according to the customs of our forefathers? We Greeks are a devout nation, and I am a Greek. That is why, as is right, I stand in awe of the gods, but do not *fear* them. There are many in Tartarus who suffer the worst punishments on account of various crimes, but I do not remember one among them who suffers because he was a high-liver or man of the world. Is there one? No! So once more: I am a devout man and need not fear the gods. I fear nothing in the world except thieves and house-breakers, who might run away with my treasures, my pearls and precious stones."

All the company began to laugh and applaud these last words of Hipponicus; but he continued:

"They are wisely building a treasure-house for the government money on the Acropolis, under the protection of the guardian goddess of the city. But how is a patriotic man, like one of us, to secure his property? I don't deny that, since I've employed six thousand slaves in my silver mines, and my riches are daily increasing, I am somewhat anxious."

"Be comforted, Hipponicus," cried Pericles. "I'll intercede with the people to allow you to build a treasure-house for yourself in the Acropolis. You have de-

served it, by the excellent speech you've just made, if not on any other account."

Again all the company applauded and praised Hipponicus and his speech.

But the mocking wit and unwearied reveller Cratinus asked :

"If, noble Hipponicus, you really don't fear the gods, only thieves and nothing else in the world, what do you think of dropsy and other consequences of a devout and at the same time pleasant life? Also the gout, which, as I unfortunately know by experience, is connected with too liberal a besprinkling with Dionysian dew? Have you no dread of *these*? Or do you rely wholly on your friend Hippocrates, the excellent physician, whom you wisely invite to your table?"

"You have guessed it," replied Hipponicus; "in these matters I depend entirely on Hippocrates, with whom, as with the gods, I like to stand on a good footing. I also leave it to him to determine whether dropsy, vertigo, and similar things really proceed from what is termed the enjoyment of life."

"Not exactly," said Hippocrates smiling. "True, it is not to be denied that the fatigue connected with the enjoyment of life may cause dropsy, vertigo and similar diseases. As for pleasure in and of itself—and this alone is probably what is being discussed in the present conversation—it must be considered conducive to health. Pleasure is a peculiar condition of mind and body, that flushes the cheeks, brightens the eyes, quickens the breath, makes the blood course easily through the veins, stirs what is stagnant, rouses the animal spirits, increases all the powers, and puts the whole constitution in a state of beautiful, active harmony. Pleasure is so healing a

medicine, even to the sick, that I don't know whether a more effectual remedy can be found among all the herbs, plasters and potions we physicians employ."

Laughing and applauding, the revellers swore never to trust themselves to any other physician than Hippocrates.

"Wise master of the art of healing," cried Cratinus, "you have entirely soothed me. Now I understand it; how could I, whom people call the friend of the bottle, ever since I wrote a comedy in which full bottles form the chorus, how could I have defied the attacks connected with the pleasure of drinking, if the remedial power of that pleasure had not sustained me? Were I symposiarch, instead of yonder lovely foreigner, who probably understands the works of golden Aphrodite better than those of Bacchus, I would instantly order a double drink in honor of the wisest of all physicians, Hippocrates!"

"Thrax!" said Aspasia to the slave standing beside her, "give Cratinus a goblet twice the size of ours. And now let us drink the toast in honor of Hippocrates."

When all had pledged Hippocrates, and Cratinus had drained his goblet, Polus began:

"I don't know how pleasure could be discussed among us, without recalling the words you heard from the mouth of the messenger in the tragedy we are celebrating:

"When pleasure is no more,
Man then is but an animated corpse,
Nor can be said to live: he may be rich,
Or decked with regal honors; but if joy
Be absent from him, if he tastes them not,
'Tis useless grandeur all, and empty shade."

"I praise mirth," said Sophocles, "not merely be-

cause it makes life *pleasant*, but because it renders it *beautiful*. Many terrors dwell in the depths of existence, and the question has often been asked whether it was not better, *not* to live. But since we do live, we must seek to cover the gulf of life and its terrors, as far as possible, with the flowers of beauty and her twin brother joy. The boundary of man's existence is a narrow one, but within these bounds we are permitted to be men, and develop pure humanity nobly in a little circle. To be a true man is to be generous and gentle, and this bright gentleness becomes the limit, within which he divinely feels his existence. To be called generous and gentle, as well as beautiful and gay, is the pride of the Hellenes."

"I thank you for this remark!" said Pericles. "I have sometimes been reproached for being too mild and forbearing in war, but I thought I was merely acting as a Hellene. If there are battles again, either on sea or land, I shall ask the Athenian nation to give me the author of 'Antigone' for a fellow-strategus."

"Sophocles a strategus?" cried several of the company.

"Why not?" said Sophocles smiling, "my father was an armorer. That indicates I was born for a strategus."

"Do you expect the troops to embark and stand out to sea soon, Pericles?" cried Hipponicus.

"It is very possible!" replied Pericles.

"I'm content, but I hope you'll take no other admiral-galley, on which to win new laurels, than the one I shall equip as trierarch."

"I will choose no other," replied Pericles. "But let us not suffer martial enthusiasm to gain the upper

hand at so peaceful a banquet. It would be discourteous, if before passing to other matters, we did not ask Anaxagoras whether he approves or rejects what has been said here concerning pleasure."

"If you want my opinion," said Anaxagoras, "I will not withhold it. What you have stated shows your desire to secure as many beautiful, good, and pleasant things as possible. But I maintain that true, genuine happiness does not come from without, but is found in the depths of the inner life. Happiness is not synonymous with pleasure; and is so far from being dependent upon outside things, that it exists in the greatest perfection without them. Voluntarily submitting to universal reason, destroying self-will, is the shield of wisdom, virtue, and all true happiness, the firm citadel of apathy, where enthroned without desires of any kind, the passionless man, who is sufficient for himself, proves unconquerable even by the powers of fate."

Anaxagoras' words made a singular impression. Pericles listened with the thoughtful attention he always bestowed upon the outpourings of his old friend's heart. A slight shadow flitted over Aspasia's brow. Her eyes encountered the glance of Protagoras. As if by some secret understanding, the gaze of the fair woman and the sophist met, and when the brilliant rhetorician looked around the circle, ready to answer the philosopher, the light sparkling in Aspasia's eyes, seemed striving to kindle his thoughts, wing his words.

"Stern and harsh," he began, "ring the words of the sage of Clazomenæ in this spot, where but now, amid the sound of joyous songs, the mirth of the festival surged around the flower-wreathed altar of Dionysus! But even he—mark it well—even he, the stern, harsh philosopher,

has spoken of happiness as man's highest goal. Only he thinks differently of the means that lead to it. And indeed happiness has many names and forms, and numerous are the paths leading to its sunny heights. Many find their pleasure in the intoxication of the senses; others, urged by a loftier nobility of the soul towards the beautiful, rise to purer spheres of enjoyment, and a third class is that of the godlike men, who dwell above clouds and winds in eternal serenity. Do you know to which of these three methods of procuring happiness I give the preference? To *none*, but to him who understands how to follow *each* of these various ways according to place and time! When goblets beckon and bright eyes sparkle, let us follow the merry wisdom of Hipponicus; when marvels of beauty gleam before our eyes, and humanity displays its noblest development, we will share the glorified joy of Sophocles; when the sky darkens, when unavoidable sorrow and disaster throng upon us, it will be time to say to garlanded pleasure: 'Farewell,' and gird ourselves with the divine equanimity and beautiful repose of the wise Anaxagoras! To be capable of sacrifice is praiseworthy—but we will only practise this art, when we *require* it. When it is time to rejoice, we will rejoice. Whoever understands how to enjoy wisely, will not lack the wisdom of renunciation. He will make pleasure his slave, not be the slave of pleasure. He will make things yield to him, not succumb to them. And if that which is set by wisdom as the limit of our pleasures, is nothing more than the natural, legitimate standard of pleasure, and joy, stifling in its own excess, is no longer joy, but its opposite, so that its limits are not external, but internal; why talk of virtue and temperance as things alien, even hostile to pleasure?

Renunciation, sacrifice, virtue without joy may become familiar to the *thoughts* of the Hellene, but never to his *soul*. Even ordinary toil, working at trades, and labor to supply common needs, he considers unworthy of him. That is why the slave, the barbarian works for the Hellenes. The more ignoble portion of humanity must sacrifice itself for the nobler, that the ideal of an existence really worthy of the dignity of mankind may be realized. Were I a law-giver, a second Lycurgus or Solon, and the tablets of the law were put unwritten in my hands, I would seize them and with a golden stylus place at the top the words: Mortals, be beautiful—be free—be happy."

Protagoras gazed steadily at Aspasia while speaking, rejoicing in the encouragement that beamed upon him from her face. Assent was almost universal throughout the circle, and Pericles said he would place the next colony that left Athens under Protagoras' command; for he seemed well suited to regulate a community according to the Greek spirit.

"Happy Protagoras," Socrates began, "happy Protagoras, who is permitted to transmute the gold of Aspasia's silence into the ringing coin of alluring words. If I have understood your speech, as well as you read the language of Aspasia's eyes, you seem to regard wisdom as one of the means for the promotion of pleasure, which so to speak, can be kept ready and drawn out of the pocket when there is nothing better at hand—"

"What is wisdom?" interrupted Protagoras. "Question a thousand men, and what one calls wisdom, others will term folly. But ask them what causes pleasure and what disgust, and all will be of the same opinion."

“Do you really think so?” replied Socrates. “If it should be put to the test—”

“Allow me to take it upon myself to answer Socrates,” interrupted Aspasia—“though not with words, for how could I presume to take my place by Protagoras’ side, when wisdom was under discussion? I will meet the perpetual doubter and questioner with the means which, as queen of the symposium, are at my disposal to test the objections he has last uttered.”

“But first,” she continued, “let the lips, which have perhaps grown dry in the heat of conversation, be moistened with fresh dew.”

At her command, fresh wine was mixed and the guests drank still larger potations.

“This wine is from Lesbos!” said Hipponicus, “the flower of the vine! It is less fragrant than the Thasian, but its flavor is still better.”

“It is both mild and fiery, like the soul of its countrywoman, Sappho!” cried Protagoras, tasting the contents of his goblet with the tips of his lips.

The beakers, by Aspasia’s command, were drained in honor of the Lesbian poetess and refilled, while the eyes of the revellers began to sparkle still more brightly.

“Now let those enter,” said Aspasia, “who are ready to make us feel the emotion, concerning which, according to Protagoras, all men are united, but in Socrates’ opinion not.”

Female flute-players, dancers, and jugglers entered the hall, all young and charming, all wreathed, perfumed, jewelled and exquisitely dressed.

The flute-playing began in soft, sweet notes, and to its accompaniment first commenced the pantomimic dances. Theodota’s performance, so greatly admired by

Socrates, he now saw multiplied by a group of lovely figures. After these dancers had charmed all eyes by their art, the feats executed by the jugglers exerted a bewildering, fascinating influence. When the latter, dancing in time to the music, skilfully tossed and caught a number of hoops or balls, or were whirled around on the potter's wheel, the swift movements of the slender, girlish figures possessed an enchanting grace. But when they commenced the sword-dance, performing their feats of jugglery while dancing between the blades, fastened point uppermost in the ground, and turning somersaults forward and backward over the glittering steel, a sense of pleasure mingled with fear thrilled the spectator. When one of these slender, charming maidens, clad in a short, closely-fitting dress, which clearly revealed her beautiful proportions, supported herself by resting her hands on the floor, and with a graceful curve of the body threw her feet over her back and head to fill a goblet from the vessel standing before her, grasping it with the toes of the left foot, while she seized the handle of the jar with the toes of the other; or in the same position discharged an arrow from a bow—it was not merely astonishment at the skill displayed, but admiration of the marvellous freedom and almost superhuman flexibility developed in the limbs, which put Hipponicus' guests in ecstasies of delight.

When the dances and games were over, and the jugglers, musicians and dancers had retired amid the enthusiastic applause of the guests, Aspasia said:

“What we have seen appears to have given pleasure to all, and we are unanimous in this emotion, while formerly, when discussing a dogma of wisdom, we could

not agree. The test on which it depended, as you said, Socrates, is therefore settled—”

“You well know, Aspasia,” replied Socrates, “that no one in the world is more willing to be taught than I. Allow me, however, to ask Protagoras one more question. If, as he instructed us, there are various kinds of pleasure, and we call whatever procures it a blessing, there are doubtless various kinds of blessings, among which one is supreme. But to discover this supreme good among other good things, and thereby secure the highest pleasure amid other pleasures—for pleasure, as we have said, is not the blessing itself, but produced by the possession of the blessing—doesn’t it require a little discernment, or penetration, or wisdom, or whatever the faculty may be called?”

“You see this man is driving you into a corner, Protagoras,” replied Aspasia smiling, “but it is my duty to see that the strife does not grow too violent. I have been forming a little plan against this belligerent Socrates for the last half hour. I don’t think it advisable, that he should occupy the same pile of cushions with Anaxagoras, and thus constantly draw fresh vigor and pugnacity from his master’s presence. Nay, it seems to me, in general, that Hipponicus’ guests have paired off in a manner dangerous to the general welfare, and favorable to secret conspiracies. I have repeatedly noticed Phidias and Ictinus whispering together, and see Cratinus put his lips to the ear of his neighbor, Polygnotus, far more often than is necessary. By virtue of my authority as queen of the revel, I shall order a universal change of seats and companions.”

“So be it!” cried the joyous revellers; “we will gladly obey you. Let us hear how you intend to pair us.”

“Very well,” said Aspasia; “Hipponicus must bid Socrates rise, and himself recline beside Anaxagoras; loquacious Polus can take his place by silent Ictinus; saucy Cratinus shall have for a neighbor gentle Sophocles. Phidias must join Polygnotus. But whom shall I place with Socrates? I can’t possibly let him recline by Protagoras’ side, on the contrary, I must remove these two opponents as far from each other as possible. So what can be done, except to ask you, Protagoras, to take my place here, while I sit beside Socrates?”

Aspasia rose and seated herself on the lower edge of the pile of cushions where Socrates lay.

The guests had cheerfully obeyed the directions of the queen of the banquet, only they now secretly and loudly envied Socrates his companion.

The close vicinity of the beauty exerted a singular influence upon the young man himself. If Anaxagoras’ presence, as Aspasia expressed it, had aroused belligerent emotion, this charming woman awakened a desire for peace and harmony.

“What does this mean?” cried Aspasia, bending towards Socrates and looking at his wreath, “many leaves have already fallen from your garland. That is a sign the wearer has some secret love-trouble. Is it your latest friend, the saucy boy Alcibiades, who vexed you? Well, I have come to answer you. What were the doubts you wished to have solved?”

Socrates, basking in the light of Aspasia’s eyes, fanned by her breath, intoxicated by the rustle of her garments, answered:

“Aspasia! I *had* doubts—and they were beautifully arranged in my head in battle array. But just as I was about to send them forth in the best order, a flower-

wreathed barrier was pushed forward, so that it seems as if they must fall over it and break their legs. Shall I say what appears doubtful to me, Aspasia? There is at this moment only one thing, and that is that you are sitting beside me."

Old Anaxagoras, who meantime had silently addressed himself to the beaker, glanced with a somewhat scornful smile at the friend, who thus shamefully laid down his arms.

"You see, Anaxagoras," said Socrates, "I have fallen in battle for a good cause, and you, the old man for whom I really drew the sword, must now bear me out of the conflict. Avenge me, if you can."

"Why not?" replied Anaxagoras, after another draught from his goblet; "I feel by no means like an aged Priam, to maintain a timid silence in the presence of this young Achilles. I would fain say a few words to you, Protagoras."

"Stay!" cried Aspasia, "if you intend to utter words of import, permit me to do my duty and wing your tongue with the most fiery and delicious of all wines, the blissful fluid pressed from the grapes of Chios, which has been reserved till now."

So saying, Aspasia ordered the most famous of all the Greek wines to be offered.

The goblets were emptied, and from this moment there was no one in the circle who, elevated far above the sphere of sober reason, had not fallen a victim to the inspiring power of Dionysus.

Anaxagoras began to talk somewhat confusedly about pleasure, virtue, knowledge, and universal reason.

As if to incite him to collect his thoughts, Aspasia herself offered him a beaker of the Chian.

The philosopher drank, and his speech grew still more confused; he began to stammer and nod. At last his head sank on his breast. A few moments more, and the old man was quietly asleep.

A merry laugh rang through the ranks of the revellers.

"What have you done, Aspasia?" they cried. "You have disarmed and lulled to slumber the last champion of stern wisdom."

"At a joyous banquet," replied Aspasia, "it seems stern wisdom to nod. But this noble old man has not fallen asleep unwatched by the Graces. See what a beautiful sight is presented by the spectacle of the grey-haired sage breathing in quiet slumber. I propose that we all take off our garlands to put them on the head and shoulders of the sleeper, and thus bury this peaceful sleeping wisdom."

All obeyed Aspasia's command, and in a few minutes the philosopher's head was buried under flowers.

Socrates continued to drink without becoming intoxicated, but feigned to be so in order to whisper the strangest things into Aspasia's ear, unrebuked.

Grave Phidias told the boy who filled his goblet, that he wanted to use him as a model for one of his figures on the inner frieze of the Parthenon. Cratinus uttered secret imprecations, and said to his neighbor Sophocles:

"This sorceress, this Circe, this Omphale shall remember me! She makes me drink even Chian from the large goblet. So long as I was sober, I didn't notice anything, but now I see her design." Polygnotus assured his neighbor, that with the exception of Elpinice, he had never seen a woman so well formed as Aspasia.

"Pericles," said Hipponicus pathetically, "Pericles, you know how I have always honored you, how much gratitude I owe you for releasing me years ago from the bonds of beautiful, but quarrelsome Telesippe. Do me that favor about the treasure-house on the Acropolis—for I employ six thousand slaves in the silver-mines, my wealth is daily increasing, and people are not safe from thieves. And when your ward Alcibiades grows up—my little daughter Hipparete—the fairest of all virgins—"

"Never mind!" said Pericles with a good-natured smile. He was the only one in the whole company entirely untouched by the power of Bacchus—not because he had drunk less, but because his constitution was as strong as his nature was gentle. He conversed with Protagoras about politics, the changes of popular government in Athens, the colonies to be sent out, the possibility of a speedy war. But Protagoras gazed frequently at the beautiful Milesian. Finally the silent Ictinus, inspired by the Chian, surprised the revellers by commencing a pæan to Dionysus, which was sung in chorus by all the others.

Thus the waves of social pleasure, winged by the gifts of Bacchus, the charms of the senses, the spell of the Milesian's mirth, and spiced with the flower of Hellenic intellect, rolled on at the symposium until the dawn of morning.

Then the brilliant Protagoras rose, saying:

"Aspasia, as you know, has yielded her place to me. I will take advantage of it to assume the dignity of symposiarch, and invite you to drain this last beaker in her honor. She has held high aloft the banner of beautiful pleasure, victoriously defended the kingdom of

innocent mirth against the assaults of sternness and the harshness of wisdom—has ever, just at the right moment, battled against foes, now with the gifts of the goblet, now with the aid of Eros and the Graces, has lulled the truth-seeker's questions to rest, and buried the philosopher's grey head under flowers—has guided us all pleasantly over the flood-tide of the Dionysian waves of joy. Innocent intoxication has no peril to noble Greek brows, and does not injuriously penetrate the brain, but casts its silvery mist like dew upon the leaves of the garlands, with which we shade our heads. So let us drain the last beaker to the honor of the fair and wise Aspasia."

Protagoras ceased speaking, and was joined in the pledge by the distinguished men who, though assembled at the banquet as garlanded revellers, were grouped around Pericles and Aspasia in the field of fame, as the shining stars of ancient Hellas.

When the last goblets had been emptied, the men, after clasping each other's hands, left the house in the grey dawn.

"Are *you*, too, satisfied with the symposiarch Protagoras praised?" Aspasia asked Pericles, when she found herself alone with him.

"From this day I shall admire you more than ever," replied Pericles, "but do not you fear I may *love* you less?"

"Why?" asked Aspasia.

"You have something for every one—what is left for Pericles?"

"*Myself!*" answered Aspasia.

He kissed her forehead, and she clasped him in a joyous embrace.

"I know not" said Pericles as he left her, "whether I should rather rush into the field of action far away, or spend a honey-moon of love alone with you in idyllic repose."

"Perhaps the gods may grant one or the other, or even both, at some fitting time."

The Milesian closed her beautiful, weary eyes that morning with the consciousness that she had approached nearer to her goal. She remembered the hour when she had been obliged to leave Pericles' house in humiliation, thought of the proud Telesippe, who supposed herself so unassailable, so immovable in her sovereignty over the domestic hearth—and said to herself that her secret and open plans were maturing to fulfilment, and she should yet triumph in her mission of planting forever on the ruins of custom and prejudice the banner of freedom beauty and joy.

CHAPTER XI.

SAMOS.

"I SHOULDN'T have thought it," cried old Callipides, standing in the midst of one of the numerous groups of Athenians, who assembled in the great market-place of the Piræus, were eagerly conversing together—"I wouldn't have believed it, for when I passed the statue of Athena on the Acropolis a short time ago, I saw the goddess' spear covered with chirping crickets. That means peace, I said to myself. To be sure, the next day a weasel ran across the Pnyx, just before the popular assembly—"

"Do you mean to croak misfortune, old man?" cried the others.

"Samos may lead other allies to revolt," replied the old man, "rebellion may be stirred up against us, Sparta may interfere, a general Hellenic war may arise. A great deal of tinder is stored up, as people say. After all, what is it to us whether the Samians or the Milesians possess Priene?"

"The dignity of Athens must be maintained!" cried a youth impetuously, extending his hand and raising his head proudly. "Samos and Miletus, as members of the league, must lay their disputes before Athens, the head of the alliance. Samos refuses to do this, and therefore Pericles is enraged against the Samians—"

"And in his wrath has requested the popular assembly to give him the gentle Sophocles for a fellow-general!" said one of the men smiling.

"On account of Antigone!" cried others. "He has done right. *Long live Sophocles.*"

"You know nothing about it!" said Sporgilus, the barber, whom curiosity and the excitement of the times had urged to the harbor. "You know nothing about the matter, you don't even know how this Samian affair originated, and who really contrived it."

"Long live Sporgilus!" shouted several. "Hear Sporgilus. He's one of the people, who always know in the morning just what Zeus has said to Hera during the night."

"May a boil as big as my fist come out on my nose," cried Sporgilus, "if what I am telling you isn't the exact truth. Aspasia has persuaded Pericles. I am sure of it—just listen to me. The day after the Milesian embassy arrived here, I was standing in the market-

place, when the ambassadors passed, looking about them as if they wanted to ask something. At last one came up to me, and said: 'Here, my Athenian friend, can't you show us where the young Milesian, Aspasia, lives.' The men evidently supposed I didn't know them—but I did. I should have recognized them by their smooth manners and costly dress, if I hadn't seen them elsewhere. I directed them as courteously as I could, described the Milesian's house and the way to it, for which they thanked me most cordially and walked straight towards it. It was already dark. They slipped into the Milesian's house. Do you mark it? The ambassadors, I tell you, have secretly bargained with the Milesian; then she coaxed Pericles and inspired him with great indignation against the Samians—"

"There it is!" cried one of the listeners. "Sporgilus really does know what *Hera* has said to *Zeus*. But—there is Pericles with his companion Sophocles—no doubt he is training him for his new office."

In fact the two men were now walking in a somewhat deserted spot, absorbed in confidential conversation.

"You will astonish the Athenians," said Sophocles; "they would have expected Pericles to be inclined to anything at this moment, rather than *that*. He seemed completely absorbed in the works of peace, the promotion of internal prosperity, and—love for the beautiful Aspasia."

"My friend!" replied Pericles smiling, "is it any marvel, that the strategus is unwilling to leave all the laurels to those who are working with trowel, chisel and stylus? I confess I have long felt secretly troubled and restless. I seemed idle amid all this activity, and the

soft fetters of roses which bound me, sometimes appeared almost humiliating."

"What?" replied Sophocles, "do you count it nothing, that you are always the busiest of the busy, that everything which has been done and created, has only been rendered possible, promoted, and helped forward to a prosperous end, by your exertions?"

"It does not satisfy the expectations which may be formed of us!" replied Pericles. "I don't wish to be merely a helper, I want to accomplish something myself, and therefore, as a strategus, can only seize the sword again. Why should I alone remain untouched by the beautiful fire of ambition burning all around me?"

"And yet you desire to share your martial renown with *me*?" asked the poet after a short pause.

"Rather than—*the favor of a charming woman!*" replied Pericles, looking his friend sharply in the eye.

The latter started. "An idea suddenly begins to dawn upon me, a strange light is thrown upon the *real cause* of my election as strategus.

"Everything that happens in the world, dearest friend," replied Pericles smiling, "has a hundred causes, not one. Who can say which is the most important."

"Wouldn't you prefer to leave me behind and take Aspasia with you to Samos?" asked the poet.

Pericles smiled again. "Be comforted," he said at last, "we shall merely take a little pleasure-trip, a sea-voyage of a few weeks; for any serious resistance by the Samians to the might of Athens is not to be thought of. Samos is a beautiful city, you will be charmed with it; Melissus, the commander of the Samian squadron is, as you know, a philosopher of the Eleatian school, whose acquaintance you will perhaps have the pleasure

of making; and if we sail past Chios, we will visit your fellow-poet, Ion, the tragedian, who dwells there in delightful leisure.

"You intend to visit Ion?" cried Sophocles; "remember he bears you no good-will, since you were his rival with the fair Chrysilla."

"My treatment of a person," replied Pericles, "will never be influenced by his regard for me, but by mine for him. Ion is a worthy man. He will entertain us with the best of his native Chian, though you have been his rival in tragedy—"

"And you, I repeat," interrupted Sophocles, "his rival with the beautiful Chrysilla, who now, to the best of my knowledge, lives with him in Chios."

"Never mind Chrysilla!" said Pericles.

The poet gaily submitted to his fate, and Pericles began to instruct him in the duties of his new profession.

If at that time a sheet covered with writing was seen in Sophocles' hand, it was no sketch of a tragedy, choral song, or hymn to Eros or Dionysus, but lists of the seaworthy crews he had collected, or the rich citizens he must invite to command certain ships as trierarchs and defray part of the cost of their equipment. He now found himself dragged by Pericles away from the charming solitude of the green valley of Cephissus, to the armories and military havens of Zea and Munychia, to the tumult of the Piræus, where the dreaded sea-dragons of the Athenian navy were drawn into the sea, the bustle of the arsenals, where there was a perpetual scraping, planing, hammering, nailing and creaking. At first it was almost horrible to the beauty-loving poet to hear the outcries of the oarsmen and sailors, among whom, being still idle, there were constant quarrels about the

flute-players, sometimes ending in broken heads. His ears rang with the shrill whistle of the boatswains, the shouts of the oarsmen; for the trierarchs daily raced in the Gulf with the triremes already equipped, to try which vessel was the best and sailed fastest.

When the day of departure arrived, the high-decked ships with sharply-pointed keels, triple banks of oars rising one above another, towering prow, and stern shaped like a swan's neck, gaily painted and ornamented with statues of Pallas and other emblems, floated boldly in well-ordered ranks on the blue waves. At the blast of a trumpet a solemn silence ensued, during which the herald, standing on the deck of the admiral's galley, uttered a prayer, repeated by all on board the different ships, and in which the people on shore joined; the smoke of sacrifice rose into the blue morning air, the whole army poured libations from gold and silver goblets, and began to sing a pæan, the sails were unfurled to the wind, the fleet moved, the sea foamed under the strokes of countless oars, and accompanied by the blessings of the spectators, the long train of vessels passed out of the harbor in to the open sea. Now the poet Sophocles became a strategus heart and soul, and his own hero Ajax could not have set forth from Salamis for Troy more proudly, than he himself now left Colonus for Samos.

At the end of a few weeks, a swift vessel arrived at the Piræus, bringing reports from Pericles to the council and popular assembly. The commander of the ship that conveyed this news, secretly delivered, not as trierarch, but as a personal friend of Pericles, a letter not intended for the public. It was written by the latter to Aspasia.

The lines ran as follows:

"I know not how it happened, that my breast scarcely ever heaved more proudly than at the moment I left the harbor of Athens with the fleet, and again felt the open sea beneath me. As I stood on the ship's deck, and the winds of the Ægean fanned my brow, it seemed as if a breath of freedom touched me and I had regained myself. Regained? A foolish word! Had I lost myself? I don't know—unless it were to you, Aspasia. For a moment it really seemed as if, during the last few weeks, I had stretched myself a little too luxuriously on the rose-couch of love. I was almost angry with you about it. But when I recollected myself, I was forced to acknowledge that I was doing you the greatest injustice, and that, on the contrary, it was precisely the influence emanating from you, never enervating, but always inspiring, that had sent me forth from quiet Athens to the field of action.

"So I no longer feel ashamed of my love for you, nor the ardent yearning I have to see you again, though it almost wrought me evil.

"I found the Samians ill prepared for battle, and surprised them when only half ready. I was almost ashamed of so easy a conquest. There seemed to be nothing more to do, so I was making arrangements to return to Athens, hoping that the rapidity of the victory would secure me some renown. Did the wish to regain what I had left at home have some share in this speedy return? I am not aware of it, but shall not venture to deny the possibility. At any rate, the haste with which I wished to return did not prove so profitable, as that I had shown in setting out. I learned that we advance rapidly to the field of battle, but must be cautious in retiring.

“But why should I tell you of things, which are probably already in the mouths of the whole populace of Athens? Our fleet is burning with the longing to retrieve the lost naval battle; even the gentle Sophocles is glowing at this moment with the fire of Ares. I have sent him to Chios and Lesbos to bring the ships of the allies; other reënforcements are on the way.

“Send me news of yourself and my friends in Athens, by the same trierarch who delivered this letter, and be assured I am no less anxious to hear from you than you are to have tidings from me. Tell Phidias he must not allow himself to be disturbed in his creations by the noise of war. It will be the greatest joy of our return, if the lofty columns of the temple on the Acropolis, far advanced towards completion, gleam before us.”

Such were the contents of the letter Pericles sent Aspasia. The Milesian answered as follows:

“I am glad you so quickly resigned the thought, that the bold Pericles’ nature had of late been made effeminate by Aspasia. On the contrary, must I not reproach myself for having, by my intercession for my countrymen, helped urge you to the field of action, as you call it?

“A short separation did not seem to me wholly unprofitable; for you appeared to be growing a little weary of peace, pleasure, and love for Aspasia. Now you no longer feel ashamed of the desire to see me and your friends once more. The longing to behold a dear one is always strongest, directly after the person has been left or lost. I fear you will be able to endure the separation more and more easily the longer it lasts, until finally, like Agamemnon before Troy, you will be content to lie off Samos ten years, if necessary.

“ My longing to see you, on the contrary, cannot be weakened by time, for it is nourished by inactivity and solitude. You have left me almost as lonely as if I were your wife; you have taken cheerful Sophocles with you, and sent brilliant Protagoras, in charge of a colony, to a distant land. Only Socrates remains, and he sometimes seeks my society; but whether from distrust of me, himself, or you, never except accompanied by some other person, and always appears with a man almost as eccentric as himself. This man is the tragic poet Euripides, a younger rival of our Sophocles. He and Socrates are inseparable, and it is even rumored that the latter helps him with his tragedies, because they are so rich in thoughtful sayings. But this is foolish. They are so much alike, that I don't know what one need borrow from the other. Both are dripping with wisdom. What Socrates is among thinkers, Euripides is among poets: hypercritical and eccentric. A book-worm too: he has collected a vast number of volumes, and is completely devoted to the Muses. For the rest, he looks like all poets — a prematurely-old face on an ever-youthful, active body. He is reserved, sullen, and rude in character, and associates only with Socrates and the Sophists. Socrates, however, influenced him so far, that he became curious to see me.

“ ‘ This man,’ said Socrates, when he introduced him, ‘ is the admirable tragic poet, Euripides, whom I hope you will doubly admire, when you hear that his father, Mnesarchus, was a tavern-keeper, and his mother, Cleito, a huckster of vegetables. You must know too, that he was born on the island of Salamis, on the very day of the great Persian battle.’

“ ‘ A great omen!’ said I.

“ ‘That is possible,’ replied Euripides, ‘but what the gods originally intended I should be is not yet perfectly clear.’

“Then he told me in detail—for after he once began to talk, he became tolerably loquacious—how his father, in a dream, received a promise that his new-born son would emerge victorious from famous contests. His father, like a true Hellene, interpreted this to mean victories at Olympia or Nemea, and had him carefully instructed in gymnastic arts; indeed, when a boy, he really won a prize at the Panathenaic festival; but he gradually developed more taste for books than for wrestling or throwing the discus, and finally, instead of a garlanded Olympian athlete, became a candidate for the prize of tragic poetry.

“ ‘How does it happen,’ I asked, ‘that in all your tragedies you interweave remarks against women, and are universally called a misogynist?’

“ ‘I am married!’ he replied.

“ ‘Is that a reason for hating *all* women, even those to whom you are not bound by ties of this nature?’

“ ‘Socrates brought me to you,’ he answered, ‘to cure me of my *misogyny*. I now esteem but one woman on earth; my mother, Cleito, the former vegetable-huckster—I say former, for I have now prevailed upon her to give up the business and manage a little country-estate I own.’

“I expressed a wish to make this woman’s acquaintance.

“ ‘If it will not bore you to hear the story of my birth in a grotto on the shore of Salamis, during the great battle—for she spares no one who approaches her—it will be an easy matter to gratify you,’ he said.

"A few days after, accompanied by a female slave, I visited the secluded, modest country-house where mother Cleito reigns—its stillness is only interrupted by the resounding lines of her poetic son, when he retires to this rural solitude to be entirely undisturbed—found the worthy woman among her hens, ducks, and sucking-pigs, and told her I wished to hear the story of her son's birth at Salamis during the great naval battle.

"Sincerely delighted, the little mother said with evident pride:

"'That is a tale, lady, I have told even the great Themistocles.'

"Then, after driving away the hens and doves, she invited me to sit down on a grassy bank in the garden.

"'Oh, child,' she said, 'it was a day of horror, when the Persian troops burst into our sacred Athens, burned everything, slew the people at the altars, and shot lighted arrows, dipped in pitch, from the Hill of Ares to the Acropolis, until all the temples were in flames, and the immense volume of smoke floated in black clouds over the sea. But while the city was burning, the men vowed that they would die with arms in their hands under the smoking ruins, the women wailed, and measureless lamentations arose because Athens, sacred Athens, would be burned, effaced from the earth, Themistocles, the naval hero, came forward and extending his hand towards the sea and fleet, shouted: '*There is Athens!*' and urged all the men to go on board the ships. Beside him stood the long-bearded priest from the temple of Erechtheus, who announced that a highly-significant miracle had happened—the sacred serpent

had disappeared of his own accord from the burning temple, a sign that the protecting divinity of the city, Pallas Athena, and all the gods had left it, and the Athenians' native land at this moment was on the sea, on the ships of Themistocles' navy.

“‘While the men all went on board the ships, it was pitiful to see the women, children, and old men rush into the boats, which were ready on the coast and by the ford of Salamis,—many upset, because they were unable to hold the crowd of fugitives.

“‘Not even the dogs would stay in the deserted city; they plunged into the sea and swam beside their masters' ships as long as they could. You must know, child, that this was just before the birth of my son; but I succeeded with a throng of others, in safely reaching the shore of Salamis, where several women and children, among them I myself, sought shelter for the night in a cave in the rocks. It was a very unquiet night, for all the Greek ships had gathered around Salamis, and shouts rang from galley to galley all night long, so that it would have been impossible for even those free from care to close an eye. Besides, it also chanced to be the time of the festival of Iacchus, when, as night is waning, the statue of the god is borne by torch-light across the sea in a great festal procession, from Ægina to Eleusis. Themistocles did not wish this celebration to be omitted from fear of the Persians, so just as the Greeks were arranging their ships in battle array, the beautifully-decorated vessel bearing the sacred statues of the Æacides came across from Ægina, and the whole bay glowed in the light shed by the torches, so that all the Greeks on the galleys were animated with still greater courage, because they saw that the native gods still ruled.

When morning came and I dragged myself to the shore with other women, the ships of the Hellenes were already drawn up for battle, the whole Euripus was swarming, and the great Persian fleet, stretching farther than the eye could reach, was sailing slowly from Phalerum.

“My strength failed and I was obliged to return to the grotto, where I lay deserted on my bed of sea-weed, for the women, who had shared the shelter with me during the night, ran away. All the women and children at Salamis had husbands and fathers on the ships, and were standing crowded together on the cliffs, gazing at the galleys, wringing their hands and praying to the gods. I now heard a shrill flourish of trumpets, then a pæan sung by thousands of voices—though the sounds were subdued by the distance ere they reached my ears. Then it seemed like a terrible hurricane rushing through a dense olive wood, with thousands of tree-tops crashing—but it was the crash of the ships striking against each other, intermingled with the war-cries of our own troops and the Barbarians, echoing faintly from the distance. How long this lasted I know not, and I can tell you nothing about the battle, daughter, for I didn't see it; I was tossing helplessly all day on my couch, longing for some refreshment, and at last fell fainting into a slumber which might well have been my last. Suddenly, amid my death-like sleep, I heard loud shouts of joy from the women, recovered my consciousness and remembered that I was in Salamis. Many a sudden outburst of lamentation mingled with the exulting shouts, for not only were countless fragments of galleys washed up on the strand, but dead bodies, among which many of the women recognized a son or husband.

Many of those wounded in the battle, and many of the crews of the shattered ships, who were nearer the shore of Salamis than the Athenian coast on the opposite side, escaped to the island, bringing the message that the Persians had been defeated and were flying across the sea, leaving the smoking ruins of Athens, and we might return to our rescued city that very day. Just think, child, how I felt, when my husband, Mnesarchus, who was among those that had landed, came rushing into the grotto as unexpectedly as if the gods themselves had guided him, shouting: 'Athens is free again, Athens is ours again!' He was about to rush on with the joyful tidings, when he suddenly caught sight of me and the new-born babe. Imagine the scene! He could not speak, only seized the little fellow, lifted him in his arms and fairly danced about with him, in his twofold joy as conqueror and father. Then he dashed away to bring me water and other refreshments, until at last, though slowly, I recovered from the death-like exhaustion into which I had sunk.

"The next day a great festival was celebrated on the island in honor of the victory. Youths, crowned with garlands, danced around the trophies, while the Persian was flying with the remnant of his hordes to the distant East. Mnesarchus, with his new-born son in his arms, went through the crowd, showing the child to all the Greeks and telling them it was born on the day of the battle. When Themistocles himself came up and heard the tale, he said: 'Praised be the Athenian mothers, who give us new citizens during the battle, to make amends for those who have fallen in defence of their native land,' and gave orders that a hundred drachmæ should be paid to Mnesarchus. So everything passed

off happily, and Mnesarchus called the boy Euripides, in memory of the fact that he was born on the day of victory in the Euripus, the sea-ford of Salamis.'

"This was the story worthy mother Cleito told me, precisely as I have written it for you."

A few days after Aspasia's letter had been sent to Pericles, news of victory came from Samos, and with it another missive for Aspasia.

"You are matchless, Aspasia, and always wholly yourself. Was it accident, or by some secret design, that you told me in your letter about that mother at Salamis. When your lines arrived with the reënforcements from Athens, my fleet was already drawn up in line of battle before the Samian ships. I read the story of Cleito and, full of enthusiasm, gave the signal of attack.

"We conquered. But I shall avoid giving you a description of the battle. How could I, in presence of the memory you have so vividly conjured up of the heroic deeds of Salamis, boast of my petty Samian success, by which their fleet has been rendered harmless, though the resistance of the city itself is not yet broken. We are besieging it by land and water. This Samos is a powerful city, and very magnificent in its appearance; but her greatest and most famous temple, as you know, is dedicated to Hera, goddess of marriage, and in this temple are reared whole flocks of the bird sacred to this divinity, but hateful to us both.

"Sophocles too, has read your letter, with great delight in the story of Cleito. As he was among the youths and boys, who danced around the trophies at the festival in honor of the victory, of which Cleito speaks, while Æschylus was among the warriors, these tragic poets all have their share in the honors of Salamis

—though Euripides' is surely the least, since he merely chanced to be born.

"I have questioned Sophocles about Euripides, and asked him what he thought of the latter's hatred of women. Sophocles replied that Euripides only hated women, because he loved them. If he didn't care for them and could do without them, he wouldn't trouble himself about them, would not speak of them, it would be a matter of indifference to him whether they were good or bad. So says Sophocles, therefore I think the renown of curing Euripides of his misogyny will be a very trifling victory for you."

Aspasia answered this letter in the following manner:

"Your victory before Samos has given the Athenians great cause for rejoicing, in which I secretly joined with all my heart; only you have clouded my share of the common joy by the modesty with which, in your letter, you withheld the description of your naval battle. I am generally content if you do not fill your pages with public or military affairs, but confine yourself to what concerns your own person; yet it is said that this very battle shows you in the full splendor of your rule and influence, that you personally destroyed the hostile commander's ship. It is not these things that are important to me, but you yourself, the clear idea of your nature, which reveals itself to me in them, so that I seem to behold you with my bodily eyes.

"The building of the Parthenon is progressing with almost incredible rapidity. It is certainly desirable to build with full coffers, as Callicrates used to say.

"A few days ago an accident happened on the Acropolis, which created a great deal of excitement. A workman fell from the scaffolding and was mortally

wounded; and as this occurred in the very spot to which Diopeithes had given an ill name, as 'belonging to the nether world,' the minds and tongues of the Athenians were powerfully stirred. The implacable priest of Erechtheus points proudly to the fulfilment of his prophecy, and predicts further misfortune. May the gods avert it!

"He still looks gloomily from the threshold of his ancient temple at the cheerful Callicrates, and wishes him a sun-stroke. But Apollo's warmest shafts recoil from the brow of this indefatigable man. Pallas Athena holds her shield over him. He banters his foe whenever he can, and if the hostile looks grow too disagreeable, manages to have his workmen raise a cloud of dust near the Erechtheum, which compels the priest, rubbing his eyes, to retire within the sanctuary.

"A mule has now become involved in the quarrel between the two men. Among the animals, which have been occupied for several years in daily trotting up and down the Acropolis, bearing stone and other burdens to the summit, was one, that partly from age, partly from an injury received, became unfit for work. Its driver wanted to spare it and leave it behind in the stable. But the good beast wasn't content with that, and even blows could not prevent it from doing the labor to which it had been so long accustomed, and trotting up and down with its companions, though it carried no load. This it now does faithfully every day, and everybody knows 'Callicrates' mule,' as it is called, because the latter has taken the useless but willing animal under his special protection. The creature moves idly about on the Acropolis, and in its strolls sometimes comes too near the Erechtheum, nay, has

even ventured to snuff with its unhallowed muzzle the sacred herbs planted near the walls, so Diopeithes hates this most trusty of all the laborers on the Acropolis, even more than he does Callicrates, and it is impossible to foresee what complications may yet arise out of the matter.

"Farewell, my hero, and don't think always of Cleito's tale, Salamis, and Themistocles, but sometimes of your Aspasia. Neither Hera, nor all the peacocks of Salamis, should keep me from hastening to you, if you desired it."

Not long after, Aspasia received the following lines :

"Are you angry with me for withholding the description of my naval battle? You don't wish to wholly give up seeing me command before Samos. In and of itself a naval battle is better worth beholding than any other spectacle, and I confess, that whenever I have been obliged to cope with an enemy at sea, much as my duties claimed my attention, I always found time to gaze admiringly at the beauty and grandeur of the scene afforded by a conflict between the winged colossi on the open sea. Fortunately mother Cleito only gave you the minor details of the battle of Salamis, but could not describe the contest itself, so I will venture to briefly relate the history of the fight before Samos; but on condition that this story of military affairs shall be the only one you will lure from me during the campaign.

"I met the Samian fleet coming from Miletus at the island of Tragia.* Expecting my attack, they occupied a circular position to prevent my doing what I always

* The details of this description of the naval battle of Tragia are *purely imaginary*, solely intended to serve the necessities of the *romance* by displaying the character of Pericles, when engaged in energetic action.

attempt in a naval engagement—assaulting the enemy's ships unexpectedly from one side. I sent out several bold sailers to circle around the enemy, and by means of pretended attacks and feigned flight here and there lure a vessel from its place in the hostile ranks. A tolerably strong wind also sprang up, which by raising a heavy sea, contributed to break the close circle of the Samian fleet.

“Our ships were drawn up with wings curving towards the enemy's flank, ready to attack any ship that might venture out of the hostile line.

“Meantime the Samian commander, while his vanguard was engaged in battle, succeeded in forming the rear of the shaken and half-destroyed circle into a straight line, with which, while at his command the vanguard retired, he dashed forward in close order.

“For a moment the shock of this phalanx threw our front rank into confusion. The broad Samian vessels, with their beak-shaped prows and countless oars, looked like monsters creeping towards us on a thousand feet—only this creeping was swift as the wind. After a few minutes, during which I too hastily brought up my scattered galleys in order, our phalanx confronted the Samian one in an equally close, firm line.

“The real battle now raged fiercely. Rushing forward with loud shouts, the Samian galleys and our own dashed impetuously into each others ranks, so that every Attic ship attacked, every Samian one defended itself, on both sides. If the Samian vessels resembled menacing swine's snouts, ours looked like sea-serpents, nimbly winding between these snouts and dealing fatal bites on the right and left. In the closer order, the terrible engines of war began to play from ship to ship, catapults and

scorpions* hurling missiles, and the horrible dolphins, long beams tipped with blocks of metal, which raised above the hostile vessel, by a well-calculated fall shattered the mast or crushed the deck, and holding the ship like an iron grapple, made it the prey of the assailant. While the attention of the crew of a hostile galley was occupied by a shower of arrows that covered its deck, light boats swarmed around it below, whose crews shattered its oars with axes.

“When, at last, keel pressed still nearer to keel, and the lofty decks of our own galleys and those of the foe touched, their united surfaces soon formed a battle-field, where the heavily-armed troops fought with sword and lance, hand to hand. The boldest could not be restrained from leaping from their own ship into the nearest hostile galley. Some of our men succeeded here and there in cutting down the crew, taking the trierarch prisoner, getting possession of the helm, and forcing the defenceless oarsmen to row the captured vessel out of the Samian line into the Athenian ranks.

“However praiseworthy heroic courage may be in such hazards, I disapproved of too impetuous an exercise of personal bravery, always endeavoring in a naval battle to spare the blood of the combatants as far as possible and let the ships fight, rather than the men. Why should the latter destroy each other, when the former, with bold, swift, skilful manœuvres, can decide the conflict? I passed between the ships of the fleet, shouting to the trierarchs to fight more with the beaks of their vessels and iron-tipped beams than with swords and lances, and to consider their ships a weapon rather than a

* Scorpio, a military engine.—*Smith's Dicty. Greek and Roman Antiquities.*

citadel. They understood me, and as the Samians had withdrawn numerous disabled ships from the ranks, while the others pressed closer together, it became easier for the galleys of our out-stretched wings to dash against their flanks.

“The universal aim was now to sink the enemy’s ships. It had really become a battle of the ships themselves. Besides the weight of their beaks, and the strength of the iron-tipped beams on their keels, we used in this battle a contrivance invented by myself, the ‘iron hands,’ which seized and held many a Samian vessel in an indissoluble embrace. The dull roar of the ships’ beams crashing against each other mingled with the light crackle of snapping oars, when, with swift, well-calculated course, a ship, grazing close by a hostile galley, crushed its projecting oars like dry branches.

“The Samians wavered and were thrown into disorder, but did not fly. Enraged by this obstinacy, weary of the long conflict, I was on the point of giving orders to have some transport ships, loaded with tow and brushwood, lighted and sent into the hostile ranks to burn the rest of the refractory fleet, when suddenly a huge block of stone whirled towards the mast of my own vessel, but missing it struck the steersman, who fell from his seat with his head crushed. In rolling down, the block also shattered the helm and everything near it. The stone had been hurled from the galley of the Samian admiral, by which I perceived that the latter wished to have a personal battle with me. But in the state of my rudderless ship resistance was impossible. Unnoticed by the enemy, I hastily descended a ladder from the stern of the ship to a boat, and quickly stood on the deck of another galley, the ‘Parthenos.’ While the

admiral was attacking the rudderless prey to capture me, supposing me to be still on board, I dashed on the Parthenos with the speed of an arrow, against the side of the Samian galley, which pierced with a large hole, began to take in water, lurched sideways and sank. The admiral himself was one of the few, that amid a rain of arrows from our men, who raised a loud shout of victory, escaped with great difficulty by swimming. The Samians now yielded, and the victory was ours.

“On the evening of that very day, the Samian commander, Melissus, came on board my vessel under a safe-conduct, to arrange terms of peace, but offered such conditions that people would have supposed I was the conquered party, had I accepted them. He said that the Samian fleet was vanquished, but the city was ready to stand a long siege. Besides, Phœnician reënforcements were on their way, and moneyed assistance had been offered by the Persian satrap at Sardis. During the whole conversation, Melissus showed tenacity and obstinacy, such as only a philosopher can develop. He is a tall man, somewhat advanced in years, and the stamp of a profound thinker is so plainly impressed upon his brow, that it seemed almost incredible that I saw in him the man who had just commanded a fleet, and whom I had beheld swimming with the agility of a youth, through waves filled with the fragments of vessels. I soon perceived in him only the philosopher of the school of Parmenides, so renowned throughout all Hellas. I can't exactly say how it happened, but our conversation gradually became a philosophical one. The fact is, that he was at last eagerly explaining to me that if anything was, it was eternal, but the eternal was

unlimited in extent, that real existence was one and infinite, comprising everything in itself, for if there were two or several infinities, they must limit each other and therefore were no longer infinite, and the universe must be homogeneous, for if there were dissimilar qualities, it would no longer be one, but many things, and that could not be, for diversity existed only in appearance, related only to the perception of the senses, not the thoughtful contemplation of the mind—

“As if by accident several other strategi and trierarchs, who had been anticipating with great curiosity the result of our discussion of terms of peace, now came forward; but when they heard that the Samian commander and I had been talking about the boundlessness of the universe and the infinitude of existence, they were utterly bewildered, and we ourselves could not help laughing on perceiving that we, who a short time before had been fighting furiously with ships’ beaks and deadly missiles, were now engaged in an argument of such a nature. Having frequently heard the propositions uttered by Melissus from the lips of Zeno in Athens, and being much interested in these Eleatic controversies, I was at no loss to find answers to Melissus, and our conversation had really almost assumed the shape of a philosophical argument.

“‘How much better it would be,’ I said to Melissus, as we shook hands with each other in parting, ‘if we Hellenes, as far as our language extends through the coasts and isles, could be united by one mental aspiration, nay, even into one political community.’

“The gloomy Samian’s grey eyes flashed with anger.

“‘You doubtless hope *Athens* will lure all the

Hellenes into her precincts, and willing or not, unite them in one community,' he said with a bitter, scornful smile.

"I understood and honored the feelings of the man, who was fighting for the independence of his island.

"It is the fate of all well-meant thoughts and intentions to be thwarted by the opposition of petty interests, really intended to be merged in greater ones. We are poorly rewarded for forming the idea of one grand whole, and striving to realize it. If I exhort the Hellenes to unity, they perceive in my words only the Athenian love of conquest, or even designs of personal ambition. So in the best wishes and labors, one feels driven back and limited to the customary, narrow domain. Thus at times all external acts and efforts seem worthless, and I then take refuge in the pure sphere of thought, where the mind may indulge in a boundless flight. When in the quiet night I stand on the deck of the motionless vessel with the star-sown sky above—the masts towering into the vast infinitude of the ether—nothing audible save the low, dreamy plashing of the waves against the vessel's keel, amid the breath of the night-wind, I remember Melissus and no longer merely *think*, but *feel* the infinite, original unity of all existence.

"More frequently than you may believe, I think of you, of my friends at Athens, and the work which under their hands is approaching completion. Now that the hardest labor here has apparently been performed, and a possibly long and wearisome siege condemns me to a quietude that almost resembles inaction, I may perhaps venture to confess my longing for Athens, without being ashamed of it.

“The mishap that befell the workman on the Parthenon, by which Diopeithes profits in so malicious a fashion, has greatly troubled me. I have sent to request Hippocrates to take charge of the unfortunate man, if he is still alive, and if we succeed in saving him and confounding Diopeithes, I vow to have an altar erected on the Acropolis to Pallas Hygieia, in token of my gratitude.

“As for Callicrates’ worthy mule, I am of the opinion that it should be considered a creature whose assiduity has rendered it worthy of belonging to the Athenian community, and to guard against the peril of Diopeithes’ enmity, I have obtained for it the privilege of being permitted to graze wherever it chooses, and all property it appropriates or injures will be made good to the owners at the public expense.”

Before Aspasia had found an opportunity to answer this letter, she received a few more lines confirming the tidings of the misfortune which had befallen the Athenian-camp before Samos, while Pericles went to meet the Phœnician fleet.

Pericles merely alluded to these things in a few words. Then he continued:

“Will you believe it possible, that an event could happen among Hellenes such as befell me, when I went among the soldiers besieging Samos from the land side, who had also suffered not a little from the attacks of the Samians. Loud lamentations greeted me, as I entered the camp. The priests were engaged in offering a sacrifice to Zeus, the deliverer. In the circle formed around the altar and the priests, I saw fifty Samian prisoners standing with fettered hands. I asked what these people were doing, and learned that the

prophet who was assigned to the army by the government, had announced that it was the will of Zeus that the fifty Samian prisoners should be solemnly offered up to him as victims. They were just ready to execute the sentence of the seer. I approached the priest and prophet, declared in the presence of the whole army it was a lie that the Hellenic gods desired a human sacrifice, and contented myself with stamping the foreheads of the fifty Samians with the mark of a hog's snout like the prows of the Samian vessels, in revenge for the insult they had shortly before offered our prisoners, by branding them with the owl.

"We shall now besiege the city again and attack it from the land side with battering rams and catapults.

"The letters I receive from Telesippe, are full of complaints of Alcibiades."

Aspasia answered Pericles as follows:

"Your two last letters, my dear Pericles, have brought me a great deal of important news—over much of which I could joyfully exult, and other things that could not fail to inspire anxiety, though but a passing fear. But why should I too deeply lament the change of external events, when this mutation only makes the changelessness of your beloved self the more clearly apparent? You have done what I desired, unintentionally described yourself. How poor are words, how much more warmly a kiss imprinted on your brow would tell you what I feel! The day swiftly passes in thinking of you, and singing Sappho's songs to the accompaniment of my lute.

"Phidias and his assistants are unwearied. Absorbed in their task; as if inspired by some demoniac power, they only half listen to what is hap-

pening in the world outside of their work. Forgive them, for they are toiling also for you and the renown of your name throughout all futurity.

"I too hear a great deal about the boy Alcibiades; for he is beginning to attract the attention of the Athenians. Many throng around him in the wrestling-ring, or wherever he appears. But he cares for no one except Socrates, possibly because the latter does not flatter him. A short time ago, while he was crossing the street with his pedagogue, carrying in his breast a quail, his favorite pet, a large crowd again pressed upon him. While compelled to notice these people the quail escaped, and as the lad became greatly excited, half Athens started in pursuit of the bird. That's the way with the Athenians. Yet if they caress Alcibiades, it is partly because he is the ward of Pericles, the great Pericles, who after the victory of Tragia is more than ever the hero of the day.

"Diopceithes is secretly hostile to you, so too is Elpinice, and your wife, Telesippe. With them are the old-fashioned fellows, with fringed woollen robes and hair tied up over their heads, the vain old conquerors of Marathon, grumbling, peevish men, and the Spartan fops—who wear long hair, practise gymnastics, starve, never wash, and rattle their gnarled staves on the stones in the street—together with many of the wiseacres who go about barefooted in ragged cloaks, but raise their eyebrows, bury their noses in their uncombed moustaches, and carry their chins in the roll of skin puffed out beneath them as if it were a bag. All these people, in your absence, mean, according to the old proverb, 'to gather unwatched wine.'

"Theodota, I hear, continues to swear that the sword-fish, Pericles, will yet struggle in her net. Secret

threads appear to be constantly woven between this woman and our enemies. Elpinice runs her feet sore to stir up all her friends against me. I am openly persecuted by her and your wife ; they see I am helpless and defenceless, and think me a certain and easy prey.

“ Euripides seems to wish to belie what your companion Sophocles said of him. He is always grave, gloomy, and sullen. Yet, in Socrates’ presence, he made me the confidante of his conjugal destiny, and gave me a description of his wife, which I need not repeat, for the poet’s spouse is the faithful counterpart of Telesippe. But now hear what resolution Euripides has formed, to release himself from this insufferable companion. He intends to send the woman away and form a better tie, in accordance with the dictates of his heart. Pericles, my beloved hero, what say you to this manly determination ?”

After some delay, Pericles wrote :

“ I know not whether I deserve the praise for generosity you lavish upon me. I am full of bitter indignation against these stubborn Samians, and when the time comes shall make them atone for their obstinacy.

“ During these days of inaction and impatience, noble, cheerful Sophocles, who also proves an admirable fellow-strategus, is a doubly desirable companion. He is always employed with the best success, especially on peaceful embassies. As mediator, he works as if he were in possession of some magic spell, which does not surprise me, for his nature is so winning that he is universally beloved. He stands loyally by my side, to work against the rebellious spirit, which in a long campaign so easily steals into the minds of soldiers. Sometimes the laws of humanity are to be supported, sometimes a vex-

atious prejudice must be dispelled. You know how much yet remains to be done in this respect, even among our Athenian populace.

"If a thunder-storm comes up and a flash of lightning strikes our camp, or the steersman of my ship loses his head during a solar eclipse, I am obliged to recall all I have learned from Anaxagoras concerning the natural origin of such phenomena, to soothe the terrified fellow.

"But I am telling you about my industry in uprooting the prejudices of others, forgetful that you sometimes blame me for being addicted to similar ones. You ask Telesippe's husband what he thinks of Euripides' bold resolve? I will tell you verbally, when I return to Athens."

For nine months the stubborn island city resisted, and many a letter passed between Samos and Athens, bringing fresh tidings to Pericles and Aspasia.

At last the Athenian commander wrote to his Milesian friend.

"Samos has been taken by storm, the obstinacy of Melissus is broken, peace concluded. The Samians will deliver up their ships, and pull down their walls.

"Yet it is impossible for me to return immediately to Athens. I must proceed under sail to Miletus, where many things are to be settled.

"The delay, however, will be brief, and we shall meet again in a few weeks.

"Joy reigns throughout the fleet, and some of the trierarchs are celebrating the victory in the company of their friends, several of whom came from Athens to Samos during the tiresome siege. These fair ones have vowed, after the conquest of Samos, to build at

their own expense, in the city of the famous temple of Hera, a temple to the god of love. They seem determined to fulfil this vow. Theodota arrived here a few days ago, at the request of Hipponicus, who is a patriot as well as a man of the world, and would not allow himself to be represented by another on the ship, whose command fell to him, but joined the naval expedition in person.

"Farewell! In Miletus, your native city, I shall always think of you."

When Aspasia had read Pericles' letter she grew thoughtful, then formed a hasty resolution.

One day later she went to the Piræus with a female slave, and entered a vessel which was just ready to sail from the harbor of Athens to the Ionian coast.

CHAPTER XII.

IN IONIAN HONEYMOON.

PERICLES had made the short passage from Samos to Miletus with two of his triremes.

Hipponicus, who was trierarch of the second ship, had requested permission to accompany his commander. With him was the beautiful Theodota.

Thus the charming dancer again threateningly approached Pericles' horizon.

The Milesians received the Athenian commander with delight, celebrated his arrival with magnificent entertainments, and honored the victor of Samos with a gold laurel wreath.

Pericles felt as if he had breathed a sultry atmosphere

ever since he stepped upon the coast of Asia Minor. He had entered the land of the statue of Diana with the thousand breasts, of gigantic temples, whose Hellenic forms blended with the colossal, monstrous architecture of the East, the land of the priestesses of Aphrodite, of luxurious, effeminate music, the land of the mother of the gods, whose festal dances on the Tmolus partook of the mysterious madness of the Orient, the land too of her foster-son Dionysus, the god of joy, who by his nature and appearance, delicate and effeminate in form, yet full of courage and ardor, with his luxuriant wealth of curls crowned by a Lydian mitra, and clad in ample bright-hued garments, proved himself a true son of Asia Minor.

If the sultry atmosphere the Athenian felt was anywhere on the Ionian coasts of Asia, it pervaded the streets of wealthy, superb Miletus, famed for its roses. Here one heard the Persians and the satrap of Sardis mentioned, as the Athenians spoke of the Megarians or Corinthians; Persians and other Orientals were seen in the streets. The costume of the men of Miletus and their charming wives was rich and gay as the plumage of Eastern birds, yet exquisitely tasteful. Pericles saw garments borrowed from the Persians, others from the Egyptians. They were of every color—purple, crocus yellow, sea-blue, the hue of the violet and hyacinth, even the vivid tint of flames. He saw the Milesians wrapped in the texture of Persia, decked with the jewels of India, dripping with the perfumes of Syria.

During their stay in Miletus, Pericles and Hipponicus enjoyed the hospitality of her richest and most distinguished citizen, Artemidorus. The latter took them to his magnificent country-estate, near the city. Not far

from this rural seat was a myrtle grove, amid whose dusky recesses, musical with the notes of birds, legend related that the goddess Aphrodite sometimes appeared in bodily form.

Oriental magnificence reigned in Artemidorus' apartments. The walls and furniture were decked with gay Persian stuffs. Gold glittered, ivory gleamed, the air was full of the perfume of sandal-wood. Throngs of beautiful female slaves moved about the house. Some, from the shores of the Caspian sea, were dazzlingly fair like marble statues, others brown as the bronze figures in Artemidorus' house, and others still, a shining black, like the ebony tables inlaid with gold in his rooms. Nothing was lacking that could satisfy the mind of an Asiatic Greek in Aspasia's native city.

"You other Greeks call Ionia a hot-bed of luxury," said Artemidorus to his guests, while doing the honors of his table, "and I understand our beautiful Milesian women are even more dangerous to Athenians, than the gallant Milesians are to the Athenian women—"

Pericles smiled.

"Don't forget," continued Artemidorus, "that Ionia is not merely the hot-bed of luxury, but also of poesy, nay even of wisdom; for we have given you other Hellenes—in addition to our beautiful women—Thales, Herodotus, and, if we do not arrogate too much, Homer."

"Who believes," replied Pericles, "that the vigorous development of the Hellenic intellect can ever flag, even amid the oppressive atmosphere of the rose-couch of pleasure?"

"Say rather, that nowhere else does it develop more luxuriously!" cried Artemidorus. "There is no

progress of men and nations without what zealots call luxury."

On the evening of the second day Artemidorus conducted his guests to the myrtle grove near his magnificent villa, which he had himself beautified till it resembled a sort of pleasure-garden. The lovely Theodota, who had been invited as the friend and companion of Hipponicus, was striving with all the power of her dark eyes to bewitch Aspasia's lover.

Accompanied by their host, Pericles, Hipponicus, and Theodota wandered through the charming wilderness of blooming myrtles. As the grove extended over a gentle slope, many places, where the ground had been stripped of trees, afforded a beautiful view of the city, the blue sea and the islands, which lay as if for a defence before the four harbors of Miletus. At such spots Artemidorus ordered Oriental carpets to be spread or a purple tent to be erected by the slaves who accompanied them, that they might rest, take refreshments, or listen to the soft music of Lydian flutes, which at Artemidorus' bidding, vied with the nightingales in delighting the ear.

Male and female slaves, in the garb of Silenus, peopled the forest, here and there pouring brimming goblets for the party out of wine-skins; as Hebes, who did the same thing, or as nymphs, who proffered flowers and fruit in horns of plenty. Three of the fairest of the latter performed, on an open spot of turf, a charming dance in which the Asiatic tympani used in the festivals of Cybele were noisily beaten, causing a sort of bewilderment and rapture to take possession of the senses.

A tiny lake in the midst of the grove was peopled by all the forms of Hellenic fable associated with the sea. Fish-tailed mermaids were seen crowned with rushes,

sirens reclined on rocks, singing soft, alluring harmonies in rivalry with the Tritons, who were blowing their shells. Even the prophetic old man of the sea, Proteus, was not wanting, and gave predictions to all who asked. Pericles approached and desired to hear some oracle from his lips.

"If necessary, I won't neglect to hold you fast," he said jestingly, "as is customary with those who question you—that you may not slip away under the disguise of fresh transformations."

The old man willingly answered Pericles and delivered the following oracle:

Seek 'mid the nests of nightingales, where blooms the fragrant rose,
The favoring gods thy happiness have bound a captive there,
Seize it as thou didst seize on *me*, hold it both firm and close,
So only 'twill be thine for aye—for fleeting 'tis as fair.

Pericles did not understand the meaning of these words. When, after the conversation he looked around for his companions, they had disappeared; so he walked on a short distance alone. The birds, that flew from twig to twig, from tree to tree, singing their sweetest songs, lured him farther into the forest. But here magpies, starlings and parrots, perched among the boughs, accosted Pericles with "Accept our compliments! Rejoice! Come, pray come," and other strange sayings. Chattering thus, they flew on beside him. Soon Pericles fancied that instead of single birds, he heard a whole choir of nightingales singing at some distance. At the same time the perfume of roses, which must have proceeded from a large enclosure of blossoming flowers, reached him apparently borne on the breeze from some distant spot. Strangely enough, the odor of Indian perfumes seemed to blend with the scent of the roses.

Half involuntarily, Pericles continued his walk in the direction from which came the fragrance of the roses and the warbling song of the nightingales. He did so unintentionally, for he no longer thought of Proteus' prediction. Here and there he saw something light gleaming through the branches in the dusk of the grove. The birds, which flying from bough to bough and singing, had hitherto seemed to bear him company, were now silent and appeared to be looking down at him with mischievous eyes. In place of their song, there was a louder rustle of wings in the tree-tops and sounds like subdued tittering, as if fluttering Loves were laughing at the pedestrian.

Pericles now saw the luxuriant enclosure of roses, whose perfume had reached him at a distance. Between the branches he distinctly beheld the glimmer of that mysterious something, which seemed made up of purple, gold and a dazzlingly-white robe. Approaching, he succeeded in obtaining a better view of the arbor.

Amid this luxurious display of roses a most charming scene appeared before his eyes.

Surrounded by a throng of lovely boys, clad in purple garments, with gold wings fastened on their shoulders, and silver quivers containing golden arrows hanging by their side, stood a woman's figure robed in dazzling white, with a gold girdle around her waist, twined with garlands of roses. Pericles could not see the fair face distinctly; for just as he approached the little gods of love were vying with each other in weaving rose-wreaths around the woman's head, breast, nay her whole figure, till she almost disappeared beneath them. Pericles thought of the legend his Milesian host had related, that in this grove the goddess Aphrodite sometimes appeared

in bodily form, and was not disinclined to take this beauty, half buried under roses, for a divinity.

After the golden-winged boys had completely entwined her slender figure with roses, they drew her gently by them to a couch of flowers, firmly fastened the ends of the garlands to the stems and branches of the bushes, and then dancing in sportive mirth around the captive, pelted her with blossoms gathered from the drooping boughs of the thick hedge.

At sight of the stranger, the little Loves ran laughing away, leaving the prisoner alone. Pericles entered the arbor, and the captive begged the new-comer to release her.

Pericles broke one of the chains, pushed aside the roses which covered the fair one's head and face, and his eyes met the radiant glance of *Aspasia*.

His first feeling was that of unutterable joy. But the next instant amazement that such a surprise should be prepared for him asserted itself. Already a question concerning the *circumstances*, which had rendered so unexpected a meeting possible hovered on his lips.

But *Aspasia*, shaking off the rose-chains, now rose, saying in the bewitching accents of her silvery voice :

“ Know, my dear Pericles, that I too, like Socrates, have my demon, which in decisive moments, whispers to me not only what I am to leave undone, but what I must do. When your last letter from Samos reached me, containing the news that peace had been concluded, of Theodota's arrival, and your intended journey to Miletus, this demon instantly commanded me to go on board a ship without delay and seek you in Samos, or if you were not there, at Miletus. Perhaps the demon wished to bestow on me the double happiness of not seeing

Miletus without you, and meeting you in my native city. I came here, applied to your host Artemidorus, heard of the surprises the beautiful Theodota wished to prepare for you in this grove of Aphrodite, and the arrangements already made with the assistance of the generous Artemidorus; but thought it advisable, after a secret agreement with the latter, to undertake the part Theodota intended to play. So you must attribute it to Artemidorus, that the gods of love delivered me, instead of Theodota, fettered into your hands."

"You have made the legend of Aphrodite's appearance in this grove true," replied Pericles; "to me you are the goddess of love, the goddess of happiness, and above all, permit me to add, the goddess of surprises."

"Can there be happiness without surprises?" cried Aspasia.

Confidential conversation detained the pair some time in this beautiful spot. Like all lovers, after a long separation, they had a thousand things to say.

But when kisses threatened to supplant words, and twilight began to close in, the Loves again sprang out of the bushes and made a feint of binding Pericles also with the fresh garlands they had woven.

"Beware of these little fellows!" said Aspasia. "It is time to go and bid each other farewell for to-day. Your way is longer than mine; for Artemidorus has given me for a residence that charming little summer-house. It is only a few paces from here, but the thick myrtles half conceal it. I shall go there. But you, my dear Pericles, can return to Artemidorus, your friend Hipponicus, and the beautiful Theodota, the bright-eyed Corinthian."

At these words the little cupids burst into a merry

laugh, weaving their chains still closer around Pericles. The latter joined them, and at last even Aspasia herself shared their mirth, while the Loves wound themselves, Aspasia and Pericles into a laughing group, which fettered by roses and drawn gently onward by the tiny sprites, vanished amid the rose and myrtle bushes, while the stillness of night spread over the deserted grove, and only the nightingales sang and the flowers exhaled their perfume.

Pericles found a sweeter happiness with Aspasia, than he would have enjoyed with the bright-eyed Corinthian.

The most blissful hour of love is not the one when an impassioned pair first pour forth their feelings, but the time of meeting after a long separation. The first embrace is like the flame of green wood—not without thick smoke and violent crackling; but when lovers meet again the fire of joy blazes high, clear and undimmed.

When Pericles and Aspasia walked hand in hand next morning through the dewy garden, they looked like two beautiful human flowers, freshly sprinkled with glittering dew. The love in their hearts could no more be exhausted, than the sweet melodies in the throats of the song-birds, or the perfume so lavishly exhaled from the opening roses.

They ascended one of the little heights, which afforded a wide view of city, sea, and shore, the meadows of the Mæander, with the palms, pink, laurel, and agnus castus on its winding banks, blue Latmus in the distance, and the lake of Biblis, with bright-hued water-birds fluttering above its rushes. But Pericles let his gaze wander over the battlements of the city, rest a

moment on the proud Athenian triremes lying in the harbor, and then rove farther away to the spot where, veiled in mist, lay Samos, the place where he had spent a year of his life in manly toil for his native land. Then his eyes returned to the beautiful city, and he praised the bright, luxurious splendor of its appearance, the gay, vivacious temperament of its inhabitants.

"Yes, Miletus is beautiful and her inhabitants are joyous," replied Aspasia. "But patriots remember the time when she was not only wealthy and luxurious, but proud and independent, when she sent out her colonies to the distant coasts of Pontus. That time has fled. Miletus is no longer independent and bows before mighty Athens."

"You utter these words almost bitterly," replied Pericles smiling, "but consider, that if Miletus were not Athenian, she would be Persian. It was not your kindred Hellenes who destroyed her power, but the Persian, when he overran these coasts. Nay, if the Athenians had not fought at Salamis and Marathon, a Persian satrap would now be ruling here in Miletus as well as in Sardis. Don't be angry with the Athenian fleet, which extends its arm protectingly over this coast."

"Then instead of bearing the Athenian ill-will, I must gratefully kiss his forehead?" said Aspasia.

She pressed a kiss on Pericles' forehead as she spoke, and the latter answered:

"Your golden-winged Cupids avenged Miletus yesterday on the commander of the powerful Athenian fleet."

"Don't repent devoting a week of your active life to the Milesian strand," said Aspasia. "Honor the place, which is not only the home of the most luxuriant roses

and softest wool, but also famed for possessing the most beautiful tales. Could there be anything dearer to loving hearts than our Milesian fable of Cupid and Psyche?"

"You are right," replied Pericles; "but," he continued with a mischievous smile; "to the best of my knowledge, it was also in this zone that the story of the 'widow of Ephesus' was—"

"Whose meaning," interrupted Aspasia, "according to the usual understanding of it, is that women are faithless, wavering, disloyal? But it is a poor story, which permits only *one* interpretation, contains only *one* truth. Let me take the Ephesian widow under my protection. She was faithless only to the *dead* husband. Love is so associated with life, that love and faith extending beyond the grave, existence bound up with a corpse, is a chimera. The bloodless shades of Hades ought not to be permitted to feed on the blood of the living."

Such was the conversation between the pair. Then Artemidorus came, addressing jesting reproaches to Aspasia for detaining his guest, and after inviting them to a collation, conveyed them in a dainty chariot drawn by white horses to the far-famed temple of Apollo, which stood at some distance from the city, and the precincts of the temple of Cypris on the flat land near the sea-shore, surrounded by reeds, over which yellow halcyon birds hovered. They drove along the beautiful coast, and on the way back entered a boat to be rowed over the deep blue waves to a richly-wooded island, which Artemidorus' slaves instantly transformed into a little paradise, spreading soft, gay carpets and offering every kind of delicious refreshment.

Artemidorus now resigned the care of his guest entirely to Aspasia, and his reverence for Pericles, as well

as the lavish generosity natural to him, induced him to give his fair countrywoman all the external assistance she could need, to spice the idyllic solitude of the myrtle grove with the ever-varying charms devised by a love exhaustless in its inventive power.

Aspasia used this assistance as freely as the power with which nature herself, even more lavish than the wealthy Artemidorus, had endowed her in her charming character, skilled in the exercise of every spell.

The loftiest and most ennobling pleasures of both mind and senses were enjoyed by these two souls, so favored by the gods. Pericles had created and executed much that was great, Aspasia had inspired many beautiful and imperishable things, by casting the kindling sparks of her intellect and beauty in every direction. But the most beautiful and lofty deed performed by both, was in *loving* and *being happy*—happy as no dull-minded clods, but only those natures akin to immortals, can be. The things they inspired, created, performed, might please *mortals*; but the Olympians themselves looked down upon their love-life with satisfaction. To realize the idea of human happiness in the joy of life and love, seemed even to themselves, during these halcyon days at Miletus, the best part of their destiny.

Indeed, Pericles and Aspasia were enjoying for the first time the happiness of their love. The latter's magic hand had created the most beautiful asylum of undisturbed solitude, a refuge even fairer and more secluded than the grove and summer-house. The flat, open roof of the house, above which rustled the tops of lofty pines and cypresses, had been transformed into a pleasure-garden. Blossoming bushes, and flowers swaying on lofty stems, surrounded the edge of this asylum, seclud-

ing it from the gaze of the outside world, and purple linen curtains could be drawn at will in the shape of a tent over the whole terrace. Thus shut out from the world, the lovers spent blissful hours in this blossoming asylum, accessible to themselves alone. Here they enjoyed the retirement of a secluded room, without its oppressive heat; they had the free air above and were fanned by the sweet, fragrant, refreshing breezes of the grove. The loneliness of the myrtles, the solitude of the house did not suffice; like tender doves they fluttered to the roof, a retired spot amid the blue air, where only winged creatures could follow—doves, peacocks, twittering and singing-birds. Here they rested amid the flowers, here Aspasia sang the songs of the poets, which gained a wondrous charm from her lips, here, singing to the accompaniment of her lute, she ensnared Pericles in the silvery net of her tones, the magic of her caressing voice, here she related charming Milesian tales, here they chatted together, sometimes as foolishly as children, sometimes as wisely as grey-bearded philosophers. Here they could draw the purple curtains around them and, steeped like gods in rosy Olympian light, breathe, transfigured in the purple dusk. Or they could allow the bright sunlight to pour in from above, and Pericles beholding Aspasia's face and limbs steeped in a white radiance, over which the reflections of the green bushes flickered with magical effect, gazed at her in amazement, as if he saw some ethereal vision.

Aspasia, according to the Milesian custom, sometimes wore purple, sometimes sea-blue, flame-color, or crocus-yellow. She liked to appear before her friend in different costumes, borrowed garb, bearing, expression, character, now from one, and now from another

goddess or heroine, and at Pericles' request executed dances, corresponding with these varying forms, whose artistic charm far surpassed what he had admired in the beautiful Theodota.

During these transformations, Pericles could not help thinking of the oracle uttered by Proteus, when he was on his way, though without knowing it, to find Aspasia. The verse had summoned and invited him to the fairest happiness :

" Seize it as thou didst seize on *me*, hold it both firm and close,
So only 'twill be thine for aye—for fleeting 'tis as fair."

" I shall have to hold you fast, like the prophetic changing Proteus, that you too may not escape from me in some one of your transformations !" said Pericles, jestingly.

" How will you manage to hold me ?" asked the Milesian.

" That I hope to hear from yourself !" replied Pericles.

" Perhaps, according to Athenian custom, in a strongly-barred *cage* ?"

" What cage do you mean ?" asked Pericles.

" The cage you men call the women's apartment in your houses," replied Aspasia.

" Telesippes may perhaps be secured in these cages, but not Aspasia," answered Pericles, after a short pause.

The Milesian's sole reply was a smile.

She was satisfied with having uttered a word, which might be left to produce its effect in Pericles' mind.

One day Artemidorus and Pericles chanced to discuss Aspasia in the latter's absence.

“Legends and histories of all ages,” said Artemidorus, “mention plenty of heroes, who for a longer or shorter period have fallen into the power of beautiful women. The fair nymph Calypso detained Ulysses years in her grotto. Dido understood how to win the pious Æneas, and spiteful Omphale even bound the strongest of the strong for a time to her distaff. None of these women, however, knew how to fetter forever the men they had won; their charm grew weak, the chains broke, the wearied hero took his rusty sword or forgotten club out of the corner, repaired his half-decayed vessel, and with a hasty farewell left the beauty for new adventures. So Aspasia’s charm would doubtless also fade, if you were obliged to remain always with her in this peaceful asylum.”

“Certainly,” said Pericles, “if Aspasia were Theodota, if she possessed nothing save her exquisite physical charms. But there is something else, which might well bind a lover forever. I am not speaking of the means employed by ordinary women, who think they attain this object by prudish reserve, or the anxiety, doubts and difficulties they cause their lovers, ere yielding them possession of their hearts. There are, however, certain favored women, who bind their lovers still more firmly in spite of the boundless devotion which wrecks the happiness of ordinary fair ones, nay even *by* this devotion. If I were to name the unspeakable charm by which they succeed in accomplishing such a thing, I could call it nothing but the Charis:* the wonderful blending of grace and kindness, insinuating without being intrusive,

* Charis, (Χάρις), the personification of Grace and Beauty, which the Roman poets translate by *Gratia*, and we after them by *Grace*.—*Smith’s Dict. of Greek and Roman Biog. and Myth.*

sunning the soul like the smile of a god. This, I believe, is the charm Aphrodite keeps in her golden girdle. A thousand little clouds rise in the sky of all lovers, this alone can banish them—all shadows disappear in the radiance of this sparkling, smiling charm. Its breath softens all harshness and asperity. Everything will be permitted, everything will be pardoned, because it inflicts no wounds without instantly healing them. Aspasia possesses this grace of soul, this girdle of Aphrodite, and by its power alone sportively baffles all Theodota's efforts; for I know women, and am aware how rare, how unique a thing is the skill Aspasia possesses."

"I understand you perfectly," replied Artemidorus, "I have often felt what you express. The test of a woman and her power is not the pleasure she bestows, but the way in which she knows how to fill the pauses in a honeymoon."

"Aspasia understands how to make some glittering spark of her intellect flash every moment, like a rocket or a shining soap-bubble, something that must be caught, and thus wings the dragging hours. She does all this without effort, constraint, or artificiality, does it because it is natural to her, and for this reason its effect is irresistible. The honeymoon of a woman, whose intellect is dull, is filled with sensual pleasure blended with mortal weariness; that which affords the sweetest and most lasting enjoyment proceeds only from the soul."

The day that Pericles was to return with his two vessels to Samos, whence he intended to pay a short visit to Chios, approached. The reception given him by the Milesians had made it easy for him to execute

the plans which had brought him to Miletus, so he had devoted only the smallest portion of his leisure to political transactions, and spent the remainder in the enjoyment of his secret happiness.

Hospitable Artemidorus gave the departing Athenian commander a banquet, at which Aspasia was also present.

At this entertainment Pericles said to his host:

"It is no marvel, that the secret charm of this region has seized upon *me* also, and I have yielded almost unconsciously for nearly a week to happy idleness. It is evident, that the Greeks of this coast dwell near the warm-blooded Phœnicians, who first worshipped the goddess of love, and the Cyprian isle that afforded this voluptuous goddess the first resting-place on her victorious progress from the Sidonian bay to Hellas. While from the south the festal enthusiasm of the Cyprian gods reaches you, from the north, on the heights of Tmolus, the bacchanalian revelry of Dionysus and his divine nurse Rhea forces itself upon you. Thus you are encircled and washed by the surges of the festal mirth of these gods of joy; like milk from distended udders, the dew of luxury falls upon you from the cornucopia of these gods and the thousand breasts of Artemis. The horrible fanatical orgies of the Tmolus are probably not known to you Milesians merely by hearsay. I should be surprised, if curiosity had not urged one or another of you to venture near that mysterious spot in neighboring Lydia, and though perhaps at a timid distance, watch the fury of the Corybantes."

Artemidorus' face darkened and a faint sigh escaped his lips, which made Pericles glance at him in surprise and almost perplexity.

"Fate once led me there," replied his host, "and I would willingly tell you what I saw and experienced, if there were not so many sorrowful associations connected with these memories."

His words increased Pericles' interest and Artemidorus, noticing it, continued :

"I see I must speak, even against my will, and give my embarrassment the vindication your features seem to demand, so listen :

"Only a few years ago I called the most charming youth in Miletus my son. He was endowed with every gift of mind and body, but also possessed a soaring imagination that knew no curb, and a soul easily kindled to enthusiasm. There has never been any lack of youths in this city, who have had their curiosity excited by tales of the frantic orgies on the Tmolus, and many a lad has escaped from his watchful parents to join the mad ranks; nay there were times when this impulse seemed to spread like a sort of contagion. I considered how I could best avert a similar delusion from my susceptible Chrysanthus. As I had feared, he too soon showed symptoms of being attacked by this disease. The time of the Lydian festival was approaching. Chrysanthus became silent and thoughtful, his cheeks paled, and he looked as if he were consumed by some secret, feverish impatience. I had determined to treat him like a prisoner, appoint guards who should watch his every step. But his condition made me fear his escape, and I soon doubted whether this unsatisfied longing might not cause him to fall into dangerous melancholy or mortal sickness, and thought it would be more healthful if I partially gratified his apparently increasing curiosity, but in a manner destitute of personal danger to him. I told him I would

go with him to the Tmolus myself, and watch the mystic customs of the Corybantes. In my company, under my immediate care, the youth would be safe from every danger.

"A journey of several days brought us to our destination. Accompanied by a slave, who carried provisions for one day, we entered the wooded, as yet deserted Tmolus, and waited for the moment when the wild horde of Corybantes from Sardis should ascend the mountain.

"The riotous spring festival had begun several days before by the felling of the largest pine on the Tmolus, twining it with wreaths woven from countless violets which grew in the valleys, and then dragging the garlanded trunk, amid wild revelry, down to the temple of Cybele, to offer it as a spring sacrifice to the all-producing mother of the gods.

"The greatest and noisiest part of the festival was yet to come. A dull roar fell upon our ears, even before we could distinguish the approaching throng of Corybantes beneath the shade of the woods. At their approach, we concealed ourselves in the dense bushes to witness their proceedings.

"The crowd drew nearer, the noise became deafening. Every one of these Corybantes, many of whom were nude, others only clad in the shaggy skin of a wild beast fastened around their loins, carried a tympan, which he beat with all his might, or a noisy cymbal, or blew on a horn; others had swords and shields in their hands, which they clashed heavily together. Above all this din of metal and musical instruments, rose the shrieks or rather roars, that only permitted us to hear fragments of the jubilant song in honor of the lost youth Attis, the favorite and messenger of Rhea, who

had now been found again. They sang of the lost and found Attis, but it was really the germinating power of nature, which had awaked from her long death-sleep, that these men not merely celebrated, but allowed to seethe within themselves till it rose to a perfect frenzy. The procession of fanatics was led by priests of Cybele, who carried in one hand flaming pine-torches, and in the other sharp, curved knives, which they swung with frenzied glances. A large phallus* was borne in advance. The pace of these men could not be called a walk, but consisted of wild leaps and bounds, to the accompaniment of the noisy instruments. The faces of all were flushed, many swollen and purple, their eyes seemed fairly starting from their sockets, and not a few were foaming at the mouth. Meantime they fiercely shook the long locks, principally woven of false hair, which hung over their temples and gave them a virago-like aspect. Whatever wild or tame animals had fallen into their hands on the way, were dragged along with them. A panther was led at the head of the procession. Some had serpents they had seized, and now handled as carelessly as if playing with garlands or ribbons.

“While the frantic train was passing, I saw that Chrysanthes’ excitement was constantly increasing. He did not speak, but his face glowed, his eyes stared fixedly at the mad throng, and he unconsciously began to imitate some of the gestures the wild revellers were making.

“Not far from the spot, where we were concealed among the bushes, was a wide level space, overgrown with herbs and surrounded by enormous pine-trees.

* Phallus, the symbol of the fertility of nature. (*Smith's Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities.*)

Here the procession stopped, not to rest, but to riot still more furiously. The phallus and the animals dragged along with the revellers were placed in the midst, and the Corybantes gathered around them.

"Obeying an encouraging word from the priests, they rushed upon the panther and the rest of the animals, tore them first with the hands, then with the teeth, lapped their warm blood, and put the rest of the bloody flesh on their thyrsus staves as if on spits. Then, amid a louder roar of drums, cymbals and crashing metals they began to dance around the phallus, praising the mighty, all-productive mother of the gods, the ever-living vigor of growth, the inexhaustible power of love and pleasure, whose statue appeared before the eyes of all.

"The wild beasts fled from the tumult to the most distant valleys; a frightened lion, running at full speed, burst through the bush close by us. Indeed the frantic outcries, the smoking blood of the victims, the blazing torches, and especially the roar of the drums, could not fail to awaken either fear or the wildest excitement in the breast of every animal and human being. I almost lost my senses myself. Suddenly Chrysanthos made an effort to escape. I gazed at him in terror, perceiving that in his whole appearance he closely resembled these fanatics. I held him firmly, but developing a giant's strength in his youthful limbs, he released himself, and rushing away, sprang over a cliff so high and steep, that it is a miracle his bones were not broken—down, down amid those maniacs he leaped, and was swallowed up in their whirling ranks; as a drop is absorbed in the flood.

"I stood rigid with horror, motionless, almost senseless.

"The frantic dance went on before my giddy eyes.

Some fell as if dead, rose again, and began once more.

"Again the shouts of the most frenzied revellers, accompanied by strange signs and gestures, rose above the din. When the tumult had reached its height, several came forward and obtained a hearing for words, only a few of which reached my ears. They pointed to the phallus, shouted with excited gestures that the lifeless image on that pole, according to the sacred ancient custom, must be supplied with the warm blood of reality, and it well beseemed the most enthusiastic in the ranks to present their own as a joyful thank-offering to the all-producing goddess.

"The sharp, crooked knives glittered ominously in the hands of the priests of Cybele.

"My senses failed, I saw only a confused throng, the most frantic of whom were wounding, mutilating themselves with the flashing blades—thought of my Chrysanthes—and fell fainting on the ground.

"When I recovered my senses, the moon had risen and was shining brightly, the throng of Corybantes had moved on, the roar of the drums sounded like distant thunder from the depths of the forest.

"I went to Sardis, the residence of the priests of Cybele, because there I could first hope to learn something of my Chrysanthes' fate, receive my lost son.

"And *I did receive* him: he was brought back to me on a litter made of pine branches woven together on the Tmolus—wounded, mangled, bleeding.

"The youth, so full of blooming health and beauty lay before my eyes like the violet-wreathed pine, felled on the Tmolus by the knives of the Corybantes as a thank-offering to the all-producing goddess."

Such was Artemidorus' tale, which greatly shadowed the gayety of the banquet.

When it was over, Pericles on finding himself alone with Aspasia, said :

" Miletus is beautiful, and Artemidorus' story will not wholly cloud the memory of the blissful days the gods have permitted me to spend here. But I feel it is time to leave this burning strand for the tossing ship, I shall not breathe freely again till I inhale my native, invigorating Attic breezes."

CHAPTER XIII.

DIOPEITHES AND HIPPARETE.

ASPASIA went in disguise on board the ship, which conveyed the Athenian commander from Miletus to his fleet off Samos. As the trireme passed out of the harbor into the glittering open sea, the Milesian gazed back at the blooming Ionian coast. Flocks of cranes and long-necked swans were flying over the meadows, and flapping their rustling wings, alighted on the shore. But Aspasia's glance rested on the vanishing battlements of her native city. Her soul was full of the proud consciousness that here, where her eyes first saw the light, she had sealed the fairest triumph of her life and drawn the magic bond of love more firmly than ever, nay indissolubly, around the most famous Hellene of her time. Pericles too looked back at the vanishing strand of Ionia with sparkling eyes: he was recalling the happy days spent there, during which his peerless friend, like a

feminine Antæus, seemed to have absorbed a two-fold power of charming from contact with her native soil.

"I could almost lament the departed Milesian honeymoon," he said; "if I were not soothed by the thought that I am bearing you away with me as its fairest spoil."

"Happiness and love will follow us everywhere," replied Aspasia; "there is only one thing we shall leave behind, never perhaps to be regained—the blissful retirement we enjoyed here, and our beautiful freedom from all narrowing bonds."

Pericles bent his head and gazed thoughtfully into vacancy.

"After returning to Athens," continued Aspasia, "you will again be the statesman on whose acts all eyes are fixed, an Athenian citizen bound by the rigid rules of custom, and Telesippe's husband—while I—I shall once more be the stranger, the homeless woman protected by no law, I shall be, as your wife and her friend express it, *the hetæra from Miletus*."

Pericles slowly raised his head and looked her sharply in the face.

"Have you ever desired anything else, Aspasia?" he asked, "have you not constantly derided marriage as slavery, and mocked at the women's apartment as a prison?"

"I don't remember, Pericles, that you ever gave me the opportunity to decide whether I preferred the position of the *hetæra*, or that of the Athenian wife."

"And if I should," replied Pericles, "if I offered you the choice, what would be your answer?"

"I should tell you, that I would chose neither, that I

will voluntarily be neither a hetæra, nor an Athenian's wife."

Pericles was perplexed.

"An Athenian's wife?" he repeated; "so you do not disdain every matrimonial tie, but merely the Athenian one; tell me, where is the ideal of the marriage-bond you approve to be found in the world?"

"I don't know," replied Aspasia; "I believe it has no existence, but I cherish it in my heart."

"And what would be necessary to realize your ideal?"

"If there is to be marriage," replied Aspasia, "it must be founded on the law of freedom and the law of love."

"And what can I do to realize this ideal with you?" replied Pericles.

"You must grant me all the rights of a wife, without depriving me of any of those you have hitherto bestowed upon the object of your love."

"You wish me to repudiate Telesippe and install you in her place as mistress of my house? I understand that, but the remainder of your demand is vague. What do you mean by the rights, of which I must not deprive you?"

"Above all, that of acknowledging no law between ourselves save that of love," replied Aspasia. "Then I shall be your equal, as the woman you love, not a slave, like the wife. You are the master of the *house*, but not mine; you must be content with the sacrifice of my heart, without fettering my mind and condemning me to dull inactivity in the solitude of the women's apartment."

"So you will offer me your heart," said Pericles,

"but the charm and influence of your mind must be common property as before? You will not give up the pleasure of remaining in contact with everything, that can excite your imagination and occupy your intellect."

"Even so!" cried Aspasia.

"If we wished to attempt such a bond, do you know whether the essay would be possible, viewed not merely from the stand-point of custom, but also from that of love."

"If it seems to you impossible, who compels us to form it?" replied Aspasia smiling, as she bestowed a tender kiss on her friend and began to speak of other things. The trip to Samos was quickly made. After Pericles had given certain orders for the guidance of the fleet, he again went on board a trireme to set sail for Chios.

"What," cried Aspasia jestingly, "have you so great a desire to see the fair one, who was once the object of your love and now, so far as I am aware, lives with the poet Ion at Chios?"

Pericles smiled as if at a jest.

This time Sophocles accompanied Pericles, and was no little surprised to meet the Milesian in her old disguise on the ship.

She was once more the charming youth, whose secret was disclosed only to a few. At Chios, the land of the finest grapes that ripened under the Greek sky, and whose inhabitants were called the richest people in all Hellas, lived Ion, a native of Chios, who had won many a laurel at Athens with his tragedies. True, he was said to have gained the favor of the citizens by means of several casks of Chian wine, which he distrib-

uted among the people at the performance of his first tragedy. He was one of the wealthiest men in Chios, as this generosity proves, and as such possessed considerable political influence in his native island.

Ion had not been on good terms with Pericles, since the two men were rivals for the charming Chrysilla's favor, and the poet still remained unfriendly, though the fair one had at last become his and followed the rich man to his own country. Pericles regretted this lingering enmity in the mind of his former rival; for it was his mission to obtain from the Chians some by no means unimportant concessions to Athens, and now could not help fearing that the influential Ion might oppose him out of personal dislike.

Sophocles undertook to effect a reconciliation between Ion and Pericles, and no one was so well suited by nature to act as mediator as the amiable, universally-popular author of "Antigone." His appeal to his fellow-artist succeeded so admirably, that the latter instantly invited Pericles to come to his house with Sophocles, and considered it an honor to entertain the two Athenian commanders.

Pericles could only remain in Chios from one morning till the next, and after having devoted the greater part of the day to political business, prepared, accompanied by Sophocles, to accept Ion's invitation.

But the pair did not go to Ion's house alone.

Aspasia had insisted upon following her friend, in the disguise of a slave, and thus remaining near him ready to render any service, after the custom of the slaves who attended their masters.

The Milesian's secret design was to make the meeting between Pericles and the beautiful Chrysilla harm-

less, by diverting their attention from each other. Pericles consented to the disguise, attributing its motive to a pardonable curiosity to see Chrysilla.

Ion occupied a country estate in the most charming location of the sea-shore, where the land rose first abruptly, then in a gentle ascent, surrounded by sunny vineyards, full of the ripening gift of Bacchus.

He led his guests out upon a terrace, situated on a rocky promontory washed by the waves, and roofed with interlacing vines, from which hung tempting clusters of Chian grapes, between which the eye was afforded a charming view of the glittering sea and blooming neighboring islands.

Conducting his guests to this lovely spot, after their eyes were satisfied with gazing at the beautiful prospect, he invited them to recline on soft cushions and entertained them with delicious viands. The finest wine was poured into silver drinking-cups.

Chrysilla was present, still as blooming as a rose, though the roundness of her limbs had developed, during her stay in Chios, into such plumpness that the Athenians' delicate taste missed perfect symmetry. She resembled a proud, full-blown rose; but the rose is only the most voluptuous and fragrant, not the fairest of flowers.

Ion, who was really a man of pleasant temper, gay and fond of amusement, received Pericles in a friendly manner and with unfeigned cordiality. He drained the beaker, in which foamed the most fiery liquor of his casks, to the health of Pericles and his famous companion, Sophocles. But when Ion was about to bestow enthusiastic praise on the two men and the success obtained before Samos, Sophocles declined to accept

any share of the eulogy, saying that all the credit belonged to his friend Pericles.

"Yet," he continued, turning to Ion and some of the aristocratic citizens of Chios, whom the latter had invited to the banquet, "you would be wrong, if in Pericles you principally admired the statesman and soldier. News of the fame of his enterprises and creations goes through all Hellas, but rumor speaks only of those qualities, which attract attention and make a noise in the world. I, on the contrary, since our companionship in the battles before Samos, can say more of his nobler, less conspicuous virtues. You know of the victories he gained there, but you do not know that when each of the fifty Samians, whom he sent as hostages to Lemnos, secretly offered him a talent for his release, he rejected these proposals, as well as the sums with which the Persian satrap sought to bribe him. Others will tell you how many hostile ships he sunk, how many enemies he has slain—but I will speak of the lives he spared from compassion, his efforts to save the blood of his own troops. I have often heard him say jestingly to the soldiers, that if it depended upon him they should live forever. He invented 'iron hands' for his ships, that those of flesh and bone might be spared. You know he is a hero in the hours of strife; but I tell you that in the hours of repose he is a philosopher, and whenever there was leisure in the camp explained to his warriors the various phenomena of wind, weather, and eclipses of the sun and moon, till many thought him a sorcerer. Of his learning and vigor in philosophy they have so high an opinion, that many now assert he defeated the Samian commander Melissus, a well-known philosopher, less by his skilful strategy than by murder-

ous syllogisms. There was no man more gentle, no man more severe, no one more feared, no one more beloved in the camp than he, no one more silent when speech was superfluous, and no one more eloquent when it was necessary. I wanted to tell you this about Pericles, that you may praise the noble, excellent man, not always the soldier and naval hero. Though he deserves commendation in the latter characters, it should not be unconditional, since, as I hear, after doing well before Samos, he behaved far less bravely at Miletus, nay almost forgot his fleet and duties as commanding-general, and lay at anchor in that bay several days longer than was necessary, which I consider an error in strategy."

Ion and the other listeners smiled at the conclusion of Sophocles' speech, but Pericles instantly replied :

"My fellow-commander and friend wishes to persuade you to number me among the philosophers, rather than the great commanders. Gladly would I, in order not to return like with like, assert on the contrary, that he should be included among the great commanders rather than the philosophers ; but the fact is too apparent for concealment, that he is in the same situation as myself: namely, he doesn't understand too much about generalship and matters pertaining to naval life. He will find it easier all his life, to impress upon his mind the names of all the nereids of the sea, than those of the various parts of a well-built Athenian trireme. But during this expedition he composed a magnificent pæan to Asclepius, which is sung on the whole fleet and, as all the steersmen and rowers declare, rendered us most excellent service during storms at sea. Even as his pæan soothed the waves and made the gods favorably disposed

towards the sea-voyage, his whole nature is like oil, that soothes all harshness, smooths all excitement. The men on his ship do what is right, even if he gives a wrong order, and think him a man beloved by the gods, though inexperienced in naval affairs. If anything escapes my lips which people consider wise, they believe I obtained it from the philosopher Anaxagoras; but when Sophocles opens his mouth, all are convinced that the gods themselves suggested in a dream what he says. 'Such, men of Chios, is the nature of my fellow-commander Sophocles. I meant to have praised him and should thank the gods, if the eulogy he poured forth on me were as well deserved, as that I bestow on him in these words.'

Thus, excited by the fiery spirit of Bacchus and concealing cordial feeling under the mask of graceful jest, the two Athenian commanders praised each other before the gay company, beneath the clusters of grapes on Ion's beautiful sea-terrace.

"It is enough to make me blush," said Ion, "to see men like Pericles and Sophocles, who are occupied in great things and toiling incessantly for the public welfare, while I myself live in seclusion, devoted wholly to the pleasures of existence and the Muses. Yet I think, in addition to praiseworthy and beautiful action, there is also a praiseworthy and beautiful leisure. I have chosen the latter."

"Surely a leisure, which produces beautiful fruit, must be called beautiful," said Sophocles. "The Athenians have not forgotten your tragedies—"

"Nor your Chian wine!" added Pericles.

"I know," replied Ion, with a good-humored smile, "you Athenians say I tried to purchase your applause

in the theatre with my wine, but say whatever you choose, except that the liquor was bad. If you don't praise my Chian, you will wound me far more than if you censure my tragedies."

"We see these tragic poets possess the gayest temperaments," said Pericles, "while in their tragedies they are fond of dealing with the most sombre and gloomy subjects, being constantly occupied with the wrath of the gods, ancient curses, hereditary guilt, horrible dispensations of fate, and similar things."

"It is precisely because we are gay," replied Sophocles, "that we boldly enter upon gloomy themes; we struggle with and would fain conquer them. We fight bravely with the old blind powers of nature and destiny, in order to release human affairs, as well as we can, from the spell of a sinister necessity. In the clear, starry nights I spent on board of my trireme before Samos, my mind was much occupied with that suffering old Theban. I followed his course as, urged by despairing remorse for involuntary guilt, he deprived himself of sight and wandered forth in exile, but gradually attaining clearness and freedom of mind, finally shook off guilt and remorse, raised his grey head with the pride of an innocent man, and from a criminal became the judge of those who committed crime, not involuntarily and ignorantly like him, but knowingly; not by the external curse of fate, but by the secret denial of noble human emotions."

"What you say, my friend," replied Ion, "contains your well-known enthusiasm for your native province, for it was there that your grey-haired sufferer went to rest."

"I willingly confess it, and consider it a favorable omen of my duty as a tragic poet, that these ancient

tragic complications should meet their solution in the province where I was born."

"Honor your native province," said Pericles; "but permit me to remind you that not merely your birthplace, but all Athens is the soil where old complications are unravelled, old guilt expiated, and ancient darkness melts away in the presence of the goddess Pallas Athena! On the gracious soil of Athens, not only the grey-haired sufferer, but the youth Orestes, lashed by the furies, found deliverance from his curse; nay you all know the gulf near the unfinished temple of the Olympic Zeus, and we willingly believe the legend, that the waters of the Deucalion flood flowed into this abyss."

During this conversation the sun had set—the wide sea glowed with crimson light, and the last golden rays illumined the interior of the vine-wreathed terrace. Ion's guests eagerly breathed the mild, refreshing evening breeze blowing over the waves. The host ordered the beakers to be filled again, and the wine in the silver goblets sparkled, as if it also mirrored the crimson radiance of the setting sun.

Pericles would allow his beaker to be filled by no other hand, than that of the slave he had brought with him. The youth performed his office of cup-bearer with a grace that did not escape the eyes of Ion, the fair Chrysilla, and the other guests, whose attention had already been attracted by the beauty of his features. The slave seemed to also consider it his duty to pour wine for Sophocles, a service the latter smilingly accepted with evident satisfaction.

"The cup-bearer you have brought has but one fault, Pericles," said he.

"What is that?" asked Pericles.

"He is in such a hurry to offer the goblet," replied the poet, "I would prefer he should linger a little, to allow us to look into his eyes, which seem to me well worthy of notice."

The youth blushed, as he saw the gaze of the whole company directed upon him by this speech. Sophocles smiled at his embarrassment, and cried in the words of an old poet:

"How beautiful, on purple cheeks, the light of Eros shines!"

"What do you say to those lines by Phrynichus? How do you like the *purple cheeks*?"

"Not at all," replied the youth, who had quickly regained his composure. "It seems to me poets praise things in their verses, which they wouldn't consider by any means beautiful in reality. I think a cheek painted with actual purple, would be hideous—"

"What?" cried Sophocles, "then you probably would not admire the rosy fingers of Eos in Homer?"

"Certainly not!" replied the young slave. "If my fingers were as red as roses, my master Pericles would think I had soiled them, and command me to wash my hands."

"Would that all critics were slaves like you!" cried Sophocles. Pericles laughingly rallied him with having at last found his judge.

Many jests were thus bandied to and fro, while glances animated with the fire of Dionysus flitted hither and thither, and meantime invisible Cupids kindled a harmless little interchange of jealousy. Pericles thought his friend Sophocles guarded the fair slave's secret too little, while the latter seemed to perform the office of cup-bearer to the poet with greater zeal than was neces-

sary. Aspasia, on the other hand, fancied she had noticed that Chrysilla's eyes met Pericles' gaze very frequently, and the latter sometimes allowed his glance to linger on the well-rounded limbs of Ion's friend. But this state of affairs soon changed. Chrysilla had really sought Pericles' eyes, from pure feminine desire to learn whether she had wholly lost her power over the man, who once paid homage to her charms. But the handsome slave, who attracted all eyes, could not long fail to gain her notice, especially as he seemed resolved to lavish his most ardent glances on Chrysilla. Thus he at last succeeded in fixing her eyes almost exclusively upon himself. In this endeavor he was assisted by Sophocles.

Ion had at first watched the interchange of words and looks between Pericles and Chrysilla with a slight feeling of discomfort, and was no better satisfied when his friend's attention was diverted to the stranger; but gave her also some occasion for anxiety, by showing the almost mysterious influence exerted upon him by the vivacious intellect and beauty of this very youth.

Fresh goblets were brought. As Sophocles received his from the handsome cup-bearer, he looked sharply at the edge, then turning to the slave, said:

"I must complain, for the first time, that you do not perform the duties of your office with sufficient care. I see a little speck on the brim of this glass, which you have neglected to wipe away."

The youth was about to pass his finger lightly over the spot where the little speck rested, to brush it off.

"Such things ought not to be touched with the finger, but must be lightly blown away with the breath." He held the goblet towards the youth, who smilingly

stooped to blow off the speck as the poet desired. But the latter held it in such a way, that the slave was obliged to bend his head as near his as possible, so that the golden-brown hair almost glittered on his breast. He breathed the intoxicating perfume rising from it, felt a light touch on his cheek, as the head was bent and raised again, and touched his lips to the very spot on the brim of the goblet, that the rosy mouth had brushed.

Pericles had noticed this incident with a watchful eye. "Friend Sophocles," said he, "I didn't know you were so excessively particular, as to make such an ado over a tiny speck."

"Rather confess," replied Sophocles, with a smile of satisfaction, "that you now see you were mistaken in pointing me out before all this company, as a very poor strategist and tactician. But calm yourself, I have obtained the satisfaction I desired, and promise to rest content with this little proof of my capabilities."

He held out his hand to Pericles, who warmly pressed it.

The shadows fell, but the clinking of the drinking-cups and the sounds of animated conversation echoed from Ion's sea-washed terrace until far into the night. The crimson glow had gradually faded from the waves, but still sparkled in the refilled, foaming beakers of Chian wine.

Strangely enough, Pericles' handsome, vivacious, ready-witted cup-bearer had at last become the centre of the whole circle. Every one wanted his goblet filled only by his hand, every one sought to catch a glance from his sparkling eye, a sportive word from his lips. When Chrysilla expressed a wish for a particularly

beautiful bunch of grapes, that hung from the espalier, the ever-agile and willing cup-bearer hastened to pluck and offer it to the lady. Chrysilla blushed, blushed in the presence of the slave—and no one marvelled. Ion did not approve, but thought it perfectly intelligible. Thus at last everything revolved around the disguised Milesian. Though she made a jesting pretense of *serving*, she *ruled*.

Finally Ion, who had used his delicious wine no more sparingly than had his guests, asked Pericles if he would not sell this slave?

"No," replied Pericles, "I intend to give him his freedom, and will do so now—this very hour. He shall have worn these clothes for the last time. Here, before your eyes, I grant him his liberty."

All present enthusiastically praised this resolution. Beakers were drained to the cup-bearer's health, and his liberation was sealed with the juice of the finest grapes.

But one in Ion's gay company, Pericles himself, had at last become grave and thoughtful.

"You pronounced my release with a solemnity, that was noticed even by those who knew it to be a jest," said Aspasia smiling, as they were on their way home from Ion's.

"It was no jest," replied Pericles; "it is my wish that you never again use a masculine disguise, never again humiliate yourself."

"I am curious to learn how you will spare the stranger, the so-called hetæra from Miletus, from humiliating herself."

"You will learn," said Pericles.

The next morning the Athenian commander returned to Samos, and without delay ordered the fleet to

prepare to set sail the following day for the homeward voyage to Athens.

This command was hailed with joy, and next morning at daybreak the victorious Athenian squadron, proudly decked with pennons, sailed out of the Samian harbor, to the accompaniment of rejoicing songs, into the open sea, steering westward to return home after an absence of eleven months.

"I think you conquered at Chios the horror which seized upon you after Artemidorus' tale the last evening in Miletus, and did not need, as you supposed, Attic breezes for the purpose," said Aspasia to Pericles at the hour of departure.

"Yet," replied Pericles in joyous excitement, "my soul is full of longing for my native shore, and some lines I heard from Sophocles' lips are continually ringing in my ears:

"Melicertes, son of Ino, and thou, Leucothea, fair
Mistress of the emerald flood, ever swift thine aid to lend,
Daughters of Nereus, Poseidon. and ye, rushing surges, bear
Me on. West wind of Thrace, mildest sea-sovereign, send
'Thy messenger to waft me o'er the wide salt waters. There
Is my loved Athens. Gods of the sea, from every peril me defend."

Favorable winds aided the first day's voyage, and the islands of the blue Archipelago were passed under a cloudless sky. This sail through the Archipelago was full of delight to the lovers. How they enjoyed gazing over the ship's side as she cleft the waves, which close at hand looked meadow-green, but farther out merged into a dazzling blue, glittering with countless silver sparks under the sunbeams. Sea-gulls hovered around the mast on their long, white-bordered pinions, and schools of dolphins followed the shining track of foam

left by the keel in its passage through the water. Gambolling saucily, they beat their bifurcated tails, rolled in the eddies of the waves, leaped above the surface and then buried their shining black bodies under the surges.

At nightfall Pericles ordered the fleet to anchor before Tenos. The monotonous song of the oarsmen died away, and with it the plashing of the sea furrowed by the keels; stars sparkled in the clear, shining ether, and in the east the moonlight cast its silver bridge across the waves.

Pericles stood musing on the vessel's deck, while all around him sank into slumber.

A soft, warm hand stole into his.

"Why do you gaze so thoughtfully into the waves?" asked Aspasia. "Are you longing to see the ambrosial daughters of Nereus, who wander with rosy feet through the crystal flood?"

The silvery tones of her voice roused the dreamer.

He answered with a kiss, and both began a tender conversation, amid which, as if lulled into a dream, they gradually beheld in the clear moonlight, the wide sea peopled with living forms. The daughters of Nereus rose from the depths, riding on sea-animals, the Tritons pressed after, sea-trumpeters, blowing hymeneal songs on shells; amidst them came the sea-nymph Galatea. She raised the purple train of her robe from the flood, and allowed it, swelled by gentle breezes, to flutter like a sail.

In the first grey dawn of morning, Pericles and Aspasia suddenly heard the music of stringed instruments from the distance. It sounded like the lyre of Orpheus, which, according to ancient legend, when the singer died, was flung into the sea by the Mænads and borne

onward through the waves of the Ægean, where its notes are sometimes heard by mariners during a calm, echoing over the tide. The sounds that reached the lovers' ears seemed to proceed from the lyre of Orpheus drifting masterless on the sea, until they noticed that the music came from Sophocles' trireme, which passed them as the fleet again began to move in the first dusk of morning. The friends greeted each other, and Sophocles accepted Pericles' invitation to pay him a visit on his ship. There they talked of Athens, of meeting their friends again, and of the great Panathenaic festival, which would take place directly after their return. Aspasia heightened the eagerness with which Pericles and Sophocles anticipated the surprises Phidias and his assistants, after working constantly during this long time, would prepare for the returning soldiers.

When day had fully dawned and the first sunbeams sparkled on the waves, sacred Delos, the "star of the sea," the island of Apollo, rose on their left, shining in the crimson dawn, and kissed by the first rays of the god to whom it was sacred. Not without secret emotion did Pericles gaze at the ancient, revered island pearl of the Archipelago. He thought of the day when, like a gift of the god, the rich golden treasure floated from this isle to Athens. Nor would the sailors allow the island beloved by the god to be passed unhonored. From the lofty decks of the whole Athenian fleet a loud pæan to Apollo, the patron divinity of the Ionian race, echoed loudly over the wide sea, sparkling in the light of morning.

But from this time the songs and shouts on the ships never died away, joyous excitement everywhere prevailed, for to-day the crews were to reach their native

strand, and the nearer they approached the desired shore, the more swiftly the triremes, urged by swelling sails and doubly vigorous oar-strokes, seemed to rush through their liquid road.

Hours elapsed, Tenos and Andros were already far behind. Veiled in light, silvery mists, the heights of Eubœa appeared northward above Ceos. At the left, in large, bold, rugged outlines, surrounded by the same silvery vapor, rose the pine-covered mountains of Ægina. A delicate rime seemed to cover everything.

Between the two islands, jutting far outward and girdled in the background by a range of noble heights, the coast of *Attica* rose from the waves.

Countless eyes sought it—it was hailed with joyful emotion. But distance at sea is deceptive. The sun was low in the west before the fleet gained the wave-washed promontory of Sunium, towering steeply upward, with the marble temple of Pallas, supported by columns, gleaming on its lovely shining height.

The Athenian fleet swept in a wide curve around this southern cape of Attica, entering the magnificent Saronic Gulf, on whose right was their native strand and the beckoning battlements of Athens, on the left the mountains of the Peloponnesus, behind which the sun was setting. Both near and distant objects glittered through a golden, rosy mist. The mountain heights and the air above them, the sea and the ships, were all suffused in the magical light of the last hour of day. Everything was gleaming in purple and gold except at the southwest, where a black cloud had gathered. Suddenly it burst like a sheaf of fire, and the mountains of Argos stood wrapped in crimson flames. Calm and grand, the heights that crowned Athens rose opposite

to them on the right—the long ridge of Hymettus, the pyramidal summit of Pentelicus, the bold rocky dome of Lycabettus.

Now, surrounded by the city, appeared the sacred height of the Acropolis, so dear to every Athenian. All eyes turned towards it. But the holy summit was changed. White marble pinnacles, strange to the long-absent soldiers, gleamed through the light veil of mist in the last rays of the setting sun.

This time the Athenian sailor did not gaze from his vessel's deck towards the glittering head and shining spear of the colossal statue of Athena, all eyes on the returning fleet were fixed on the new, glittering white pinnacles, which flashed through the dusk on the summit of the Acropolis.

A loud shout rang from ship to ship.

"The Parthenon! The Parthenon!"

At the very hour, that the eyes of the returning victors were fixed upon the height of the Acropolis, a secret and almost miraculous event was transpiring in the venerable Erechtheum, opposite to the proud pinnacles of the new Parthenon.

The greatest and most magnificent festival of the Athenians, the Panathenaic, celebrated once in every three years, was approaching. At this festival, according to ancient custom, a beautifully-woven carpet, the so-called peplos, was offered to the revered Athena Polias, the protecting goddess of Athens. This peplos was woven on the Acropolis itself, in the sanctuary of Athena Polias, which was connected with the Erechtheum. Four young girls, scarcely beyond childhood, chosen from the most aristocratic families, made this sacred peplos, living within the precincts of the temple

on the Acropolis, and following many another sacred custom connected with the ancient and somewhat mysterious worship in the Erechtheum. On a certain night, not long before the Panathenaic festival, two of these young girls were selected to carry into a rock grotto, near the Ilissus, through a secret subterranean passage, something no one was permitted to see, and which it was said not even the priests knew, bringing back to the sanctuary of Athena Polias something equally unknown and mysterious.

Among the young girls selected this year for the office of *arrephori*—the name given to the chosen virgins—was Hipponicus' little daughter Hipparete, whose budding charms and modest manners her father had praised when, at the banquet given in honor of the victory, he suggested to Pericles the idea of forming a marriage-tie between this lovely child and the charming boy Alcibiades. In fact Hipparete was the very ideal of a real Athenian maiden, a rose-bud not yet opened, who with all her childishness, showed traces of a thoughtful, dignified character.

Hipparete now lived on the Acropolis, with the playmates who had also been summoned to render the same service to the goddess. The young girls were treated as if they belonged to the temple. There was even a special place, where they were allowed to amuse themselves in playing ball. The priestess of Athena Polias exercised a certain supervision over them, but as the sanctuary of this goddess was connected with the Erechtheum, the young girls also lived under the eye of Diopeithes, beside whom the priestess of Athena Polias was a mere insignificant shadow.

He gave all the maidens frequent directions and ex-

hortations; but talked most frequently to Hipponicus' little daughter, seemed to bestow special favor upon her, and always praised her more than any of the others. He often engaged her in long conversations concerning her father, his domestic affairs, and the guests who came to his house. Hipparete answered with the frankness of a child, and when he once jestingly asked if her father had chosen her future husband, gravely replied that he wished to betroth her to Pericles' young ward, Alcibiades.

"Pericles' ward?" cried Diopeithes, the pleasant expression his features wore suddenly changing to a sullen, sneering one.

The priest's hostility towards Pericles, and all whom he regarded as companions, advisers, and followers of this man, had been constantly fostered since his conversation with the seer Lampon. Through the priestess of Athena Polias, a mere tool in his hands, he maintained a connection with Elpinice and Telesippe, and by them learned whatever happened in the circle of his enemies.

The evening, on which this mysterious rite was performed, had arrived. The two young girls chosen, Hipparete and Lysiske, were clad in costly white robes embroidered with gold, which it was their fathers' duty to bestow for this festival, and which, after having been used, remained the property of the temple.

Thus adorned, the two maidens were conducted to the innermost sanctuary of Athena Polias, and here, amid various ceremonies, received from the priestess, in the presence of the priest of Erechtheus, and others who had come as spectators of the holy rite, the two covered vessels they were to bear through the secret

passage into the rock sanctuary. With the left hand they held the vessels to their breasts, and in the right carried a lighted torch. Before they set out, the priest of Erechtheus gave them exact directions concerning what they had to do, exhorted them to banish from their minds any frivolous curiosity concerning what was concealed in the vessels, to feel no fear of anything that might meet them on the way or in the grotto, or allow themselves to be interrupted in the performance of the sacred ceremonies. He told them they were under the protection of the god Erechtheus, the wards of the goddess Herse, into whose sanctuary they were descending, and charged them to have no fear if the god himself should appear to them on the way in his serpent form, as he had once done in ancient times to the arrephori. Unless they violated the sacred mystery, or did not perform the sacred rites faultlessly, they would have no cause to fear the anger of the god. Under any other circumstances, they might expect favor and salvation.

The two girls set forth on their way. Hipparete had listened to the priest's words with eager, childish faith, and was full of joyous courage. Lysiske, who was still younger, walked beside her more timidly. They descended together into the subterranean passage, in which many steps were hewn. Lysiske glanced timidly around, Hipparete encouraged her.

At last Lysiske began to wonder what was in the two sacred vessels.

"I can imagine what we shall bring back," said Hipparete. "What can Herse, goddess of the dew, give us except dew? Or perhaps dew-sprinkled branches or flowers?"

"But what are we carrying down?" asked Lysiske again.

"I don't know," replied Hipparete. "If we are to bring up something wet, we shall probably carry down something dry or fiery, for if it is damp in the lowlands, everything on the mountain heights is withered and dry."

"No!" said little Lysiske thoughtfully, "we are certainly carrying down a big owl, like those that build their nests in the walls of the Erechtheum, and shall bring back a hideous serpent, for snakes live in the lowlands."

"Have no fear of serpents," replied Hipparete; "you know the god Erechtheus appears under that form, and will protect and bless us on our way."

The numerous steps were at last descended, the goal of the walk gained, and the two young girls passed through a rock gate-way into the sanctuary. The grotto was lighted by a lamp, whose red flame flickered before a stone statue of the goddess.

Performing the ceremonies they had been taught, the young girls placed their vessels before the goddess, and prepared to lift and bear away the closely-covered ones that stood ready for them.

While doing so, their eyes wandered to the back of the grotto, where in the dusk a huge serpent with up-turned head lay coiled.

Lysiske started, turned pale, trembled and sought to fly. Hipparete detained her, and gave her the vessel, with which, without looking back, she hastened away. Hipparete raised the other vessel and prepared to leave the grotto. Just at that moment a strong breeze blew from the end of the cave, extinguishing Hipparete's torch and the red flame of the lamp, so that the young

girl stood in total darkness. *Her* heart would also have been filled with dread, had not a friendly voice reached her, bidding her remain as fearless as before.

"For thy noble courage and pious faith," continued the voice, "the god will bestow on thee, oh! child, a gift which will secure thee the blessing of the gods and the highest happiness throughout thy life."

The flame of the lamp now rekindled of itself, and in the spot where the serpent had raised its head appeared the god, no longer under a terrible aspect, but in the form of a stately hero. He invited the young girl to approach. Hipparete fearlessly obeyed. Drawing her towards him, he pressed a kiss upon her brow, which beamed with the radiant purity seen in the half-unfolded leaves of the tree, when they have just burst from their brown buds after a warm spring rain.

"Have you never heard," he asked, "of the homage gods have paid to the daughters of earth? Have you never heard of Alcmene, Semele, Danæ?"

The speaker's lips quivered as he uttered the words, and the hand that stroked the young girl's waving hair also trembled.

"Have you never heard," he continued, "of the maiden to whom Zeus descended, and who did not fear the god?"

He put his arm around the young girl, who listened devoutly, her clear eyes mirroring only the eager expectation of a childish heart, anticipating the wondrous gifts the god had promised to bestow.

Suddenly, glancing towards the back of the grotto, she said:

"*The serpent form is still there—only it is smaller now, much smaller.*"

Hipparete uttered the words very quietly, without the slightest emotion of fear. She had been exhorted not to fear the serpents on her way, and she did not fear them. She knew they were merely the mask beneath which the god Erechtheus concealed himself. She had not dreaded the larger serpent, why should she shrink from this small one?

But the god by her side was startled. The false Erechtheus began to tremble before the wrath of the real one. He gazed fixedly into the corner, and saw a serpent writhing there. The child felt sure no harm could befall her, that she was under the protection of Erechtheus; but the god himself trembled under his divine mask, trembled before the venomous reptile.

At this moment the noise of a throng of people echoed from without, as they hurried past the grotto on their way from the Ilissus to the Piræus, shouting exultantly:

“The fleet from Samos is entering the harbor. Pericles is here! Long live Pericles, the Olympian!”

With a gloomy flash of the eyes, a wrathful quiver of the lips, the priest of Erechtheus rose, unmasked first by his fear and then by his rage, and hurriedly prepared to lead the child out of the grotto.

Hipparete, mindful of her duty, lifted the sacred vessel from the ground. The priest grasped her hand and conducted her up the dark passage, to the place where a secret corridor wound through the interior of the Erechtheum. There he left her, bidding her keep silent about all she had seen in the grotto; then the blessing of the god would not fail her.

Hipparete entered the lighted hall of the temple, and

placed her sacred vessel at the goddess' feet, then silently meditated upon the god's appearance.

And Diopeithes?

He went forth to strive to conciliate Erechtheus, by preaching reverence for the ancient gods still more ardently than before.

While these events were occurring on the silent height of the Acropolis, the returning fleet had entered the Piræus. The Athenians had rushed in crowds to see and greet the new arrivals. Evening had closed in, but the shore of the harbor glittered with torches, and the spectacle became all the more magnificent, as by the glow of these lights the hundred proud triremes of the victorious navy came sweeping over the dark waves.

The glare of light gave a strange aspect to the lofty masts, the white sails, the golden statues of Pallas, and the fantastic forms of the ship's prows, adorned with shields wrested from the foe, the ornaments of the hostile ships destroyed, and other trophies.

Shouts of joy hailed the triremes from crowded stone dykes.

The disembarkation followed. When the strategus landed, all pressed around Pericles. The loudest shouts greeted him, some persons scattered flowers in his way, and even loaded him with garlands.

To escape these greetings, Pericles accepted Hipponicus' invitation to take a seat in the carriage drawn by noble Thessalian steeds, which had been sent to meet the rich man at the Piræus.

Aspasia had been compelled to part from Pericles. A litter awaited her. She entered it, closely veiled, and was borne to the city.

Meantime the moon had risen and poured her light upon the sea, the coasts, and the city.

Pericles, silent and absorbed in thought, reached the city in Hipponicus' equipage. There, at a sudden turn in the road, glancing upward, he saw close before him the summit of the Acropolis.

He started. A slight tremor ran through his frame. Directly before his eyes appeared the vision he had seen glimmering at a distance. Gleaming white in the moonlight, strongly relieved against the night heavens, full of sublimity in the marble majesty of pediment and columns, the newly-completed work of Ictinus and Phidias stood on its airy height.

The spell, which even at the present day seizes upon the souls of those who gaze upward for the first time at the ruins of the Parthenon at Athens, thrilled the soul of Pericles at that moment.

END OF VOL. I.

ASPASIA

A ROMANCE

OF ART AND LOVE IN ANCIENT HELLAS

BY

ROBERT HAMERLING

FROM THE GERMAN BY MARY J. SAFFORD

IN TWO VOLUMES—VOL. II.

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ASPASIA.

CHAPTER I.

THE PANATHENAIC.

WHEN a great man is honored by his native land, praised by the world, and all offer him reverence, love, and homage, there is often *one* spot where his greatness shrivels, where he feels small, where cold or even disapproving eyes meet him.

This spot is his own hearth-stone, his house, the bosom of his family. Pericles too felt a strange, chilling atmosphere when, his ears still ringing with the joyful greetings of the Athenian populace, he again crossed the threshold of his home after a year's absence. He too, like the victorious Agamemnon, was received on the threshold by an angry wife.

Telesippe did not think of avenging herself on Pericles, as Clytemnestra did on Agamemnon, or destroying him by a shirt of Nessus, as Deianeira killed the faithless Heracles. Her mind was petty, so too was her anger, her hate, and her revenge.

In the presence of the Erinnyes who sat beside his hearth, what did it avail Pericles that he had conquered before Sardis, sunk the hostile commander's galley? While the Agora was ringing with his fame, he was compelled at home to endure Telesippe's contemptuous, angry words, Telesippe's disapproving look.

And Elpinice? The first time she met Pericles after his return, she accosted him as follows:

"For shame, Pericles! My brother Cimon conquered the Persians, the Barbarians, but you have shed Greek blood, and allow yourself to be applauded as the oppressor of your own kindred."

Silently, without vehement retaliation, but in the gentle manner natural to him in his intercourse with others, Pericles allowed the strife that had entered his existence with Aspasia, to press onward to a decisive goal. He had at first supposed it would be an easy matter to keep the rights of the woman he loved apart from those of his wife. Had not Telesippe also thought so? Had she not contemptuously scorned the Milesian hetæra, who might win her husband's heart, but must leave the rule over his hearth to his lawful wife? Had she not driven the intruder away from the threshold of her home, and was not the latter compelled to yield?

But matters had progressed. Pericles himself was no longer the same. The idea of a marriage-bond of a new kind had not been cast, like a glimmering spark, into his soul in vain.

The days during which the greatest of all Athenian festivals were celebrated, had returned.

The population of the rural districts flocked into the city, for the festival was what its name implied, and what its founder Theseus intended it should be—a constantly-renewed fraternization between the whole population of Attica. The guests even came from distant regions, the allied cities and islands, the colonies, nay from all Hellas.

But Athens had never before witnessed so large an assembly of native and foreign visitors within her walls.

This time, in addition to the attraction always exercised by the Panathenaic festival, there was universal curiosity to see the wonderful Parthenon, opened for the first time, and the unveiling of the marvellous statue of Pallas Athena, wrought by Phidias of ivory and gold.

The usual contests took place for several days prior to the great festal procession. In the lowlands by the Ilissus the young heroes of the Athenian gymnasia wrestled for the prize of victory. The most skilful boys contended first, then the bravest youths, and then the most experienced men. In the strife between the boys, Alcibiades, Pericles' ward and the favorite of all the Athenians, conquered, to the great joy of Pericles, but the vexation of Telesippe, who hated the lad, because he threw her own two sons, Paralus and Xanthippus, who possessed little talent, completely into the shade.

How this youthful victor glowed, as he gazed at the other contests at which, to his sorrow, he was only allowed to be present as spectator, not as candidate for the prize. Accompanied by Pericles himself, he stood on the plain lying westward of the Piræus outside the city, enviously watching the clouds of dust grow wet with the steaming breath of the flying steeds, and seeing the contestants in the Hippiic arts standing in the chariots, beside each rider a companion armed with helmet and shield, who while the coursers dashed around the race-course, sprang down, ran steadily for some distance, vying with the speed of the chariot, then with an equally firm leap, bounded back to it again.

And how the lad was attracted by the famous sword-dance of the youths! How his eyes sparkled at the mimicry of war, as keeping time to music they went through all the manœuvres of a battle, exhausting every

method of attack, defence, evasion, in a sort of dancing-step, in harmony with the rhythm of the rushing melody, during which swords were clashed against uplifted shields, so that the clear sound of the metal united to the accents of the music, and sometimes the melody of victorious pæans, awakened a sort of martial enthusiasm and excitement even among the spectators. As Alcibiades, infected by this excitement, began to imitate the movements of the dancers and seemed glowing with a desire to join their ranks, Pericles could not help thinking of Artemidorus' tale, and the scene when the Milesian suddenly beheld his son Chrysanthus snatched away from him on the Tmolus, into the mad riot of the Corybantes. In fact the noise of the sword-dance could not have failed to recall that of the Corybantes on the Tmolus, had not everything there been fierce and cruel, while here everything was presented to the eye with grave and noble moderation.

But the night too had its festival—the great torch-race, with which the Athenians honored their gods of light, Hephæstus, Prometheus, Pallas Athena. Only the handsomest and most agile youths in Athens were permitted to contend. The object was to bear the torch, still burning, to the goal; whoever had his light extinguished must retire from the ranks. Whoever ran slowly, to spare the flame, was spurred on by the eager, derisive shouts of the people.

The Athenian families chose from their midst the handsomest old men and stateliest men of middle age to adorn the procession. The youths and maidens were also selected; but blooming youth needed less severe scrutiny than middle life and old age, to afford the eye only graceful, beautiful and noble forms.

The contests closed with *musical* competition.

Pericles, fostering every form of talent with equal zeal, had introduced into the Panathenaic festival contests in the art of playing flutes and stringed musical instruments. Among the offices and dignities with which he was invested, was that of a director of the public games and festivals of Athens.

At dawn on the day of the real festival, when according to ancient custom the so-called peplos was offered to Athena, the guardian goddess of the city, in the Erechtheum, and the victors in the Panathenaic combats were to be crowned in the new Parthenon, the procession formed in the Cerameicus.

The whole vast space was thronged with portions of the procession, all moving towards the place of meeting, which afforded a scene of motley, gay, and brilliant confusion. Here stood the beautiful horned bullocks destined for the sacrifice, yonder the strong, elastic, fiery nature of the noble steeds displayed itself in a shower of sparks from the stamping hoofs. Beside the rearing horses stood youths, holding the glittering bridles with powerful hands, occupied in curbing them, or making them move in graceful caracoles. Thus the eye was perpetually delighted with living groups, models of strength and symmetry. The motley throng dispersed. The procession formed and began to move to the accompaniment of trumpets, flutes, and stringed instruments. First came the hecatomb of victims, hundreds of splendid cattle intended to be slain on the Acropolis for an offering to the goddess, and then served up to the populace for a festal banquet. They were magnificent animals, fat and thick in the neck, with hanging dew-laps, their horns beautifully curved like the two sides of a lyre;

garlanded with wreaths of flowers and gilded at the tips. Strong youths led them, controlling with steady hands the struggles of the rebellious beasts. The cattle were followed by rams, no less strong and beautiful, with splendid horns and superb fleeces.

Behind these animals, with their drivers, attendants, and the sacrificers, came bearers of other gifts of the most diverse kinds: they carried cakes on flat dishes, and liquor partly in wine-skins and partly in large, handsomely-shaped vessels.

Next followed a brilliant train of Athenian matrons and maidens, clad in rich festal robes, bearing gold and silver sacrificial vessels, which were kept year after year in a certain place, and only displayed on such occasions. Dainty baskets filled with flowers, fruits, and frankincense were carried on the heads of some of the virgins, who were adorned with golden ornaments. Chosen from the fairest daughters of Athens, at once slender and stately, charming and dignified, these basket-bearers delighted every eye by the grace of their attitudes, movements, and gestures. They were girlish buds, still chastely folded, but sparkling with the dew of youthful freshness. Concealed during the year, like the golden vessels, and secluded from the eyes of the world in the women's apartment, they were now brought forth to shine in the light of the festal day. The festival disclosed what was usually kept from every eye, displayed and unveiled everything brilliant and beautiful. To-day the god of love discharged his arrows, to-day the eyes of fair maidens and youthful suitors met.

Next to the magnificent sacrificial vessels were borne the still more superb gifts, which had never been more numerous: beautiful vessels, glittering gold and silver

shields, richly-ornamented tripods of graceful shape, and even statues from the hands of admirable masters. All these things, carried openly, sparkled with dazzling lustre in the sunbeams.

The virgins' procession closed with the pretty, delicate, childish figures of the Arrephori in the festal robes they had worn during the sacred rites on the Acropolis, among them gentle, devout, courageous Hipparete.

Now followed the bearers and attendants of the gifts and victims offered to the goddess by the Athenian colonies, or the cities and islands allied with Athens.

Then came the most important of all the gifts, the centre of the whole procession, the ample, superb peplos. It was not borne by human hands, but stretched like a sail over a magnificent ship that moved on wheels. Must not this carriage, in the form of a ship of remarkable size and beauty, have been intended to remind the spectators of the naval power of Athens; and at the same time of the sea-god, whose worship was formerly associated with that of Erechtheus and Pallas? Was not the peplos made the principal object in the Panathenaic procession, instead of the superb ship, to recall the victory of Pallas Athena, goddess of light, over the gloomy wielder of the trident? The part taken by the goddess of light, in the battle between the gods and the giants, was represented in the glittering gold embroideries, skilfully wrought on the purple or crocus-yellow ground of the fabric.

Stretched over the mast of the stately vessel, this gold-wrought picture of the battle of the gods of light against the rude primeval powers, glittered in the sunshine before the eyes of the populace.

Behind the magnificent ship with the peplos, proudly

walked the victors in the Panathenaic contests—the musicians with their stringed instruments, the conqueror in the torch-race, holding in his hand the lighted torch, with which, according to ancient custom, was lighted the fire for the great sacrifice to the goddess on the Acropolis; the victors in the chariot-races, with their magnificent equipages, drawn by four horses, each chariot containing the driver and his companion, armed with helmet and shield; then came, bearing olive-branches in their hands, the procession of handsome, dignified old men, who had conquered in the trial of masculine symmetry. These men with silver hair, who had preserved the dignified beauty and freshness of body and soul until so late in life, were looked upon as noble examples by the Athenian youths. The mounted Ephibi followed, the young men of Athens, slender figures with dark waving hair and sparkling eyes, sitting their noble steeds like well-trained riders. Next came all the men of Athens capable of bearing arms, led by the Strategi and Taxiarchs: the heavily-armed troops, and cavalry, composed of men of noble birth in glittering armor, on the handsomest and most fiery steeds—for the wealthy and aristocratic Athenians appeared on horseback in peaceful processions, as well as in the field—then an endless procession of citizens, led by various dignitaries: the archons, the members of the council, the chief priests, the people arranged by districts, men and women in festal garments with myrtle-boughs in their hands, and behind them the foreign residents, the women carrying oak-branches, in token of being under the protection of Zeus Xenios, the god of hospitality. Other wives and daughters of foreigners walked behind the Athenian women, whose protection

they enjoyed, carrying parasols in their hands to hold over their patronesses' heads, when the procession stopped in the burning sun, or small daintily-shaped chairs without backs, on which they might sit when the train halted.

The procession now moved from the outskirts of the Cerameicus, through the finest streets in the city, up to the Agora, which was strewn with oak-leaves and otherwise decorated: the duty of the slaves on this day. Here it halted for the first time, and the mounted squadron of aristocratic Athenians in glittering armor performed various manœuvres and exercises in the vast square, which formed almost the finest part of the whole spectacle.

While the procession remained in the Agora, part of the train of victims, with its attendants, branched off to go in advance, and offer the usual preliminary sacrifices, one on the hill of the Areopagus, and the other at the altar of Athena Hygieia.

After these sacrifices were completed, the procession with the hecatomb and ship bearing the peplos, again moved forward, passed through the most aristocratic streets and by the most famous sanctuaries, at which a short pause was made, doing honor to the god by a sacrifice or singing a pæan.

When it reached the place where the way led up the hill of the Acropolis, the steeds and chariots, which could not follow the procession up the wide, but steep road, or find room on the plain at the summit, were left behind. Yet there was no lack of bold riders, nor even of chariot-drivers, who with their brave steeds accompanied the procession, keeping in the middle of the broad road, for the furrowed pavement here lessened the

danger of slipping for horses' hoofs as well as chariot-wheels.

On reaching the Acropolis, the procession halted between the Erechtheum and the newly-completed temple of Pallas Athena. The peplos was taken into the Erechtheum and, amid the singing of a pæan, the great sacrifice of the hecatomb began before an altar standing in the open air on the eastern side of the Parthenon.

But no glance from the multitude sought the dusky hall of the Erechtheum, where the ancient statue of Athena Polias, standing on a flower-wreathed throne, received its customary tribute, the peplos; the holy rite of sacrifice also remained unheeded: every eye turned towards the gleaming marble splendor of the temple, whose doors were to open to-day for the first time, to the gaze of the Athenian nation.

The first impression produced by the new edifice was a radiant vision of light. Nearly the whole structure was glittering marble, shining in the purity of its virginal whiteness, from the stones of the foundation to the last daintily-carved tile in the roof. The remainder was decorated with golden ornaments or bright colors. The wondrous building, steeped in sunshine, stood on the height, extending in a long quadrangle surrounded by pillars, from the western to the eastern side. Noble, clear, and symmetrical in its proportions, it yet seemed to soar upward from its strong foundation. Even this foundation, with the marble steps leading to it, rose above the heads of the spectators. The temple itself, with its forest of marble columns, the carvings on its frieze, the spirited colossal marble groups, which peopled the broad pediment as if with a throng of wondrous figures, the gleaming ornaments in gold and colors,

whose glitter here and there outshone the snowy Pentelican marble, seemed as if it were rising towards the virgin goddess into her native realm of light, the ether sacred to her.

But, during the first few moments, nothing so strongly attracted the eyes of the Athenians as the large marble groups, which filled the broad space of the two pediments. The spectacle was overpowering; for the superb figures represented resting, standing, walking, not in bas-relief, but in statues, separated from the background, seemed about to step forth and descend to the Athenian populace, so beloved by the gods. Symmetrical in bearing and movement, they appeared full of healthful, vigorous life.

The moment immediately after Athena's birth from the brain of Zeus, was depicted on the pediment on the eastern side. In the centre of the group were the god, the goddess, and the Titan Prometheus, who cleft Zeus' head to aid the birth of the goddess of light—on both sides Nice and Iris hastened away with the joyful message, while goddesses and heroes met them, eagerly listening to the tidings; in the left corner rose Helios with his fiery steeds, in the right the goddess of night, with her coursers, was disappearing in the waves of Oceanus.

The western pediment contained a group representing the contest between Poseidon and Pallas Athena for the possession of the Attic country. In the centre were the two divinities—impetuous Poseidon, who had just struck the rock with his trident and called forth the sacred spring, opposite to him Pallas Athena and the olive-tree which grew at her command; beside her the rearing steeds for the triumphal procession; the divinities and heroes of Attica joining the goddess, Poseidon at-

tended by his sea-tritons. From these figures of colossal size, carved in marble, the eye wandered to the smaller sculptures on the frieze above the columns, where in the long succession of metopes was represented the battles of Hellenic champions with fierce Centaurs; and thence, through the columns surrounding the temple, to the carving on the inner frieze encircling the external marble of the hall within.

As his gaze rested on this, the Athenian's eye began to sparkle still more brightly; for here was the reflection of the festal procession, chiselled in marble—scenes from the Panathenaic procession and the preparations for it: groups of beautiful, modest maidens, youths on rearing steeds, pairs of horses dashing proudly along, battle-scenes of the Agones,* the presentation of the peplos, and amid all the beautiful human forms, the Olympic gods, who had emerged from their invisible, unapproachable sphere, as witnesses of the magnificent festival. So simple, so noble appeared every figure, despite its beauty, that they seemed to say from the marble to the Athenian nation for all futurity: "Maintain beautiful symmetry, and let your lives constantly develop into the noble simplicity, loveliness, and purity, that confront you here in the marble forms from Phidias' studio—

When the victims of the hecatomb had been offered, the highest dignitaries in Athens marched forward, in the presence of the expectant throng, up the steps to the doors of the temple, where they formed in two lines. In the centre stood Pericles and the archon Basileus.

* Agones (ἀγῶνες), the general term among the Greeks for the contests at their great national games.—*Smith's Dict. of Greek and Roman Antiquities*.

Then the wide, richly-ornamented metal doors of the temple opened. The interior, with its glimmering columns and the new, sublime statue of Pallas Athena by Phidias, shining amid the sacred gloom, were revealed for the first time to the Athenian populace.

The members of the procession began a song of praise to the goddess. When it had died away, Pericles came forward and from the steps of the temple addressed the throng.

"In ancient times," he said, "Pallas Athena had poured forth a wealth of temporal blessings upon the cradle of the Athenian, and as the bestower of the nourishing olive-tree, the giver of the first blessings, the founder and promoter of the prosperity of the Attic country, was honored in the venerable, but shapeless wooden statue of the Erechtheum. Then came the time when Athens girded on the sword, battled in the van of Hellas with the Barbarians, and strengthened by conquest, soared upward to the full development of her might. As a symbol of this period, the colossal statue of the goddess towered on the Acropolis far over land and sea. Now a time has commenced, when the goddess develops her inmost and deepest nature, and with it bestows the fairest portion of her blessings on the Attic country and nation. She now desires to reveal herself as the goddess of light-giving ether, in whose presence darkness melts away, the thoughtful, meditative divinity, around whose brow free thought hovers with beautiful clearness, the fosterer of all beautiful trades and arts, and every blessing emanating from the mind. As such Phidias now represents her, a Pallas Athena of peace. Above this new statue of the goddess has been reared the new temple worthy of her, no priestly house of sacri-

fice, but a Panathenaic festal dwelling, in which, released from priestly limitations, she can reveal the real light and power of her nature. This temple significantly surrounds the goddess, completing the revelation of her own nature and that of the nation she protects; for the character of the divinity and her chosen people will soon be blended into one. So, revering the ancient customs of our ancestors, the peplos will still be offered to the venerable wooden statue of the guardian of the city, but the goal and central point of the Panathenaic festival will henceforth be the Parthenon. Henceforth the victors in the Agones must receive the prize from the hand of the magistrate sitting at the feet of the goddess, and the nation will turn to the carvings on the brilliant temple, to receive into their souls the emanations from the goddess' inmost nature, and fill their minds with the lofty and important truths, which speak with marble tongues from walls, pediment and frieze. In these sculptures the Athenian will read the story of his own existence, read it in the heroic pæan carved in stone of the victory of light and intellect over darkness and savagery. Becoming conscious of its strength, the Hellene's mind will kindle with noble aspiration to be worthy of the monument he has planted here for all ages."

After these words from Pericles the populace enthusiastically repeated the pæan to the virgin goddess, and, amid the song and the music of flutes and stringed instruments, which accompanied the procession, the band of young girls at a sign from the archon Basileus, conducted by him, were the first to ascend the steps and pass through the open doors of the Parthenon. It was fitting that the new sanctuary of the virgin goddess should be first trodden by virgin feet. The maidens

were followed by the youths, and while the former stood on the right and the latter on the left of the statue, amid the melody of the pæan, the bearers of gifts, clad in festal garments, entered the temple and laid the offerings at the goddess' feet. Other gifts, especially gold and silver shields, were hung on the architraves of the pillars. The victors in the Panathenaic contests were now led across the threshold, attended by the umpires and highest dignitaries in Athens.

Louder rose the sound of flutes and stringed instruments, still more inspiring was the pæan, as the radiant statue of the goddess stood directly before the eyes of those conducted into the temple and the crowd of Athenians, who flocked after. The gaze of all was fixed upon it.

The colossal figure of the divinity gleamed with a lustre as dazzling as the temple; the undraped portions were formed of ivory, all the rest of gold. The grave, beautiful face, shaded by a heavy gold helmet, from beneath which fell luxuriant curls, gazed thoughtfully into space. The features wore a meditative expression, which seemed to melt into a mild radiance. At the left of the goddess rested the shield, *peacefully lowered, no longer victoriously uplifted*. The spear leaned idly in her hand. She seemed no longer a combatant, but a conqueror; in her out-stretched right hand she held, as one bears a dove or a falcon, a statue of winged victory, that extended to her a glittering gold wreath. Under the shelter of the shield coiled the sacred serpent, symbol of the earth-born, but divinely-guarded primitive power of the Attic country and nation. On the goddess' breast was the ægis with the radiant Gorgon head. Beneath the curve of the towering ornament of her helmet was

carved a sphinx, and on the right and left griffins, emblems of thoughtfulness, penetration, and watchfulness. Many another significant ornament strove to fully interpret the goddess' nature—on the outer side of the shield, the battle with the fierce Amazons, on the inner the struggle with the defiant giants, on the edge of the sandals the savage Centaurs; everywhere strife with dark, evil powers.

The magnificent temple was a fitting sanctuary for the superb statue. A double row of gleaming columns, twined with festal garlands, ran through the interior, dividing it into three apartments. In these side chambers a second row of pillars, above the first, formed an upper story, an open portico. The flat roof, resting on this upper row of columns, had a wide square opening in the centre, so that the light fell from above into the windowless interior and upon the statue. This brightness, streaming from above, was wonderfully suited to the dignity and divinely mysterious stillness of the temple—the glimpse of this opening and the blue sky above divested the mind of the oppressive sensation produced by the magnificent and powerful carving. The falcon and eagles, the fiery steeds of Helios, and the thunder-clouds of Zeus passed over it, and in the changeful play of light and shade, now steeped in golden radiance, now bathed in cool white moonlight, anon veiled by temporary twilight, the goddess' face seemed to gaze downward from her height with varying expression, by turns grave and gentle. In the noble grandeur of the temple, there was nothing which could have diverted the spectator's gaze from the goddess; everything led the eye to her, even the succession of beautiful glittering gifts between the columns. There was no trace of

the scattered ornaments, diverting the attention, with which other ages and nations have striven to adorn the abodes of their gods. The vast, sublimely beautiful statue stood alone in the marble hall, pervaded with its atmosphere of radiant light and mysterious stillness.

After the new temple of Athena had been offered and consecrated to the goddess by the Athenian nation, amid enthusiastic songs, accompanied by the music of flutes and stringed instruments, and the rich gifts had been laid at her feet, the distribution of prizes to the victors in the Panathenaic contests commenced. They were summoned by the umpires, and as the trophies were awarded first to the victorious boys, then the youths, and then the men, it happened that the fourteen-year-old son of Cleinias, Alcibiades, as victor among the boys, was the first one called to receive the prize in the newly-opened Panathenaic temple. The proud, joyous lad obtained a beautifully-formed amphora, adorned in brilliant colors with a representation of the youthful Heracles destroying the serpent. This exquisite vessel was filled with oil from the sacred olive-tree of Pallas Athena, in the garden of the Academy. The victors in the other Agones received similar gifts; but those who conquered in the musical contests obtained golden garlands.

When the distribution of prizes was completed, the treasure of the Athenian commonwealth was conveyed into the storehouse at the back of the Parthenon, before the eyes of the populace. This building which, enclosed by the pillars of the Parthenon, adjoined the temple on the western side, was a solid, windowless chamber, that could be lighted only by a lamp, and in whose mysterious gloom the coined and uncoined treasure of Athens, with jewels of every kind, costly vessels used for display,

and even public documents of special importance, were henceforward to be preserved under the charge of the treasurer of the Athenian people.

Among the throngs who crowded the height of the Acropolis, to gaze at the newly-revealed splendors of the Parthenon, were many who came from other countries, among them a man from Sparta.

As the latter was about to enter the new hall of the temple, an Athenian youth, who had watched him for some time, seized his shoulder, exclaiming:

"Away from this threshold! Dorians are forbidden to enter here."

Indeed, an old decree prohibited men of the Dorian race from entering the sanctuaries on the Athenian Acropolis, and the outspoken foes of Athens were sometimes reminded of this law. As a large crowd of people had gathered around the Spartan, and the youth repeated the envious remarks he had heard from the latter's lips, all took sides against the foreigner, and he was compelled to leave the place.

Thus the enmity which formerly divided the two great Hellenic races, sometimes blazed significantly, though only in lightning flashes.

But there was also an Athenian on the Acropolis, who watched the festal throng surging around the new Parthenon with looks of wrath and envy. This man was Diopeithes, priest of Erechtheus.

True, according to ancient inviolable custom, the peplos had been carried into the Erechtheum, offered to the wooden statue of Athena Polias. But the rite was hastily and coldly performed, while the Athenian populace turned towards the newly-erected temple, the priestless sanctuary of Pallas Athena. Not to the Palladium

sent down from heaven to the city of Athens, not to the goddess of *his* sanctuary, had the Athenians paid their homage, but to the frivolous showy statue of Phidias. At the feet of this new statue, not in his temple, were laid the costly offerings. The gods of the Erechtheum were angry, and their priest with them.

As on the day when Pericles and Aspasia, accompanied by Sophocles, wandered over the summit of the Acropolis and saw the foundation of the now completed structure, Diopeithes was standing engaged in conversation with one of his confidantes at the door of the Erechtheum. Even as on that day, when talking with Lampon about the corruption of the times, he now suddenly saw the man he hated, with the same Aspasia, walking on the height, accompanied by Phidias, Ictinus, Callicrates, Sophocles, Socrates and other distinguished Athenians, who with Phidias, inscribed on their banners the Homeric saying: "*Pallas Athena never suffers me to tremble.*"

As the hour of the great festal banquet had arrived, in which the flesh of the slaughtered hecatomb of cattle and the remains of the preliminary sacrifices were served up to the populace, moistened with lavish gifts of Dionysus, this chosen group now wandered over the Acropolis to gaze undisturbed at the newly-finished building.

Phidias' countenance was not grave and thoughtful as usual, a radiant expression rested on his brow.

Pericles expressed his great delight that, after watching the commencement and gradual growth of this work, he had now, on returning to Athens after a year's absence, been surprised by a completed structure whose splendor he had never anticipated; and again extolled the genius by which so much that was great and beautiful had been

finished in so short a number of years, been produced as it were, by a single brain.

Phidias replied that the miracle had not been performed by a single brain, but the thousand skilful hands that served it. Yet they had not so much served a single head, as the one spirit which animated all with the most beautiful harmony.

While the men, in their joyful excitement, drank in the charm of the newly-created temple with enraptured eyes and gave utterance in words to their emotion, Aspasia gazed at the work of Phidias, Ictinus, and their assistants with an eager, sparkling glance, nay even with flushed cheeks, but in silence.

Her muteness perplexed even Phidias, the most silent of men, who at last, turning to her with a smile peculiar to him, said :

“If my memory does not deceive me, the beautiful Milesian has long been considered by many the best judge in Athens of everything relating to matters of art. She has also, to the best of my recollection, never been backward in expressing her opinions. How happens it that she, a woman, shames us men to-day by her silence?”

All looked earnestly at Aspasia, mutely making themselves sharers in the question.

“You are right to remind me that I am a woman, Phidias,” replied Aspasia. “As such I am not always so calm as you men, and in my thoughts there is less rigid sequence and order than in yours. Woman’s temperament is mobile, and you must take heed that you have not ventured too much in granting to me, a woman, apparently the only one of my sex, the right of free thought and speech. Here stands the wondrous

new structure, vast as a mountain, beautiful as a flower, and what a wealth of finished work is at the same time spread out and revealed before my eyes ! Everything is so graceful in its dignity, so multifarious in its noble simplicity, so stirring in its repose, so mature in its youthful freshness, so profound in its naturalness, so bright in its solemnity, so human in its divinity, that the mind of every man can be in no other condition than that of the utmost satisfaction and absence of all farther desire. But a woman's nature, like a child's, prompts her, when receiving in her hand one article she wants, to stretch out the other for another, and perhaps follow a third with her eyes. If I were a man, I should be satisfied at this moment with enthusiastically praising Phidias as the first, the greatest of all the Hellenes. As a woman I have another wish to utter, nay, an accusation to make. Have you no fear of golden Aphrodite's anger, Phidias ? You seem to me to be ever seeking to embody in human form the lofty, the pure, the divine ; and if the divine did not always happen also to be beautiful, I believe you would not trouble yourself about beauty. Never do you seek it ; the loveliness that charms the senses, kindles the heart, has no echo in your soul. You disdain to represent feminine beauty for its own sake, as poets so enthusiastically do, when they sing of Aphrodite. Your mind is always steeped in holy austerity, and your soul hovers, like the eagle, only over lofty heights. Oh ! Eros, has thou no arrow for this man ? Why, oh ! Cyprian goddess, dost thou not bind him with thy golden chains, that he may consecrate his chisel to thy charms, and through him *thy* inmost nature be revealed, as that of his goddess, Pallas Athena, has been disclosed in these images ?"

"In truth," replied Phidias, "I have hitherto found protection from the arrows of Eros and the fetters of Aphrodite beneath Pallas Athena's shield, and doubtless owe it to her that my art has not become effeminate. Accuse the Lemnians, however, Aspasia, if having just completed the statue of the virgin goddess for the Parthenon, I do not now devote my art to golden Aphrodite. The Lemnians do not ask an Aphrodite, but have long urged me to make them a bronze statue of this very Pallas Athena."

"Your words fill me with greater hopes than you suppose," answered Aspasia, after a thoughtful pause. "To-day, while Pericles was addressing the populace, I heard him allude to the progress made from the insignificant, shapeless wooden statue to the mighty colossal Athena, and thence to the virgin goddess of the Parthenon. Who would not believe that the Pallas of the Lemnians will also surpass the virgin of the Parthenon? Who would doubt that the more you create, the more warmly, the more brilliantly the fiery waves of life and beauty will leap from the bronze or marble? After you have carved the warrior form, half masculine, half feminine, and the thoughtful virgin, what is left except woman?"

"Whether I shall advance or deviate from my course by listening to the suggestions of a beautiful woman, I know not," replied Phidias. "But what you ask seems to lie in my path."

"Do you, to whose eye no Hellenic woman would deny the sight of her charms, represent *woman* and her loveliness," continued Aspasia, "and announce to the Greek nation, as the last and highest message: *Only in the garb of beauty will wisdom conquer all hearts.*"

Such was Aspasia's conversation with Phidias. Pericles now began to discuss with the sculptor and Ictinus the plan of the magnificent porticos, which were to complete the coronation of the mountain on its western side, and which, according to the views of these men, ought to be no less sublime and gorgeous than the Parthenon itself. But they constantly turned back to gaze at and enjoy the finished structure, the carvings, the superb offerings. The work of one and another of Phidias' pupils was singled out—here Alcamenes was praised, yonder Agoracritus, and thus each one of the countless sculptors, who with eager zeal had united their powers.

Phidias now conducted Pericles and the rest of his companions to the work of Socrates, son of Sophroniscus, the group of Graces, which the truth-seeker had undertaken to carve for an offering to the temple on the Acropolis.

They beheld the three virgins, sculptured in marble; embracing each other. Spite of a strong resemblance, they were yet dissimilar. One was charming, the second noble, but severe, the third thoughtful.

When the spectators wondered at this diversity, the sculptor, a shade of sadness resting on his face, replied :

“ I thought you would not consider this difference strange, but perfectly natural. Why should we imagine a trio of Graces, if all three are one and the same? I sought to trace the deep meaning of this trinity, for I did not doubt that three diverse traits of character must be united in the nature of the Graces. But I could not succeed in discovering what these three different qualities were, until Alcamenes took us to the beautiful Theodota. Scales fell from my eyes, when the Corinthian successively danced Aphrodite, Hera, and Pallas. What

is Aphrodite's nature except physical beauty, what Hera's save loveliness of soul, goodness, morality, and what Pallas' except intellectual beauty or truth? So I learned, that body, soul, and mind must unite to form the perfect nature of the Graces.

"This is what I learned from Theodota, but would not disclose when you questioned me, because I longed to express the idea my mind had grasped, not in words, but sculpture, like Phidias. I have not succeeded. If I had, these words would not have been needed. I have toiled with the marble, yet must now use speech. You, Aspasia, do not require words to express your opinion; I read it in your looks."

"What do you read?" asked Aspasia.

"You tell me: 'Turn back, investigator, from statues and living forms to thoughts, ideas, and words—I will do so. From this day forth, I will lay aside the chisel, or rather offer it as a gift to the wise goddess, instead of the work of my hand. I will shatter this image of my wretched art, content if the thought that created it lives on and will be embodied in the minds, souls, and emotions of the Athenians, instead of in lifeless marble.'"

"Nay, Socrates," said Pericles, "offer your chisel to the goddess, that in future you may pursue only your real mission, which no other can so well perform. But leave this group uninjured; for although formed less by the artist's hands than the sage's intellect, this group places before the eyes the noblest goal of the Hellenic spirit—body, mind and soul united and transfigured into the fairest flower of the Graces. More impressive expression cannot be given to the efforts hitherto made by us all, or a more worthy incitement to fresh creation

and action! Here, before this piece of sculpture, is the spot to clasp hands, in renewal of the bond which has united us. Here, too, it seems to me, before the group of the Graces, is the place to thank our noble Aspasia for what she has promoted in unison with us, not so much urging with words, as directly animating us by the inspiration of her nature, which, as you all know, streams into our souls like a sunbeam, ever kindling something new and beautiful. Let *her* be the model from which you carve your new statue of Pallas, Phidias; for she not merely *tells* you, but has proved to you and to us all, that wisdom, robed in the garb of beauty, is invincible.

“Usually,” continued Pericles, “the footprints of beauty are fleeting—it comes and goes like the sunlight or the fructifying rain. The beautiful graciousness, emanating from Aspasia’s nature, will remain with us as a carefully-guarded treasure. You no longer see before you a stranger, at whom the shafts of envy may be aimed with impunity, or who may be insulted with abusive names. From this day forth she is *my wedded wife*. The marriage-tie that united me to Telesippe has been peacefully sundered. Hereafter Aspasia will rule my hearth in her place. I know the Athenians look askance at a fellow-citizen, who brings a foreigner into his house as his wedded wife. I know our law even denies the scions of such a marriage the rights of Athenian citizenship. Yet I have wedded Aspasia. The bond I have formed with her, however, is a new one, a marriage which—I know not whether husbands or wives are at fault—has never yet been realized, hovers before the minds of both. Our community has recently experienced many changes, but if public life is

regenerated, why should not individual, domestic existence yearn for a new birth? To me and to Aspasia, this day, which displays the life of Athens on a glittering pinnacle, will be at once a turning-point and high festival of our existence. Athens and all Hellas strive under new stars towards new goals: we will both do the same within the narrow circle of the inner life. Here, as well as there, the moving spirit, mind, and thought are the same. Here, as well as there, I believe, the same thing will be verified in the same way."

Before any of the friends could give utterance to the emotion Pericles' words had aroused in the minds of all, Aspasia clasped her husband's hand, replying:

"What you say is true, Pericles; I arrogate no power of words, nor of conscious wisdom. If, in connection with you, I have fostered anything, the influence emanating from me was merely that of womanhood, permitted, for the first time, to express itself freely, without reserve, untrammelled by the fetters of sex. If I am an envoy, it is of womanhood. Perhaps the world, hitherto bound by the harsh chains of masculine character, must be born again of woman's nature, to strip off every remnant of the barbarism of ancient times. As a scion of the Ionian race, I am, voluntarily or not, the champion of the Ionic nature against the stern, harsh Doric character, which would stifle the fairest flower of Hellenic life, if it obtained the victory. Woe betide the beautiful gods of Hellas, if it ever gains the upper hand.—If I am really summoned and able to toil and battle for a cause, and have, as you say, proved myself an intercessor for the beautiful and feminine with the masters of sculpture, I would fain, essaying *other* sides of life, *declare open warfare against every prejudice*, every custom

that has become meaningless, every narrow-minded or gloomy opinion, every thought unworthy the dignity of man. Striving to obtain allies, I will apply to those of my own sex. They will listen to me, for I shall be the wife of Pericles."

The group of friends listened to Aspasia's words with thoughtful, earnest sympathy. Diopeithes, the priest of Erechtheus, concealed in the shadow of a column, also heard them. His lips curled scornfully, and a burning glance of hatred rested on the Milesian.

The friends now began to enthusiastically express their joyful interest, and praise the purpose of the noble pair.

Socrates alone remained silent, as he often did from modesty, when he found himself in a circle of distinguished men.

Pericles smilingly asked :

"What does our friend of wisdom think of the bond, formed here in the presence of his Graces?"

"Only this one thing is clear to me," replied the son of Sophroniscus, "that our Athens will be the most highly praised of all the cities in the world. All else is unknown and veiled in darkness. But we will hope for the best in every direction, from the favor of Father Zeus and his glorious daughter, Pallas Athena."

CHAPTER II.

OWLS ON THE ACROPOLIS.

IF it is true, as related by legend and the famous author of the Eumenides, that on the Athenian Acropolis Prometheus brought down fire from heaven and delivered it to man, it is not surprising that at the mention of the Acropolis many see in imagination only a lofty height, steeped in a pure radiance, and crowned by the gleaming marble of the Parthenon.

But there were also *owls* on the Acropolis.

There were owls in Athens—so many of them that the saying, “carry owls to Athens,” might be used as a synonym for a superfluous action.

These birds were sacred to Pallas Athena, belonged to her, as the birds of thought-producing, meditative night. Though night itself is dark, ideas germinate and mature in the wakeful brains of men better than in glaring day. Not infrequently night yearns to be something in itself, something better than the light to be born of it, and then assumes a hostile attitude towards the day.

So it happens the birds of night, the owls, have become enemies of the light.

There were many of them on the Acropolis, and they preferred to build their nests in the space between the cornice and the roof of the ancient Erechtheum, together with lizards, mice and serpents.

They were the favorite birds of Diopeithes, priest of Erechtheus, who was engaged in eager conversation with

a man, and at the same time in a somewhat singular performance.

This occupation consisted in walking up and down the steps of the Parthenon in a very excited manner. Before the entrance of the temple, to render the ascent easier, smaller steps had been hewn in the wide lofty ones. Up these smaller steps went Diopeithes, counting them as he walked, and mentioning the number aloud.

After he had pointed out the number of steps to the man, by going over them and counting them aloud, he said :

"You know the rule in regard to the number of steps before a temple, established among the Hellenes by the devout and well-considered custom of many years. According to ancient usage, the number is *uneven*, to secure the favorable omen of stepping on the first and last one with the *right* foot."

"That is undoubtedly true," replied the person Diopeithes addressed.

"Very well," continued the latter, "you see the men, who built this Parthenon, supposed they would never need the favorable omen. The number of these smaller steps is *even*. They may have sinned against the sacred custom from intentional defiance, or been cursed with forgetfulness by the gods; but what they have erected betrays itself at the first glance as an impious work, displeasing to the Olympians. And I say—in its whole design it is an insult, a humiliation, a scoff at the gods. Why, just see! Since the close of the Panathenaic festival, since the victors in the contests received their prizes, since the people gaped till they were weary at the gold and ivory lavished on Phidias' statue, the festal

temple, as they call it, is shut, the statue of the goddess covered, that it may not gather dust till the next festival, and instead of priests, treasurers daily go in and out, carrying on their business of counting the money received and paid. Thus, oh shame and sacrilege, instead of pious words the base jingle of gold and silver pieces rings all day long in the goddess' ears!"

At this remark, the man with whom Diopeithes was conversing, and whose appearance showed him to be a foreigner, began to inquire eagerly about the extent, value, and amount of the coined and uncoined treasure stored in this building under the protection of Pallas Athena. The priest did not withhold the information he could give.

"You Athenians have gathered a goodly amount of savings, or rather let us say, a goodly amount of booty," observed the stranger. "But it seems to me the store will soon be exhausted, even in times of peace."

"It won't last long," replied Diopeithes.

"But I see," continued the stranger, "that, though the costly temple is just completed, a new work is commenced with the same haste and zeal, a magnificent entrance to the Acropolis, sumptuous porticos no less superb than the Parthenon itself."

"And no less meaningless, no less superfluous!" exclaimed Diopeithes. "That is just the sin of the insolent men, who now guide the destiny of Athens. They let the sanctuary of Erechtheus, which even the Persians only ventured to partially destroy, fall to ruins, and erect instead magnificent halls, filled with the frivolous work of the troop of men, who have flocked to Phidias from every part of Hellas."

"Is Pericles omnipotent?" cried the stranger. "How

happens it that of all the famous Athenian generals and statesmen, not one, so far as I am aware, escaped the fate of banishment, while Pericles has maintained his supremacy unassailed for a long series of years?"

"He is the first statesman," said Diopeithes, "to whom the Athenians allow time to ruin them."

"May the gods forbid! I am a harmless man from Eubœa, and wish the Athenians all prosperity."

"Why dissemble?" asked Diopeithes, looking the stranger quietly in the face. "You are the Spartan, whom they turned away from the threshold of the Parthenon at the festival. I witnessed the incident and instantly recognized you, when wandering over the height of the Acropolis, you addressed a few questions to me. Ay, you are a Lacedæmonian, and when you say you wish Athens every good, you utter a falsehood. But fear nothing from me! There are Athenians whom I hate far more than the whole Spartan race. You are doubtless aware, that here in Athens the enemies of innovation, the friends of the good old times, are called friends of Sparta. Nor is it unjust."

Almost involuntarily the Spartan extended his hand to the priest of Erechtheus.

"Do not suppose," continued the latter, "that the number of those, who secretly bear ill-will to Pericles in his new Athens is small. Come with me! I will show you a spot around which, no less than about the Erechtheum, implacable spirits of vengeance hover."

With these words Diopeithes led the Spartan to the edge of the western slope of the Acropolis, and pointed to a rugged, gloomy, jagged rock, which, separated from it only by a ravine, towered opposite.

"Do you see that steep cliff, whose masses of rock

seem to have been heaped together by the hands of Titans?" asked Diopeithes. "Do you see the steps hewn in the stone leading to a square chamber, which has rows of seats like the steps. From this place another flight of stairs, also cut in the rock, leads down into a deep, dark ravine, from whence gushes a black stream. In that ravine stands the sanctuary of the gloomy goddesses of vengeance, the serpent-haired Erinnyes, and the square chamber on the hill-top is the place of the meeting of the ancient, venerable tribunal, established by the gods themselves, which we call the Areopagus. The sanctuary of the Erinnyes is entrusted to the gray-haired members of this council; in their hands are placed ancient statues and relics, on which rests a mysterious obscurity, and with which is connected the welfare of the nation. They alone know what the dying sufferer Œdipus whispered into King Theseus' ear, when on the mountain of Colonus he found in the grove of the Eumenides the goal of his long pilgrimage. The disputants, whose cause these judges decide, are placed between bleeding fragments of victims, and the magistrates take an oath, calling the most horrible curses upon themselves and their families if they determine otherwise than according to the strictest justice. After hearing the case, they silently drop their lots into two urns, the urn of mercy and the urn of death. Their duty was at first to judge intentional murder, but in former times they were also called upon to punish immorality, innovations in the government and the service of the gods, and even permitted to penetrate the inmost secrets of families, to bring hidden guilt to light. They sentenced parricides, incendiaries, those who needlessly killed a harmless beast, boys who pitilessly blinded a young bird. Permission

was given them to protest against the decrees of the whole nation. Is there any cause to wonder, that this shield of ancient times, this stronghold of pious custom established on the Hill of Ares, has long been a thorn in the side of the ruler of the new Athens? Pericles was the first who ventured to defy this sacred power, limited its privileges, diminished its authority, rejected its influence in public affairs. But as the fiery arrows of the Persians flew from this very Hill of Ares against the citadel and ancient temple of the Acropolis, so now the angry glances of the Areopagites, pregnant with maledictions, rest upon Pericles' new sanctuary."

"But the great mass of the Athenians love Pericles," said the Spartan—"they believe him a sincere friend of popular government."

"I don't think Pericles foolish enough to be an honest friend of popular government," replied Diopeithes. "A man intellectually prominent is never a sincere friend to popular rule. How could it afford him pleasure, to voluntarily share with the unreasoning mob the power he has once wrested from it, allow himself to be disturbed and impeded by narrow minds in his best plans, his noblest enterprises? Pericles, like all these demagogues, flatters the people in order to use them to carry out his ambitious plans. Perhaps enough of the golden treasure in the storehouse of the Parthenon will be left to make a crown, which he will put on at a Panathenaic festival before the eyes of the assembled people, at the feet of Phidias' goddess. Prepare, Lacedæmonians, to do homage to the king of the Hellenes and his queen, Aspasia, by offering a clod of Spartan soil and a jug of water from the Eurotas."

The priest glanced around him as he uttered the

last words. "Let us go," he said to the Spartan. "I see people approaching, to mark out the place for the new porticos. I should be accused of a conspiracy with Lacedæmon, if we were seen talking together."

So saying, the priest of Erechtheus disappeared with the Spartan behind the columns of the Erechtheum, where they conversed confidentially for a long time.

A few days after the Panathenaic festival, Telesippe, separated by mutual consent from Pericles, left her former husband's house, and Aspasia was installed in her place as his wedded wife.

Telesippe did not quit the house humiliated; but with head proudly erect went forward to meet a destiny for which she believed herself born, but whose fulfilment she had not ventured to hope.

The beginning and end of her lamentations had always been: "I might have become the wife of the archon Basileus!"

When Pericles had resolved to part from Telesippe, he could not help thinking how he could best lessen the painfulness of the impression this determination would produce upon his former wife, and remembered how often she had spoken of the archon Basileus. The present magistrate was a friend of Pericles, somewhat advanced in years, but still unwedded. Pericles went to him and asked if he were not inclined to marry. The dignitary, a quiet, unassuming man, said he was not averse to forming a marriage-tie, if a suitable bride could be found.

"I know a woman," said Pericles, "who is exactly suited to a man like you. She is my own wife. For me she has too little of the cheerfulness a much-tried

statesman needs to refresh him after his daily cares, and too much of that austerity and dignity of character, which would doubtless attract a grave man of priestly dominion, like yourself. I am on the point of separating from Telesippe, but should esteem myself very fortunate, if I knew that she will go from my house to that of a better husband, and there find what she missed in my home."

The archon Basileus took these words as seriously as they were intended. His objection that an archon usually wedded no one but a virgin, Pericles removed by promising to exert all his influence with the Athenians to have this violation of an ancient custom pass unpunished. The Archon then announced himself ready to conduct Telesippe, as his lawful wife, directly from her present husband's house to his own.

Pericles informed his wife at the same time of his own resolution to separate from her, and the archon Basileus' intention to make her his wife.

Telesippe heard the decision coldly and silently, and retired to the women's apartment. But when she saw her two sons, whom she was now compelled to leave, she clasped them in her arms and wept. She thought of the children she had borne Hipponicus, of his casting her off and her being compelled to abandon them forever; of the children she had given Pericles, whom she was now forced to leave and go forth to wed a new husband. She seemed to be unlawfully pushed from house to house—

But to be the wife of the archon Basileus! To reach the goal of her ambition! To secure the once lost happiness of her life! True, this would only afford satisfaction to the rejected *wife*, not the *mother*. Through

the woman's foolish pride she still felt the anxious throbbing of the unreconciled mother's heart.

When the moment came in which Telesippe left her husband's home, and pressed the last kiss upon the foreheads of her sons, whom she was now compelled to leave forever, Pericles suddenly felt overpowered by a strange emotion—it seemed to him that no sacred tie which had once united two human hearts could be sundered, without shedding some of the heart's blood.

Telesippe had borne him children, children whose faces had the impress of his features, his character. How could a man fail to hold forever sacred the woman, who had given him children who bore his features? On the brows of Telesippe's children shone the stamp of their mother's unsullied honor. This heritage she left to her husband and her sons. Pericles first became clearly conscious of it when she quitted his house.

He had parted from her with a cold, quiet clasp of the hand; now he again seized the hand of the woman, who had given him children, and a tear fell upon it. Long after Telesippe had gone, Pericles stood with his head bowed in thought, pondering over one of those questions no human wisdom has ever solved.

Strangely and intricately entangled are human rights and duties.

The die was cast for Pericles and his married life.

The turning-point in his domestic existence had a twofold face, like almost every earthly event. Telesippe's stern departure was followed by Aspasia's joyous entrance. Her coming gently dispelled the shadow from Pericles' thoughtful brow, and diffused light and splendor to the remotest corner of the house. Aspasia came attended by all the smiling spirits of youth. A

fresh, fragrant breeze swept away the oppressive atmosphere of the house.

The venerable household gods had gone with Tele-sippe. Aspasia brought new ones. She placed in the peristyle joyous Dionysus, smiling Aphrodite, and the bright guardian deity of the gay Ionic race, Apollo, director of the Muses. The Graces too did not lack an altar in this house, where a fitting sacrifice had been so long denied them.

The spirit of innovation, that everywhere followed Aspasia's steps, accompanied her into Pericles' dwelling. Within a short time this house was transformed into a gay and luxurious abode. Artists were summoned to adorn the walls of the rooms with charming pictures. Henceforward, not merely the things which ornament and beautify life, but even those that minister to the daily wants of existence, were supplied by artists' hands.

Hitherto Pericles' style of housekeeping had been very simple; now this simplicity displeased him. Nothing is more delightful to a lover, than to make the home of the woman he loves as charming as possible. No husband decorates his house for himself; but for a beloved wife even the miser will become a spendthrift. Pericles joyfully aided Aspasia to transform the abode of his new happiness into a temple of beauty.

The finely-developed sense of what is pleasing to the eye, suitable and harmonious, peculiar to woman, and which she exercises in the choice of her dress and ornaments, Aspasia possessed to so remarkable a degree that Pericles felt as if under the spell of an enchantress, and entreated her not to transform him, like everything else around her. Yet he was already transformed.

Without having become a weakling, he now developed a sense that had hitherto slumbered in the ever restless, active man. The woman he loved, or rather love itself, taught him to recognize and value the contemplative poesy hitherto unheeded. What had pearls and jewels formerly been to him? Now he could long watch a gem glittering in a gold bracelet on Aspasia's lily-white arm, becoming absorbed in the sparkling colored light, as if it were some wondrous revelation.

What had fragrant perfumes, all the sweet odors in the world, formerly been to him? Now his appreciation of the most delicate scent that he could detect near the woman he loved was aroused, and each variety corresponded in his mind with a different, keen delight. What had colors been to him? At best a fleeting charm, of which he was scarcely aware. And now? What life, what magic to his eye dwelt in vivid red, fiery yellow, enchanting blue, lovely green, when they floated around Aspasia, or her rosy limbs were relieved against them, in their dazzling whiteness.

No matter how long and happily the bond of love and limitless devotion may have united two hearts, the tie Hymen weaves around them affords a new happiness, hitherto unknown. Marriage, like love, has its special honey-moon. To daily lose each other and daily meet again, may give spice to the honey-moon of love, but the consciousness of being always in the presence of one's fairest happiness is enviable.

Whoever inveighs against marriage, does not know love.

Each day now had its special pleasure, its special brightness, its special bloom. Aspasia was always everything to Pericles, yet ever changing—in the morning

his rosy-fingered Eos; in the evening his Selene, dropping sweet slumber on his eyelids; during the day his Hebe, who filled the beaker of life. She was the Hera of the "Olympian," but never needed to borrow golden Aphrodite's girdle. Nay more, she often seemed to command the reverence due a mother, and at other times he loved her with a feeling akin to that bestowed upon a child.

If lifeless ornaments, gems, pearls, perfumes, brilliant colors, gain a new charm through love, what exalted life, what a new, fresh spell must poesy and music obtain for loving hearts. What a wealth and variety of charm and pleasure Aspasia, so skilled in witchery, must have drawn from *these* sources!

If she sang to the accompaniment of a lute, or read aloud from some roll of MS., as she had done to Philammon when a child, Pericles knew not which most delighted him—when, with glowing cheeks, she became wholly absorbed in her art or the poet she was reading, or when, with saucy petulance, she constantly interrupted her music or reading with childish prattle, superfluous love questions, or pretty blandishments.

The Athenians, as a rule, had no real home. Pericles now possessed one.

Nay, did not even the fact that his sons, Xanthippus and Paralus, were not Aspasia's children, tend to increase his conjugal happiness? He need not share Aspasia's love with them.

If anything was wanting in the happiness of the wedded pair, it was perhaps the full, complete *consciousness of it*. It is not the fortunate, who perfectly realize their bliss, but those deprived of it. The gods benevolently mingle a drop of wormwood in every cup of

pleasure; for only shadowed or imperilled happiness is really conscious of its joy.

The love-marriage of Pericles and Aspasia afforded the Athenians an inexhaustible topic of conversation. The fact that Pericles kissed his wife, whenever he left the house or returned home was discussed on the Agora, in all the booths, all the gymnasia, all the shops of the artizans and barbers throughout Athens. A man in love with his own wife! People talked of the white Sicyonian steeds and superb equipage, which sometimes bore Pericles' new wife through the streets, of the transformation his unpretending house had undergone. They discussed the magnificent new paintings which adorned its walls, especially that depicting the plundering of Olympus by Cupids. Decked with the spoils of the robbery, Cupids flitted joyously about; some with Apollo's bow, others with the helm and shield of Ares, the gnarled club of Heracles, the Bacchic thyrsus, the torch of Artemis, the winged shoes of Hermes.

It was even said, that Aspasia prepared the speeches Pericles delivered before the people. Pericles, the Olympian, the famous orator, smilingly allowed it, and confessed that he owed to her the happiest inspirations. Aspasia possessed the charm of ready, fluent speech, sometimes found in women, united to a silvery, musical voice, and thus produced upon men the impression that she was a fine rhetorician, from whom they might learn with advantage.

But it was also rumored among the people, that Aspasia wished to induce Pericles to strive for royal power. It was said she was unwilling to remain behind her countrywoman Thargelia, who succeeded in becoming the consort of a king.

The venerable Elpinice continued to be the leader of the news-mongers in Athens. She might have been called the living, perambulating chronicle of the events occurring in Pericles' house. From her came the tidings of the kiss the statesman gave his wife at parting and meeting. She knew Aspasia's feelings towards Pericles' children and Alcibiades.

She was able to relate, that Aspasia did not like Paralus and Xanthippus, troubled herself very little about them, and left them to the care of the pedagogue, but lavished a mother's affection on Alcibiades, and reared him so delicately, that in her hands Cleinias' son would become a weakling, or something worse.

Was it any marvel if Aspasia was more partial to Pericles' handsome, talented ward, than to the sons, who it is true had their father's features, but in character were the image of their mother, Telesippe?

Besides Alcibiades, Paralus, and Xanthippus, another boy was growing up in Pericles' house, who would not probably be numbered among his relatives, yet could not be included with the slaves. This lad, whom Pericles had brought to Athens from the Samian war, occupied a peculiar position. Nothing more was known of his origin than that he was the son of a Thracian, Scythian, or some other northern king, that he had been stolen from his parents by enemies when a child, and then sold for a slave. Pericles found him at Samos; his interest was awakened by the boy's peculiar character and destiny, he purchased him and took him to Athens, where he had him educated with his own children. His name was Manes. His features were far removed from the delicacy and nobility of Hellenic forms; he even bore some slight resemblance to his kin-

dred nation, the Scythian mercenaries on the Agora. But he was distinguished by his beautiful, lustrous light-brown hair, bright eyes, and roseate fairness of complexion. He was silent and thoughtful, betraying a peculiar sensitiveness in many things.

Alcibiades tried to tempt his new playfellow, infect him with his own careless gayety. He did not succeed. Manes liked to be alone, showed no brilliant mental gifts, but eagerly entered into all the branches of learning taught to him in common with the sons of Pericles. Pericles himself became warmly attached to him, Aspasia thought him droll, and Alcibiades made him the butt of his jeers and saucy jests.

It was no detriment to Pericles' domestic happiness, that his house now stood more open to his friends, and that Aspasia, intentionally abandoning the custom of the Athenian women, took part in her husband's presence, in the conversation of the men.

Nay, it merely adds new zest, twofold bliss to the happiness of those who love each other, when after, as it were, wasting hours in a larger company, they again find themselves alone.

Among Pericles' older friends, Anaxagoras now retired more into the background. He was supplanted by the brilliant Protagoras, whom Aspasia favored, and whose fresh, unprejudiced, boldly progressive views of life, made him seem a fitting ally for the Milesian. The author of "Antigone" appeared very rarely in Pericles' house, either because, with the delicate tact peculiar to him, he did not wish to fan the jealousy he well knew his friend already felt, or because he found it necessary to repress some increasing but untimely emotion, or because some other charming woman had gained the mas-

tery over him and withdrew him from older friends. It is not impossible, that all these various motives influenced him.

If the cheerful Sophocles made himself a rare visitor, gloomy Euripides, his rival in the domain of tragic poetry, sought Aspasia's society all the more frequently. With him came Socrates, still unchanged in his faithful devotion. Business connected with his profession sometimes brought Phidias, and Aspasia enjoyed the triumph of seeing that he did not avoid her society. In his company she developed a kind of charm well suited to his peculiar temperament, yet in her conversations with him always reverted to his Lemnian goddess. She grew excited, even angry. In her opinion, Phidias now stood where two roads crossed, and she hoped to influence his decision in regard to the direction he should choose. She made every effort to break the obstinacy of his view of art.

She repeated the reproach that, as a sculptor, he did not allow feminine charms to exert their full influence over him.

Phidias really did disdain the so-called models. He carried within himself the perfect original types of all beautiful forms. Thus his artist-eye was constantly turned inward, and the older he grew, the more he relied upon his mental vision. He was too proud to simply copy reality in bronze or marble. Yet this was exactly what Aspasia desired of him.

Once, when she had again carried on an animated conversation of this kind with Phidias, and the latter had taken leave, Pericles said smiling:

"You seem to be very angry with Phidias, because he will no longer attend the school of charming reality."

"Of course," replied Aspasia. "The only ideals formed in his soul are those, so to speak, of grave, unconscious beauty. It is time he ceased to disdain to draw from reality fully developed, conscious loveliness."

"To what woman would you direct him, that he might draw from the purest source this perfect loveliness, rejoicing in its own charms?" asked Pericles. "As Phidias cannot conjure up from Hades the Homeric Helen, and you are yourself, according to unanimous opinion, the fairest of all living Hellenic women, I should like to know how you intend to answer him, if he asks you to what woman you will direct him?"

"I would direct him to a woman, who belongs only to herself," replied Aspasia.

"But suppose he should insist upon applying to a woman, who doesn't belong to herself?"

"Then he would be obliged to apply to the person to whom she belonged," answered Aspasia—"to her master, if she is a slave, or her husband if she is the wife of an Athenian."

"And do you think," said Pericles, "that an Athenian could ever consent to allow the woman, who belongs to him, to be exposed to another's eyes?"

"Why ask me a question you are better able to answer?" replied Aspasia.

"Well then," returned Pericles, "I will answer it. The Athenian will never suffer the woman, who belongs to him, to reveal her charms to another. Feminine modesty should be no empty name; and if the virgin is chaste by nature, the wife must be doubly so from love, because by renouncing modesty she does not disgrace herself alone."

"Your opinion is an ancient one and doubtless cor-

rect," said Aspasia, "but the reason you assign for it does not seem to me to stand the test in every respect. You men often commit your wives to the hands of physicians, though only in your own presence. So it seems, that modesty is not the highest of all considerations, or every revelation is not shameless."

Aspasia and Pericles had advanced to this point in their conversation, when they were interrupted by two men, whose simultaneous entrance greatly surprised them.

These men were Protagoras and Socrates.

After the first greetings were exchanged, Aspasia said, smiling :

"Why, how does it happen that two distinguished men whom, ever since Hipponicus' banquet, I have feared might be at enmity with each other, enter the house to-day in such peaceful companionship?"

"I'll tell you how it happened, if you wish to know," replied Socrates. "Protagoras and I, coming from opposite directions, ran against each other before the door. I had been standing some time on the threshold, delaying my entrance because, just at the moment I was coming in, a thought seized upon me, which I could not escape. While I stood there with my eyes fixed on the ground, Protagoras came up from the other side. He didn't see me any more than I saw him, for while my eyes were bent on the ground, he held his head erect, gazing at the clouds and the heavens. So our bodies struck against each other; I recognized Protagoras and he me, and as each of us noticed that the other intended to enter here, both wished to turn back and let the other go in alone. But when each declared himself ready to leave the field to the other, neither would accept the sac-

rifice, and so we finally hit upon the idea of coming in hap-hazard together."

Pericles and Aspasia smiled, saying that they saw a good omen in this meeting, the more so as they had just been engaged in a sort of philosophical discussion. The question, that occupied their attention, was one whose solution might be aided by the opinions of two men, who, different as their modes of thought might be, were both undeniably wise.

As Protagoras and Socrates inquired about the subject, Pericles had no hesitation in explaining the matter.

"We were beginning to argue the question whether a man could be found, who was willing to disclose the beauty of the woman he loves to a sculptor's gaze for the purpose of having it copied. I denied it; but Aspasia proved to me that we men give our wives into the hands of physicians, though only in our own presence, and therefore are sometimes disposed to place other considerations higher than a regard for modesty. The accident that brought you here is a sign from the gods, to request you, as philosophers, to decide the matter."

"Undoubtedly," said Protagoras, "there are considerations higher than those of modesty, and motives which can excuse its apparent violation. One of these motives Aspasia herself has already cited. I will add—what would become of the art of sculpture, if the most beautiful forms prudishly denied themselves to the artist's eye? Beauty's obligations are not solely to itself. What nature has so lavishly bestowed she should turn to the advantage of art. Beauty, in a certain sense, belongs to the world, and the world will not allow itself to be deprived of its right. Besides, beauty in its very nature is something fleeting, something which

only exists for its contemporaries, and cannot be perpetuated and transmitted to posterity, unless the poet glorifies it in song, as Homer did the wife of Menelaus, or a sculptor delivers the living charm of loveliness to future generations, so far as it is possible, in bronze or marble."

"Then, in your opinion," said Pericles, "a beautiful woman should be considered common property, which no one ought to be permitted to possess alone."

"Only her *beauty*—not *she herself*!" replied Protagoras. "As everything that may happen in the world depends upon the *manner* of the event, and the circumstances under which it occurs, so in my opinion the exhibition of feminine charms for the promotion of a great artistic purpose, may take place in a way and under circumstances, which entirely remove the objectionable part of the matter."

"And what might these circumstances be?" asked Pericles.

"That is a matter," replied Protagoras, "which is somewhat difficult to discuss. As Aspasia, from what you have told us of your previous conversation with her, has already said, we consider a woman, who without witnesses seeks a physician's aid, immodest and coquettish, but regard it as perfectly unobjectionable if the consultation takes place before the husband's eyes. Therefore it might be established, once for all, that there is a method, in which the husband thinks a woman can reveal her charms to a stranger's eyes without dishonor."

"Of course," said Pericles, "this is the only way I could regard a woman's exhibition of her beauty, if made from force of circumstances or for some great

purpose. I hope you will also add the condition, that the woman shall only give the sculptor what he requires for his art, and that modesty shall retire to a certain point, but defend that point, so to speak, to the last drop of blood. Yet, do you not remember the story of that Eastern king, who enchanted with his wife's charms, had them displayed to a favorite? If I remember rightly, that monarch lost throne, wife, and life, through the favorite who, enraptured by these charms, never rested until he possessed them."

"A sculptor," replied Protagoras, "gazes at a beautiful figure with far different thoughts and feelings from the effeminate favorite of an Eastern king. The former, in beholding exquisitely-rounded limbs, perceives so much to occupy an eye trained to observe symmetry of form, such a wealth of information flows into his mind, that there is little room for sensual emotions. Whatever might find space, he has learned to *control*. Moreover, habit has rendered him obtuse to the grosser charm of unveiled beauty. There is old Phidias—is he a man? No, he is a divinely-inspired, sexless artist soul, which has a body, a hand merely to guide the chisel—he is a person to whom everything in the world is *form*, never *substance*."

"We now know the opinion of Protagoras," said Pericles. "Let us hear what Socrates has to bring forward about the matter. What do you think, Socrates? Is it allowable for a woman to lay aside her modesty, to promote a great artistic purpose?"

"That seems to me to depend upon whether beauty ranks higher in the world than goodness," replied Socrates. "This, to the best of my recollection, is the very question in whose solution we have been so long

engaged, and whose discussion was again broken off at Hipponicus' banquet—"

"By all the Olympic gods," interrupted Aspasia, laughing, "you will greatly oblige me, my dear Socrates, if you will give up the discussion of that question to-day, and also pardon me for not perceiving why morality should have the preference over beauty. If it is a law, that everything in the world ought to be good and moral, it is also a law that everything in the world aspires towards beauty, and finds in it the bloom of its existence, the goal of its development. Finally, both of these laws must be a secret, self-given rule to men. There, I believe, we can let the matter rest for to-day."

"Certainly!" cried Protagoras. "As each individual calls truth only what seems to him true, so the good and beautiful must be to each what appears so to him. There is no fixed morality in and of itself, any more than there is a fixed truth."

Socrates' good-natured face assumed a somewhat scornful expression, as he said:

"You always assert, Protagoras, that there is no fixed truth, and yet are the very man who can give the most brilliant and irrefutable information about everything concerning which people may choose to inquire."

"To express one's opinion openly," replied Protagoras, "is better than for a man to allege, with false modesty, that he knows *nothing*, and then always pretend to know everything *better* than others."

"I yearn for the knowledge I do not possess," said Socrates. "But you deny all possibility of its existence. Shall we give up the labor of human thought as vain, when we have just commenced it?"

"Far better," retorted Protagoras, "than to seek to

destroy the freshness and harmony of Hellenic life, by subtle and peevish investigation."

"I understand now," replied Socrates, "that there are people, who as they set little value on the profession of thought, cultivate the art of speech still more brilliantly. For since, according to their own confessions, the thoughts they express have no absolute value, it can only be the brilliant words with which they expect to influence their hearers."

"There are also people," rejoined Protagoras, "who neglect the art of rhetoric, because they believe others will seek behind their feigned simplicity profound thought, behind their stammering the wisdom of an oracle, and behind their modest questions the condescension of a superior mind."

"It seems to me better to compel people to think, by asking questions which disturb their comfort, than guide them to thoughtlessness by hasty, ever-ready answers, agreeable to the inquirer," said Socrates.

"Thoughtlessness is better," replied Protagoras, "than, leaving the firm ground of reality behind and riding in clouds and airy images, to lose one's self in boundless space. Yet such absorption in the world of boundless thought is often intelligible. There are probably persons, who were compelled to set out in pursuit of *ideas*, because the divine gift of living, artistic creation was denied them—"

"There are also people," retorted Socrates, "who dally with images, because the gift of clear and pure ideas is denied them."

"Those peevish investigators," said Protagoras, "are the very men who make virtue repulsive, by constantly reverting to it in words—"

"Those people are certainly more worthy of admiration," rejoined Socrates, "who cast virtue wholly aside, in order never to emerge from the sphere of a pleasant and beautiful sensuality."

"So long as sensuality is beautiful and pleasant," retorted Protagoras, "it is better than the enforced renunciation of those, who see the weeds of anxious doubts in the fields of beauty and enjoyment, because they themselves are not summoned to beauty and pleasure."

"*Such a man am I!*" replied Socrates quietly. "But you, Protagoras, seem to me to belong to the ranks of those, who wish to make free thought what they are themselves, slaves of the senses!"

"I regret," said Pericles, interrupting the disputants, "that you have not come to any decision regarding the point in question by this argument, but it seems to me have become heated with fruitless words."

"I know I can be nothing but the vanquished party here," said Socrates.

After this reply he quietly took his leave, without the slightest trace of excitement on his features.

Protagoras soon withdrew also, but not without first having given vent to his emotion in words.

"The two philosophers seem to be perfectly-matched foes," said Pericles to Aspasia. "They attacked each other like practised warriors, and it is hard to tell which of the two should claim the honor of the victory."

Aspasia only smiled, and even when Pericles left her alone the smile still hovered around her lips. She knew exactly what gave the dispute between the two men so sharp a point, and mingled with it so many cutting and bitter words, even on the part of the gentle Socrates.

She read the truth-seeker's heart as plainly as the brilliant sophist's, who uttered no word which he was not sure would please the ear of the beautiful Milesian.

This dispute between Socrates and Protagoras roused an increasing anger in Aspasia's mind against the former, and almost unconsciously a plan arose by which, with feminine cunning, she might detract from the wisdom of the man who boasted of "free thought," and despised the "slaves of the senses."

CHAPTER III.

THE THESMOPHORIAN FESTIVAL.

"*THAT is beauty itself!*" cried the Athenians, when Phidias had finished the new bronze statue of Pallas, ordered by the Lemnians, and revealed it for the first time to the gaze of his fellow-citizens. A cry of astonishment ran through all Athens.

"What did Phidias mean?" No Greek had ever imagined the goddess as his last statue represented her.

She was without helm or shield. Waving locks floated unconfined around the face, upturned with an expression full of dignity and sweetness. The contour of this face was marvellous, the cheeks were chiselled with incomparable delicacy. People fancied they could see them blush. The bare arms, like the hands, were models of the most perfect and noble symmetry. One upraised arm permitted part of the right side to be seen, the robe was draped loosely about the hips, and here, as well as everywhere else, disclosed the outlines of the figure with perfect distinctness.

Unanimous as were the Athenians in praising this last creation of Phidias, they were equally so in declaring that Aspasia must have been the sculptor's model.

Nor was the assertion wholly erroneous.

Indeed, though Theodota understood how to treat her figure as artistic material, and by it give expression to the character of various female divinities, while all Athens went to witness these performances, Aspasia could practise the art in a still nobler and higher degree of perfection. But the only spectators were Pericles and Phidias.

Grave Phidias went so far, as to admit for a moment that nature could often approach the ideal.

Yet in Aspasia's Pallas, Phidias no longer had simple nature before his eyes. What he beheld was a creation of mimetic art, a physical perfection born of the mind. Aspasia, with artistic knowledge, impressed upon the natural material of her beauty a precise stamp, as much as Phidias carved the marble block according to a precise idea and design.

As Phidias transferred the fair and wise Aspasia's charms to enduring bronze, he was really fulfilling Pericles' injunction to represent wisdom in the enchanting, all-conquering garb of beauty.

Alcamenes had attained new and wonderful results, when permitted to draw from the living fount of Aspasia's beauty. Phidias performed the same task, but like the great master of all, lofty and peerless.

What Phidias produced in his last Pallas was Aspasia, but elevated to a height so pure and superhuman, that she appeared at the same time like an ideal vision, the embodied dream of the noblest sculptor's soul.

When Socrates saw the new statue, he said in his thoughtful way:

"The beautiful Aspasia might learn as much from Phidias, as Phidias has learned from the beautiful Aspasia."

It was strange, that the praises heaped by the Athenians upon his Lemnian Pallas rendered the sculptor morose and gloomy. He did not like to hear it mentioned, and perhaps valued the work less because he had not created it solely from his own mind. He had apparently discharged, with a residue of half unconscious displeasure the task imposed upon him from without, and by whose performance he strove to shake off a restlessness aroused by some alien spell.

Now he seemed to wish to retire still more completely into himself. He wandered about more silent and grave than ever, absorbed in some sublime vision gleaming in the hidden depths of his heart. He had become himself again. He avoided Aspasia, scarcely held any intercourse with Pericles, and one day left Athens quietly and secretly, to realize, in a place sacred to all the Greeks, the loftiest idea of his lofty soul.

Socrates remained the insatiable and unwearied observer of the Lemnian Pallas. He seemed to transfer his love for the Milesian to Phidias' goddess. The natural Aspasia never again seemed to him perfect, from the moment he beheld her higher ideal embodied in bronze. Yet it might have been said he divided his time between that Pallas and her living original. His steps were daily bent towards Pericles' house, even at the risk of meeting the eloquent Protagoras.

How did it happen? When Socrates wandered

thoughtfully, and, as he thought, aimlessly through the streets of Athens, he at last found himself unexpectedly before Pericles' house. Like the labyrinth of streets, he seemed to be walking through a labyrinth of feelings, from which he found no exit, and which constantly brought him back to the same spot.

So it was unintentional when Socrates directed his steps to that dwelling. But what did he do there? Offer homage? Give signs of the secret fire consuming him? Had he, like Protagoras, grown accustomed to draw his wisdom from the eyes of others? No one of these things. He argued with Aspasia. He taunted her; once even making in her presence the remark—since frequently quoted, but which tradition ascribes to Pericles, though he obtained it from Socrates—that the best woman was the one least talked about. He made bitter speeches to her, and even when seeming to flatter, was full of the subtle irony characteristic of his character and conversation.

And Aspasia? She appeared to grow more gentle, conciliatory, amiable and bewitching, as Socrates gave freer rein to his caprice. And *vice versa*—the more gentle and winning Aspasia was, the more peevish and eccentric became the wise Socrates.

What did these two strange natures desire of each other? Were they fighting the old vexatious duel between wisdom and beauty? This singular game had been carried on with special eagerness, ever since the argument between Socrates and Protagoras in the presence of Pericles and Aspasia.

Aspasia feigned to believe, that Socrates visited the house on account of his favorite Alcibiades. Nay, she carried her teasing mood so far as to address verses to

him, in which she gave him counsel as if to a lover. Socrates smilingly accepted all this without the slightest objection, the least attempt to contradict his mischievous friend. He never seemed to grow tired of the handsome boy, who still clung to him with almost tender affection. To the lad he was frank, cheerful and kind, without a trace of the whimsicality and irony, with which it suited him to return the graceful advances of the loveliest of Hellenic women.

Aspasia also still had frequent conversations with the woman-hater Euripides, who had now won still greater distinction as a tragic poet. The character of his Muse, which inclined to meditation, found sympathy, and he soon became the favorite poet of a period, that was advancing more and more from the direct and simple view of things to thoughtful and enlightened observation. He had had rich experiences, and the mental results of these experiences constantly overflowed from his lips. Moreover he had a severe, unreserved temperament, which allowed him to express what he thought frankly and boldly. He made concessions to no one, not even the Athenian nation, which every one considered himself obliged to flatter. When a verse, whose purport did not please the Athenians, was once hissed, he came out on the open stage to defend himself, and when the people shouted that the lines must be omitted, replied that the populace must learn from the poets, not the poets from the populace.

Neither did he flatter Aspasia, indeed no one else would have ventured to talk with her about women in the tone he adopted.

He had cast off his first wife and married another, a fact Aspasia, as has been already mentioned, craftily

praised in a letter to Pericles as an example of manly resolution.

One day Aspasia accidentally reverted to this matter in the presence of her husband and Socrates. After commending his prompt decision, she asked him about his newly-chosen wife.

"She's exactly the opposite of the former one," Euripides answered morosely, "but no better for that—she merely has the opposite faults. The first was a plain but honest woman, who wearied me by her commonplace love; this one is a coquette, who drives me to desperation by her frivolity and fickleness. I've come out of the frying-pan into the fire. I am born under an evil star, and the gods give me every bitter thing to taste in succession."

"I heard that your wife is beautiful and amiable," said Aspasia.

"Yes indeed, to everybody except myself," replied Euripides. "She would doubtless be so to me too, if I could resolve to look upon all her bad qualities as so many virtues."

"What are the bad qualities with which you reproach her?" asked Aspasia.

"She neglects the housekeeping; the hens peck the yarn on the loom. She dances and feasts with her female friends, and is so ill-bred as to peep out of the house door into the street."

"Is that all?" asked Aspasia.

"No!" replied Euripides. "She is fickle, whimsical, treacherous, untruthful, full of deceit, false, malicious, spiteful, unjust, cruel, revengeful, envious, stubborn, frivolous, silly, sly, jealous, fond of dress, coquettish, unprincipled, heartless, brainless—"

"Enough!" interrupted Aspasia. "It might be hard for you to prove all this in one individual."

"All this and more!" replied Euripides.

"Perhaps you show your wife too little love, and thus render her averse to you."

"Why, of course!" cried Euripides, with a sneering laugh. "When such wives are heard of, the husbands are always charged with want of love. 'You have no heart, my friend, said the viper to the he-goat.' But on the contrary, I tell you, my unhappiness proceeds from not treating the woman as most Athenians treat their wives, from allowing her too much influence over me and my mind, permitting myself to be tormented by her. Women are gentle as lambs, so long as they are held in check, but grow overbearing if they have reason to think themselves indispensable. Yes, there is only one way of securing a woman's heart, love, esteem, devotion; that is, to *neglect* her. Woe betide the man, who lets his wife perceive he cannot do without her. She will set her foot on his neck. To love a woman is to arouse the evil demon within her. But whoever treats his wife with cool friendliness and goes on his own way, whoever shows her that he can do without her, will be petted and caressed, have his cheeks stroked and feel her hand laid on his shoulder with the question: 'What will you have to eat to-day, dear?' He will be honored as the sacred shield and master of the family, will receive eager thanks for the crumbs of favor he lets fall. But if the same man showed he was pining with love for her, he would seem tiresome in a week, be detested in a month, and tormented to death in a year."

Pericles and Aspasia smiled as they listened to this

peevish outburst of feeling, but Euripides, with the same sullen earnestness and emphasis, continued :

“ Man’s destiny is woman. She it is who spins the thread of his life—dark or golden.”

Pericles almost started at these words. Aspasia smiled.

“ I cannot believe,” said Pericles, “ that the husband is usually so dependent on the wife.”

“ He will *become* so, if he is not now,” replied Euripides. “ I see the future. Woman’s power is dangerously increasing. Do you not understand the poets and sculptors, who from ancient times have brought forward the fabulous sphinx, the mysterious woman with a soft bosom and sharp claws. The sphinx is *woman*. She offers us the beautiful alluring face, the beautiful alluring bosom, but the rest of her body is a beast with tiger’s paws and deadly talons !”

“ Will you not make the whole feminine sex proud,” said Aspasia, “ if by such comparisons you impress upon it so magnificent a character ?”

“ Magnificent crimes on the part of a *man*,” replied Euripides, “ may inspire admiration, but a woman with great vices is always repulsive. A man’s sins may sometimes arise from an excess of noble qualities, but a woman’s proceed from petty, exaggerated *weaknesses*.”

“ Yet we see women triumph with these petty weaknesses !” said Aspasia.

“ Not forever !” retorted Euripides. “ The avenging day comes which, with the fire of a healthy, lawful passion, extinguishes the flicker of a sickly, feeble fancy. Women are strong, only so long as we men show ourselves weak. Woman is a sphinx, it is true, but we need

only cut the great claws and she becomes harmless. With uncut claws she is a tigress, when they are cut, only a cat. Our fathers did well to hold woman in check. But we innovators are too tender-hearted—including myself—we let the women's claws grow. That is not well—"

Aspasia's brow slightly contracted, as the peevish poet blusteringly uttered these words. Socrates noticed it and said :

"Don't forget, friend, that you are speaking to Aspasia."

"*To* Aspasia," replied Euripides, quickly recovering himself, "but not *of* Aspasia. I am speaking of women. Aspasia is a woman, but women are not Aspasias."

Socrates, as has already been mentioned, did not lack asperity in his conversations with Pericles' wife. But he had never entered into Euripides' tone. It is proper to state, that Euripides in talking to Aspasia, abused the whole feminine sex, but with ready courtesy excepted her, while Socrates on the contrary discharged his arrows at Aspasia personally, but willingly defended the sex in general.

Now, too, he took their part against the misogynist Euripides, by saying :

"It seems to me a strange, but undeniable fact, that every man when he speaks of woman, always means *his own wife*. Therefore I think only bachelors should be allowed to discuss women in general. I boast of being one; and however far my friend Euripides may surpass me in wisdom in other respects, in regard to women, as he is married, I possess the advantage of greater impartiality. Since Pericles is also married, and Aspasia herself is a wife, I am the only person here who

seems called upon to take up the cause of the sex so persecuted by Euripides. True, I lack eloquence, and might well wish for Protagoras. The latter would not fail to praise woman as the giver of the sweetest joys, the dispenser of the brightest happiness, the guardian of the divine treasures of beauty and pleasures on earth, the delight of man's eyes, his rest from toil, his relief from pain. What a marvellous creation, he would say, is a beautiful woman! She enraptures us with every atom of her being. Her presence exhales bliss. Such would be Protagoras' words. Euripides, on the contrary asserts: women are sphinxes; they have lovely faces and tender bosoms, but sharp talons. Would it not be allowable to say, *vice versa*: women, it is true, have sharp talons, but lovely faces. Why should we not lay the principal stress on woman's good qualities, instead of her evil ones? Their claws must be cut, says Euripides. But would this deprive their hostile feelings of all possibility of doing harm? Would it not be more profitable to strive to correct them? The claws would then become harmless of their own will. How many virtues a woman can display! How many blessings she can bestow, not only by what she gives, or says, or does, but by what she is. Women are the natural champions of the beautiful; but as they make every cause they uphold victorious, how glorious it would be if we could henceforth make them champions of *goodness* and *truth*! So long as the light of a wise discernment does not illumine women's brains, they will follow only the impulses of their physical nature, and these impulses are always coarse and selfish. Perhaps in future the efforts of men will be directed to rendering women, through clear perception, priestesses not only

of real beauty but of genuine goodness, instead of servants of the dark instincts of nature."

"Yes, the serpents still lack wings!" cried Euripides, with a scornful smile. "Besides, this hope of woman's improvement, by means of knowledge, is not surprising on the part of a man who expects the salvation of mankind to proceed from discernment and clear ideas. But I tell you woman's worth and nobleness does not depend upon the cultivation of her perceptive faculties, but of her *heart*, her feelings."

"That will have its due proportion," replied Socrates; "but it is questionable whether the heart and its feelings can ever be cultivated by themselves, whether the influence of a certain degree of knowledge is not requisite."

Pericles applauded Socrates' words. Aspasia was silent and instantly let the conversation drop; for much as part of what Socrates had said harmonized with her own ideas, it seemed to her as if, under the mask of modesty, he had again sought to cope with her, instruct her. She was aware that she herself toiled for intellectual freedom, for the elevation of her sex.

Had she not long since placed before her an unconcealed goal? Had she not openly vowed to herself and her friends on the Acropolis, to strive towards that goal with all her powers, after she became Pericles' wife?

She had kept her word. To thoroughly transform the lives and positions of women, had since that time been her bold aim.

But to accomplish this, she had been compelled to strive to obtain an influence over the Athenian women, to play the part of leaven in this indolent throng, to

conciliate those hostile to the intruder and make them adherents, pupils, friends.

Pericles had aided her designs, for he loved her and cheerfully procured her every gratification. He introduced her, if this expression is allowable, into Athenian society. The women of Athens were excluded from intercourse with men, but they associated with each other. Aspasia mingled in this society with apparent ease.

Among the beautiful and really clever women, who possess the power of bewitching men, are some who, in spite of the envy, hatred, and jealousy they arouse, also have the gift of attracting and winning members of their own sex. Of course they do not attain this by an excess of amiability, or by garrulous, intrusive advances, but rather by the unassuming manner with which they seem to voluntarily subdue the dangerous lustre of their charms, and by the most accurate knowledge of the peculiarities and pretensions of those they seek to win. Aspasia endeavored to inspire *confidence*. Unlike the foolish of her sex, she knew that a beautiful woman generally allures men, as well as women, by a sensible, quiet, dignified manner. She first saw that people were forced to esteem her; to appear charming followed as a matter of course.

When Aspasia had prepared the ground for her enterprises by this style of conduct, which in her was not even the result of reflection, but only a natural womanly impulse, she brought forward her plans and designs more openly.

After a short time the Athenian women were divided by Pericles' wife into a number of parties.

There were the implacable ones, who hated her and fought against her openly and secretly, with all the

weapons of feminine hostility. There were some, who did not refuse a sort of personal liking, but were of the opinion that her efforts were too bold and unbridled, and others who, while regarding her personally with disapproving eyes, were urged by some secret impulse to follow the track of her efforts and imitate her in many things. But there were also some, who had been completely convinced and won, though all did not have courage to openly unite with their leader in a battle for women's rights.

Among Aspasia's most implacable and dangerous enemies, as may be easily supposed, were Pericles' rejected wife and Cimon's sister. The latter, as it were, kept an account of Aspasia's life and conduct, learned and spread abroad the remarks she made about women, and it not unfrequently happened that these remarks were so distorted in passing from mouth to mouth, that they became well calculated to rouse the Athenians' anger against the wife of Pericles.

It happened one day, that Aspasia was talking with a newly-married wife in her husband's presence. The young couple asked her on what the secure happiness of love and marriage depended.

Aspasia was seized with a desire to try Socrates' method of expression.

"If your neighbor," she said to the young wife, "has a handsomer dress than you, which do you prefer, yours or hers?"

"Hers," replied Hipparchia.

"And if your neighbor has a handsomer ornament than you," continued Aspasia, "which do you prefer?"

"Hers, of course," answered the young wife.

"And if she has a better husband than you, to whom would you give the preference, yours or hers?"

Hipparchia blushed at this unexpected, bold, perplexing question, but Aspasia said smiling:

"In the natural course of things the wife will prefer the better husband, the husband the better wife. So it seems there is no other possible way of securing happiness in love and marriage, except by the husband striving to seem to the wife the best of men, and the wife trying to appear to the husband the best of women. Many demand love from others as a *duty*, which is very unfair. We must seek to deserve it, and constantly strive to foster it."

The suggestion made to the young couple in these words was not without excellent sense. But what did it become in the mouths of Elpinice and those of the same mind? Aspasia's conversation with the newly-wedded pair went the round of Athens. But instead of reporting that Aspasia had said the sole security of changeless conjugal happiness was, that the husband should consider his wife the most charming of women, and the wife think her husband the best of men, it was rumored that she had told young Hipparchia, in her husband's presence, to prefer a stranger to her own spouse, if the former pleased her better.

Aspasia determined to give up the Socratic manner in her future conversations, and be still more careful about the kind of people with whom she talked. But her enemies went so far as to intentionally draw her into conversations, in order, under the pretence of affection, to lure from her remarks calculated to lower her in the opinion of the Athenians. Aspasia easily penetrated such a design, and sometimes succeeded in baf-

fling their plans in a way which, besides the satisfaction of attaining her object, afforded her a certain degree of amusement.

Thus one day a certain Cleitagora approached her with feigned admiration. But Aspasia knew Cleitagora belonged to the circle of the friends of Telesippe and Elpinice.

Cleitagora asked Aspasia by what arts a wife could best bind her husband.

“The most effectual of all the arts, by which a crafty woman can bind her unsuspecting husband to herself and the domestic hearth,” replied Aspasia with a very mysterious manner, “is that of *cooking*. I know a woman, whose husband reverences her as if she were a goddess, merely on account of the dainties she daily sets before him. Her masterpiece is the light and delicate sesame porridge she makes by mixing sesame meal, honey and oil in a pan. She takes barley, crushes it in a mortar, shakes the meal in a vessel, adds oil to it, constantly stirs the porridge while it slowly cooks, moistens it from time to time with strong broth made of chicken, goat, or lamb, sees that it doesn’t get overdone, and when boiling has it served up to him. Her hare-pasties, and pies made of hedge-sparrows and other small birds, are also excellent. What man would withdraw from the allurements of such things? There are men too, who go into raptures over the so-called Cappadocian cakes. It is best to knead them with honey and cut the dough into thin sheets, which roll up at the mere sight of the pan. These little rolls are then dipped in wine, but must come to the table very hot.”

In this manner Aspasia continued to dilate upon the rules of delicate cookery, to the amazement of part of

her listeners and the vexation of others, who found nothing in these explanations that could be used to lower her in the opinion of the public, and strengthen the reports of her frivolity and dangerous principles.

The disagreeable opposition Aspasia's efforts encountered among the Athenian women, made her all the more gladly seize the opportunity afforded her to adopt the orphaned daughters of her older sister, who had died at Miletus. In these delicate young girls, Drosis and Prasina, one fifteen, the other only a year older, Aspasia believed she would find pliant material for the realization of her ideas about the cultivation of the Hellenic woman to intellectual and personal freedom. They might be expected to do honor to the school from which they came, and help win the victory for Aspasia's cause, which was at the same time the cause of the whole female sex.

Meantime Aspasia was impatient, capable of forming extensive plans, that in their nature could only ripen slowly, but also not averse to bold, hasty strokes.

Such a stroke she now attempted, in order, if possible, to gather, once for all, the reins of guidance over her sex into her own hands.

Among the numerous religious festivals of the Athenians, was one exclusively celebrated by women, which no man was permitted to attend on pain of severe punishment. This was the Thesmophorian festival in honor of Demeter, worshipped not only as the goddess of agriculture but also of marriage, on account of the connection between the ideas of growing and producing, harvest and birth.

The sacred rites of this festival were performed not only by appointed priestesses, but women chosen each

time from the different families. These women were compelled to prepare to take part in the ceremonies by practising abstemiousness for a certain period. They slept on herbs, to which were attributed the virtue of cooling the blood and promoting abstinence. Among these were the agnus castus and a certain species of nettle. The festival itself consisted of processions, assemblies in the Thesmophorian temple, and traditional customs, in whose seriousness blended jest and merriment.

The festival lasted four days. On the first, they went to the seaport of Halimus, and there celebrated certain mysteries in a temple consecrated to Demeter. On the second they returned to Athens. The third day the women were assembled from early dawn till evening in the Thesmophorian sanctuary. Demeter, Proserpina and other divinities were invoked, and dances were performed in their honor. In the pauses the women sat on agnus castus and other herbs of the kind mentioned, entertaining each other with conversation and jests customary on this occasion. During their stay in the temple, they took no food, but made up for this abstemiousness by the joyous sacrificial banquet, with which the whole ceremony closed on the following day.

Imagine the women of Athens, usually shut within the narrow limits of their households, under their husbands' eyes, left to themselves for four days with the men rigidly excluded, united in a vast throng, holding festal processions, then assembled in the temple, sitting down on the sacred herbs to rest, and talking with perfect freedom—imagine this buzzing feminine assembly, and it will be understood that it was well adapted to

unbridle not only women's tongues, but also their minds, and rouse them to defy the restraints of custom.

The Thesmophorian festival had returned.

Again the Athenian women sat on the agnus castus in the Thesmophorian temple, chatting together during the intervals between the songs and dances. Again a confused hum of voices arose. What were the subjects discussed among the various groups of women sitting on the floor? Some were talking about the bad habits of their husbands, others of the faults of their slaves, or saying that children were far more saucy and unruly than in former days; some were arguing about the best way of making sesame cakes, some telling each other of magic spells, or giving their younger companions advice about preparing love potions. Some told ghost stories or tales of Thessalian witches, or the newest family secrets. Some talked of Aspasia, and this conversation gradually became the most animated one in the temple.

"Aspasia is right," said a pretty young wife, whose blooming face was most advantageously set off by the withered, rouged countenances of most of the women around her. "She is right, we must compel the men to treat us as Pericles treats Aspasia."

"That we will!" cried several of the Milesian's adherents. "We must force them to arrange our domestic and married life, as Pericles does his with Aspasia."

"I've already made a beginning with my husband," exclaimed a vivacious little lady named Chariclea. "My Diagoras has already become accustomed to kiss me whenever he leaves the house or returns to it, as Pericles does Aspasia."

"Do you also receive visits from philosophers, and serve sculptors as a model?" scornfully asked one of the

women in the group, one of those whose cheeks were most withered and painted.

"Why shouldn't Aspasia and Chariclea do so, if their husbands permit it?" cried another. "We'll do so too, and compel our husbands to allow it."

"Every man isn't born so lenient," said the first speaker, with a malicious smile.

"Do you mean to say," exclaimed Chariclea angrily, placing herself before this woman, with arms akimbo, "do you mean to say I betray my husband?"

"I won't say it of you," replied the other, "but perhaps your mistress, Aspasia, will teach you this too!"

As the insolent words were uttered, a slender, exquisitely-formed woman, closely veiled, suddenly stepped forward from among the group who had listened to this conversation, passed directly in front of the sharp-tongued speaker, threw back her veil and gazed at her with flashing eyes.

"*Aspasia!*" exclaimed several of the spectators, and the name ran quickly through the temple, causing an excitement which was communicated to the most distant groups. The whole temple was in an uproar. "What is it?" cried those most distant. "Has a man slipped in?"

"Aspasia!" echoed the reply. "Aspasia is here."

At this news all the women pressed forward, and Aspasia soon found herself the centre of the whole assembly.

She had come, surrounded by her adherents, amidst whom, veiled beyond the possibility of recognition, she had remained concealed from the eyes of the throng.

Even now these followers encompassed her like a

body-guard, as she stood with her figure drawn up to its full height, gazing angrily at her insolent opponent.

While Aspasia thus confronted her foe, one of her companions pressed in front of her, exclaiming contemptuously :

“You are right! Every man isn’t born so lenient. You must be well aware of that. I know you! You are Crytilla, whose first husband, Xanthias, cast off because he discovered you met your lover at night before the door, beside the laurel-tree that shades the altar of Apollo, protector of streets.

A dull red flush crimsoned Crytilla’s face, she started up and made a movement as if to seize her foe. But she was forced back by Aspasia’s adherents, and the latter herself began :

“This woman has defamed my husband—defamed him only because he, the first of all the Athenians, honors the dignity of woman in his wife, and does not degrade her to the level of a slave. If men like Pericles have to endure mockery and abuse, not merely from the mouths of men, but even from women themselves, on account of the love and reverence they pay their wives, how can you hope that your husbands will resolve to follow the example of the noblest of men?”

“That is true!” said the women, looking at each other, “Crytilla has done wrong to abuse Pericles and Diagoras. Would to the gods all husbands were like them.”

“Husbands are what you deserve to have them,” replied Aspasia. “Try for once to use the power, the irresistible influence bestowed upon the female sex. You have hitherto neglected to develop this power, nay, seem never to have known of it. Your slavery is a voluntary

one. You boast of the title of mistresses of the house, and are kept under more rigid government than the female slaves—for slaves are permitted to show themselves freely in the streets or at the market. You are prisoners! Is it not so?"

"It is indeed!" cried one of the women in the group. "My husband, when he was going away on a journey for a few days, once locked me into the women's apartment and sealed its door with his signet."

"Mine," exclaimed another, "has procured a huge Molossian dog, which keeps guard at the door, that no lover may slip in during his absence."

"Even the housekeeping is not entrusted to you without control!" continued Aspasia.

"Quite true!" eagerly interposed another woman, "my husband carries the keys of the store-room about with him."

"Don't they go to market themselves, to buy meat and vegetables?" exclaimed a second.

"Yes, and in time of war," cried a third, "when the men go about armed, they can be seen in the market in suits of mail with Gorgon shields on their arms, bargaining for eggs and vegetables, or bringing meat home in a brazen helmet."

"Since they don't even allow you to assert your authority by the domestic hearth," said Aspasia, "it is not surprising they don't permit you to utter a word about public affairs. When they come from the Pnyx, where the question of peace or war has been discussed, are you even permitted to inquire what was decided there?"

"No indeed!" cried the women. "'What is it to you?' they say. 'Keep to your distaff and be silent.'"

"And if you are not silent?"

"Then matters are worse!"

"My husband," said one of the women, "repeats till I am fairly sick, the foolish old proverb : '*Oh ! woman, woman's fairest ornament is silence.*'"

"We know the proverb too ! It's in every man's mouth," ran through the circle.

"Why do we have tongues ?" asked one, and added : "Merely to be kissed and caressed, and talk folly."

The women laughed, but Aspasia continued :

"They wish you to be spiritless and dull ; for only then can they rule you. The moment you become clever and intelligent, conscious of the power given to women over man, that moment their tyranny would be over. You think you have done everything if you keep the house clean, wash and nurse your children, see that moths don't gnaw the woollen garments, and the hens don't tangle the yarn on the loom. If one of you does more and seeks to please her husband, she imagines she can gain this object with the help of a crocus-yellow robe, pointed shoes, perfume boxes, and a little cinnamon. But physical beauty and fine clothes are dangerous weapons against men only in the hands of those, who also possess a little intellect. Where could you get what I call a little intellect, except by having freer intercourse with the world, from which men shut you out as if by a brazen wall ? You must in future be allowed to purify and refresh your dull minds with the vivifying atmosphere of freedom, be influenced by the external world, and receiving impressions from what is occurring there, exert a counter influence on the world and life, with the ennobling liberty of the developed feminine soul. Woman's intellect must exert an equal influence upon the world with man's. Then only will marriage

and the whole domestic life be transformed, the arts reach their fullest development, war and all rudeness vanish from mankind. Let us form a league, a peaceful conspiracy, and take a mutual vow to do all in our power, to battle for the rights our sex requires in order to freely exert the sovereignty to which it is called."

Eager assent greeted Aspasia's words from the greater portion of the assembly; but so loud and confused a roar of voices followed, that nothing could be distinctly heard, for the women began to vehemently discuss the subject together, all speaking at once. It seemed as if a wandering flock of twittering, screaming birds, had suddenly entered the Thesmophorian temple.

At last a slender, but energetic figure elbowed its way through the dense throng towards the centre of the group where Aspasia stood. The white kerchief that covered her head also concealed a portion of her face, so that she could not be instantly recognized. But as she now paused, fixing her eyes maliciously on Aspasia, all distinguished the sharp masculine features of Cimon's sister.

Elpinice was dreaded throughout Athens, feared by all the members of her own sex. She ruled by the power of her tongue, her almost masculine strength of will, the wide extent of her connections. So a timid silence fell upon the whole circle, while Cimon's sister attacked Aspasia with the words:

"By what right is the stranger allowed to speak among native Athenian women?"

Elpinice's question instantly made a deep impression, and many eagerly nodded, wondering why this scruple had not at once occurred to them.

The former continued: "How does this Milesian

venture to teach us? Does she dare make herself one of our circle? Has she shared our customs, our rules, our manners, our sacred rites from childhood? We are Athenians: at eight years old we wore the holy garb of the Arrephori, at ten we ground the sacrificial meal in the temple of Artemis, we were consecrated as blooming maidens to the same goddess, walked together as basket-bearers in the Panathenaic procession. And this woman? She came from a foreign country, without the guidance or blessing of the gods, a profligate, crafty adventuress, and now seeks to force herself among us because she succeeded in beguiling an Athenian, till contrary to law and custom, he received her into his house?"

Quietly, yet not without a sarcastic smile, Aspasia answered:

"You are right! I did not grow up in the dull solitude of an Athenian women's apartment; I did not attend your Brauronia* in a saffron robe, did not carry a basket on my head and wear a string of withered figs around my neck in your Panathenaic procession, did not wail upon the roofs at your Adonis festival. I have not spoken as an Athenian to Athenians, but as a woman to women."

* Brauronia (βραυρώνια), a festival celebrated in honour of Artemis Brauronia, in the Attic town of Brauron (Herod. vi. 138), where, according to Pausanias (i. 23. § 9, 33. § 1, iii. 16. § 6, viii. 46. § 2), Orestes and Iphigeneia, on their return from Tauris, were supposed by the Athenians to have landed, and left the statue of the Taurian goddess. (See Müller, *Dor.* i. 9. § 5 and 6.) It was held every fifth year, under the superintendence of ten ἱεροποιοί (Pollux, viii. 9, 31); and the chief solemnity consisted in the circumstance that the Attic girls between the ages of five and ten years, dressed in crocus-coloured garments, went in solemn procession to the sanctuary (Suidas, s. v. Ἄρκτος; Schol. on *Aristoph. Lysistr.* 646), where they were consecrated to the goddess. During this act the ἱεροποιοί sacrificed a goat and the girls performed a propitiatory rite in which they imitated bears.—*Smith's Dict. of Greek and Roman Antiquities.*

"Corrupter of men! Ally of the godless!" cried Elpinice still more furiously, "dare you enter our temple, profane our sanctuaries with your presence?"

These words were impetuously uttered, the short hairs on Elpinice's upper lip fairly bristled with indignation. Her friends, who had gathered around, assumed a threatening attitude towards the Milesian.

But Aspasia's friends also drew nearer to their leader, ready to protect her, and the number of those who still remained by Pericles' wife was by no means small.

The buzz of eager voices again rose, and many a violent altercation threatened to cause a passionate quarrel between the parties.

At last Cimon's resolute sister again obtained a hearing, to play her strongest trump.

"*Remember Telesippe!*" she cried. "Remember how this foreign adventuress, this Milesian hetæra drove an Athenian wife from her hearth, from her children, from her husband! Which of you can believe herself secure from this woman's wiles, if she takes it into her head to bewitch other women's husbands? Before you listen to this serpent's hiss, remember that she has poison in her mouth."

"Look," continued Elpinice, glancing towards a corner of the temple, "look at Telesippe! See her shrouded in her grief—see her pale face—see the tears roll down her cheeks at the mention of her children!"

All the women, following Elpinice's eyes, turned towards Pericles' rejected wife, who was standing at some distance, gazing, pallid with wrath and anger, at Aspasia.

Elpinice went on:

"Do you know what she thinks of us Athenians?"

Need I say it? Has she not told you herself? She thinks us foolish, ignorant, inexperienced, unworthy a husband's love, and graciously condescends to teach us, securely conscious, in her secret pride, that we can never become like her, the fair, wise, peerless, bewitching Milesian, with whom even the loveliest of you all can never vie."

These words produced an almost incredible influence upon the assembly. The mood of all suddenly changed, even in the hearts of those who had hitherto favored Aspasia.

Elpinice continued:

"Do you know what your friends, Pericles' companions, say of her, what all the men of Athens are repeating? 'Aspasia is the most charming woman in Athens—nay, the *only* charming woman in Athens—people must go to Miletus if they wish to find lovely and bewitching women.'"

At these words the humiliation and craftily-kindled rage of the women burst forth. They pressed upon Aspasia with fierce outcries and upraised arms. She stood erect and calm, white with anger, yet with a look of unspeakable contempt, saying:

"Hush, you beet, parsley, caraway-seed women! Hush, you apple, cheese, butter women! Do you mean to scratch and bite?"

The few remaining faithful followers of Aspasia threw themselves before her, a wild tumult, almost a scuffle, arose. Some of Elpinice's companions gesticulated as if they intended to scratch Aspasia's eyes out with their nails, others drew the sharp clasp pins from their garments and threatened their enemy with them. Aspasia, under the protection of those who still closed

bravely around her, hastily left the Thesmophorian temple.

Thus ended the attempt to free the women of Athens, by the power of the mind.

CHAPTER IV.

THE ARCADIAN GIRL.

SEVERAL years had passed. Aspasia had battled bravely, but could not boast of having conquered. The stormy scene in the Thesmophorian temple had become known throughout the city, and she was compelled to endure the mortification, that under all circumstances, is connected with defeat. Some few persons clung to her, but the greater part of her sex, through envy, blindness, and the malicious reports disseminated by her enemies, had become enraged against her.

A feeling of melancholy sometimes overmastered Pericles. He thought of the unclouded happiness he had enjoyed with the Milesian during their brief, but blissful seclusion on the strand of Ionia. It seemed at times as if he must again tear himself away from his daily anxieties, fly from noisy Athens, where his best happiness was destroyed by the many-tongued expressions of animosity buzzing like a swarm of bees about his head.

When the news reached Athens, that Phidias had completed in Elis his gold and ivory statue of the Olympic Zeus, the most sublime and magnificent of all his works, what a tempting opportunity it seemed to Pericles to take a short excursion to the land of the

Dorians. But the journey through the mountain region of Argos and Arcadia appeared too toilsome for Aspasia, and the idea of such an expedition, when first mentioned between the two, was only regarded as a pleasant jest.

The Athenian nation had gradually taken that sort of aversion to Aspasia, with which beautiful, influential women, whose fate is connected with that of a man in high position, always have to contend. They continued to attribute Pericles' plans and enterprises to her secret influence, and assert that she was inciting him to make himself ruler of all Hellas. The gay authors of comedies, at their head Cratinus, the friend of Polygnotus, who had been enraged against the Milesian at Hipponicus' banquet, put sharper and sharper points to the arrows directed against her. The Attic Muse resembled the bee-hive—it dripped with virgin honey, but carried a sharp sting.

Pericles became indignant, and attempted to restrain the insolence of the comedy.

Every one attributed the effort to Aspasia's influence.

“Do they take me for an old lion, whose teeth have dropped out and who can only drivel?” said Cratinus.

In his next comedy, he fearlessly hurled an insulting epithet at Aspasia before the assembled Athenians.

Cratinus' invective was unboundedly insolent, terribly wounding, almost crushing. In it culminated the ill-will of Aspasia's secret and open enemies. The mirth-loving crowd seized upon and repeated it. The soil of Athens was beginning to burn under the Milesian's feet.

From that day the journey to Elis was a settled fact

between Pericles and Aspasia. It now seemed less difficult to the angry pair, to tread the rough ground of the peninsula of Pelops, than to linger on the glowing soil of Athens.

In Athens the Milesian's life was divided among many, who basked in the light of her intellect and beauty. In the still, quiet meadows of Argos, on the idyllic heights of Arcadia, even amid the tumult of Olympia, they would again live wholly for themselves and their own happiness.

The preparations for the journey were quickly made, and soon Cimon's sister, who was first to know everything that happened, could tell loquacious Athens that Pericles was about to go to Olympia, and the effeminate hero could not do without his beloved Aspasia, who however did wisely to escape from the disgrace that covered her in Athens. There were many, who jested about the inseparableness of the pair. There were many also, who secretly envied them.

A light carriage conveyed the two inseparables to the Isthmus. Slaves and mules had been sent forward to Corinth, to be used on the journey over the rough paths of the Peloponnesus.

What a sigh of relief both uttered, when they had left Athens, once so beloved, behind them.—They knew not, that in flying from the city they did not retard, but hastened the fate appointed.

From the magnificent, ever-changing views of land and sea constantly presented to their eyes, down to the monuments along the roads, the statues of Hermes and altars of Hecate at the cross-roads, everything was charming and significant to the pair, who had once more regained their happiness.

They found the broad road from Eleusis full of travellers. Devout and philanthropic people were placing fruits and other food before the statues and temples of the way-side gods, that poor and starving wanderers might refresh themselves. Here and there trees were planted by the side of the road, whose fruit was also common property to all who were thirsty. Nor was there any lack of shelter.

"We Hellenes are fond of travelling," said Pericles to Aspasia. "Generous hospitality and joyous festivals lure us from place to place. And as you see, provision is made for the wanderer."

Many a spring leaped from the mountain slopes along the road, and many a traveller resting beside the huge trunks of the poplars that shaded them, had carved, in token of his gratitude, a proverb or a verse, or hung an offering on them.

Flourishing cities and hamlets, adorned with temples and columns, attracted the eyes of the wedded pair. First Eleusis, the sacred city of the mysteries, where at Pericles' suggestion a superb new temple for the celebration was rising under Ictinus' hands. Then Megara, the Dorian city, which awakened unpleasant memories in Aspasia's mind. Her fair face clouded; she was silent, but unforgotten sorrow and unavenged disgrace forced tears from her eyes. Pericles understood her and said:

"Be comforted. Your enemies are mine. Megara will atone for her crime."

On reaching crowded Corinth, Pericles went to the house of his friend Amynias, who received him and his wife with great honors.

The height of Acrocorinthus, the Acropolis of the city of Corinth, a cliff densely overgrown with flowers

and plants, sloping abruptly down towards the city, a watch-tower of Hellas, beckoned alluringly to the new comers. On its summit gleamed the famous temple of the goddess of love. As intellectual Athens was under the protection of reflecting Pallas Athena, the rich, pleasure-loving commercial city placed herself under the guardianship of joy-giving Aphrodite. Like Pallas Athena in Athens, Aphrodite was here the ruler of the citadel, and stood armed within her sanctuary. From the highest peak the pinnacles of her temple shone far over the sea, she too was a sign to mariners. A thousand hieroduli, servants of the goddess, charming and complaisant daughters of pleasure, dwelt within the temple precincts on the mountain height, which by terraces, porticos, gardens, groves and baths had been transformed into a doubly charming Eden.

From this height, standing in the centre of the Hellenic countries and seas, Pericles and Aspasia overlooked all the oddly-shaped peaks, glowing in a peculiar magic of tints. In the north they beheld the snow-capped summit of Parnassus, farther eastward Helicon, greeted the mountains of Attica, and with no little pleasure even saw the familiar cliff of the Athenian Acropolis glimmering through the pure air in the distance. Towards the south their eyes wandered over the heights of Northern Arcadia. Amid the countless mountains and valleys they saw the sparkling bays and coasts, the sea-islands—either green or with glittering white cliffs, all steeped in the charm of a peerless atmosphere.

Pericles and Aspasia were somewhat disturbed in their enjoyment of this lovely scene, by the crowd of hieroduli wandering through the porticos and groves near the temple precincts.

"You have no such worship in Athens," said the Corinthian host, who had accompanied the pair, to Pericles, "and are perhaps not disposed to see in these priestesses sacred persons. With us such a priesthood has long been held in high and honorable esteem. These gay, hospitable girls, who, presiding over the service of Aphrodite, strive towards the spirit of the mother of love, are present at the sacrifices and other religious ceremonies, take part in the festal processions of the citizens, and while so doing sing the pæan to Aphrodite. We apply to them for their intercession with the goddess, the guardian divinity of our city. You smile? Well, you Athenians may think you owe more to Pallas Athena. With you the community is rich and powerful, with us it is the individual citizen. Each is a Croesus, a king in himself, and enjoys the good things of life, obtained by trade and commerce. We do not strive for power and wealth in Greece; we do not lavish our treasures on building fortifications or navies and similar things, but live comfortably, and believe that after all only the individual exists, the community is a mere idea. Be this as it may, even though you Athenians still look down upon us so scornfully, you have entered the path that brings us nearer to each other. You love and foster the beautiful, with which a love for the pleasant things of life always makes its appearance."

The Corinthian's words made a deep impression on Pericles, though he did not seem to heed them. He gazed across at the mountains of the Peloponnesus, and after a pause, turned with a fleeting smile to Aspasia, saying:

"It is significant that here, on the threshold of the

grave, stern Peloponnesus, we meet Hellenic life developed to the climax of luxuriousness. Who would imagine, on coming from bright, art-loving, intellectual Athens, or standing in joyous Corinth on the summit crowned by Aphrodite's temple, surrounded by throngs of hieroduli, that so short a distance away, on the other side of the isthmus and yonder gloomy mountains, unspoiled shepherd folk live in primitive simplicity on the heights of Arcadia, that opposite to these abodes of beautiful, delightful leisure, on the farther side of those mountains, the rude Spartan and morose Messenian, like the fierce lions and wolves, destroy each other in savage conflicts amid the horrible ravines or dark forests. What a wrestling ground of fierce, heroic power that region behind the lofty mountains has been from ancient times. From citadels reared of rocks piled one above another, the Argive princes went forth against Ilium. Along the paths of the Peloponnesus, Heracles and Perseus went their heroic way, strangled lions, battled with the brood of serpents in the marshes, and the flocks of noxious birds in the air. Even at the present day, does not manly vigor strive for the prize on the meadows, on the isthmus at Nemea, at Olympia? Do not men, longing for the laurel that crowns heroic strength, flock thither from all Hellas? 'This Peloponnesus seems gloomy, rude, and threatening, and the waters of the Styx do not wash its dark mountain shores in vain. But we will defy its terrors, we will venture into the lions' dens, and if we have grown too effeminate, steel ourselves with fresh strength in these harsher airs."

"Since when has Pericles admired, nay even envied the rude and simple men on the other side of the isth-

mus?" asked Aspasia, smiling. "Cheer up, my friend! Let them strive and fight as they choose. *The victorious light of Pallas Athena* does not shine on their mountain peaks, as on the Acropolis of Athens."

The travellers left Corinth the next morning with a large escort, and set out in high spirits for the journey across the Argolian mountains into the land of the Dorians. Aspasia usually disdained the litter Pericles, with affectionate solicitude, had had prepared for her use, and which could be carried by slaves or mules across the most rugged portion of the hilly region. She preferred to ride on a mule by her husband's side. Thus, engaged in familiar conversation, they travelled through the rustling mountain forests, following the course of the streams that rushed through the ravines, passing over steep ascents and wooded peaks to broad open plateaus, then through narrow passes and valleys, where the oleander and wild pear-tree intertwined their shady branches over the dark path.

In such gloomy ravines, Aspasia cast many an anxious glance into the bushes, in search of the dark form of some lurking robber. Pericles smiled, and glancing at the troop of well-armed men, familiar with every path, whom he had obtained for an escort through the mountains, said:

"Fear nothing, Aspasia! The savage giants long since vanished from these defiles, even the malicious tyrant Sinis, the pine-bender. We need only guard against the serpents that infest these hills and valleys; for you doubtless remember, what happened close by the Nemean plain, when the nurse laid the little boy down to fetch a drink of water, at request of *the seven passing towards Thebes*."

After a toilsome day's journey, the travellers reached the threshold of the plain of Inachus, and saw between the grey mountain peaks Agamemnon's city, famed in legend, the ancient guardian of this mountain road, the citadel of Mycenæ, lying watchfully in its rocky nook—"in the corner of Argos," according to the words of the Homeric song. At the right rose the bare cone-shaped mountain, with the ancient citadel of Larisa, the Acropolis of the city of Argos, which extended over a wide portion of the plain at the foot of the mountain, still flourishing and no less densely populated than Athens. Beyond the long sea-beach sparkled the blue waves of the bay of Nauplia; mountain-chains, steeped in sunset hues, here towered in jagged peaks towards the sky, and yonder ran in sweeping curves to the sea. On the opposite side of the glittering gulf appeared the dim outlines of mighty mountains.

A strange emotion took possession of the travellers. Their eyes rested on the grey height of Mycenæ, seeking some traces of the royal palace of the Pelopidæ, and all the other indestructible remains of the Cyclopiæan treasures, graves, walls, and arches of former days.

When they reached Mycenæ itself, darkness had closed in. They stood on the rocky height, where the grey masonry, built of huge but regularly-hewn blocks of stone, and overgrown with moss and ivy, produced a dismal, almost ghastly impression in the gloom. Yet they scorned to go down to the houses of the few Mycenæans, who still lived in the ruined, deserted city of the Atridæ. Pericles and Aspasia determined to spend the warm summer night in a tent near this venerable relic of the past. But the moon rose, flooding with her

white, radiant light the masonry, the height itself, all the mountain peaks of Argós and the plain between to the distant sea. Though weary, Pericles and Aspasia could not resist the temptation of this bewitching moonlight, and drew fresh strength from the strange excitement of their minds. A few days ago noisy Athens surrounded them, and now, in the starry night, they stood thrilled with awe on the ruins of Mycenæ, amid the death-like stillness of the Argolian mountains. The spirit of Homer seized upon them. In the sighing of the wind, the rustling of the tree-tops, they heard a faint echo of the immortal heroic song. The full moonlight, shining upon the peaks of the mountains of Argos, reminded them of the fire that had once flashed from one summit to another, bearing the message of the Greek conquest of Troy over sea and mountain to Agamemnon's citadel, where the fierce Clytemnestra, secretly sharpening the murderous steel, with her lover Ægisthus by her side, awaited the return of the victorious Greek commander. And within the deserted ruins that lay before them, in the silent, night-shrouded solitude, that dagger flashed. Behind those walls echoed the death-rattle of the ruler.

Pericles and Aspasia walked along the mighty wall, which, with many turns and angles, followed the edge of the rugged mountain. They reached the famed lion-gate, the ancient entrance to the citadel of the Atridæ, above which rose the oldest piece of sculpture in the world. Through this gate-way they entered the stronghold, and stood before the inner walls, behind which the Atridæ lived in security; but only the foundations showed them the position of the royal apartments. They continued their walk, and farther on, not on the

summit of the mountain, but its slope, reached the venerable, still uninjured circular building, which was at once a treasury and the tomb of the Pelopidæ.

As Pericles and Aspasia approached this building, they were startled by the figure of a gigantic man lying before the door, who raised himself to a sitting posture as the strangers came up. He recalled the huge forms of Homer, that hurled blocks of stone, whose weight the men of later generations could not have raised from the ground. Pericles accosted him, and after a short conversation perceived that he had encountered one of the beggars wandering through the mountains of Argos. His limbs were scantily covered with rags; his bronzed face seemed worn by wind and weather. So perhaps looked the patient wanderer Ulysses, when he escaped from his wrecked ship to land, after struggling with the waves for days, while the salt tide gnawed his limbs.

The weird, gigantic, gray-haired beggar said that he was guarding the treasure of Atreus, and no one should approach the door of the treasury without his consent. Then he began to babble of vast stores of gold, which still lay concealed in these rock-chambers, and would make the finder the richest of all mortals, a leader and king in Hellas, the heir and successor of the Hellenic prince Agamemnon.

Pericles smiled and said to Aspasia: "Mycenæ was famed in ancient times as the richest of the Hellenic cities; but I think her gold has long since flowed to Athens, and we need not seek it here. Yet this wonderful rock-tomb irresistibly allures me."

"Guide us into the treasury, you guard," he continued, turning to the giant. "We are Athenians, and

have come into the mountains of Argos, to show our reverence for the dust of the divine Atridæ."

He then ordered several slaves to light torches. The beggar, over whom Pericles' manner seemed to exert a certain influence, silently prepared to act as guide. Exerting his gigantic strength, he pushed aside with his strong hand a piece of rock that lay before the entrance, completely barring it. Even then it was not easy to make their way over the rubbish and stones, that almost choked the door, into the vault, which extended far into the earth.

Through the entrance, formed of huge blocks of stone, Pericles and Aspasia reached the lofty, gloomy vault, whose walls were not erected in the usual manner—the layers of stone were placed one above another in ever-narrowing circles, and finished with a conical arch. Traces of a metal lining were on the walls, a favorite ornament in the days of which Homer writes. How the smooth, polished metal walls of the royal apartments must have sparkled in the light of blazing torches! But here the metal plates had been violently torn away, and the gray stone masses of the huge circles, piled one above another, stared nakedly down upon the spectators.

Pericles and Aspasia passed from the circular room, through a narrow door, into a chamber hewn in a square form from the solid rock.

They stood absorbed in thought. The dim light of the burning torches feebly illumined the gloomy stone vault.

"It would be a bold idea," said Pericles, "to take shelter for the night in this stone vault, which seems pervaded with a strange horror."

Aspasia shuddered, but the next instant smiled, and could not resist the spell exerted by the terrible, yet tempting thought of spending a night in the tomb of the Pelopidæ, which had endured a thousand years, resting above the dust of Atreus and Agamemnon.

Many objections were raised, but at last they resolved to execute the daring idea. The slaves spread carpets and prepared a couch on the stone floor of the smaller rock-chamber. The gigantic beggar stretched himself out in the vaulted room to sleep, the servants lay around the outer entrance.

Pericles and Aspasia now found themselves alone in the awful, rock-hewn chamber. The uncertain light of the torch, fastened on the floor, flickered with a ghostly glimmer over the gray, windowless walls. A death-like stillness reigned. The repose of a sepulchre surrounded them.

"On this night and in this place," said Pericles, "the thought of corruption and annihilation confronts me almost in bodily form, with Titanic power. How delicate, variable and perishing every living thing appears, and how stubbornly and tenaciously that, which we are accustomed to call dead, defies the teeth of time. Atreus and Agamemnon perished long ago, and we are perhaps inhaling the invisible atoms of their dust with every breath we draw. But the lifeless walls, which towered above those men, surround us now, and will perhaps rise over those who will absorb *our* dust a thousand years hence."

"I do not think, like you, Pericles," replied Aspasia, "that this fleeting human existence has any reason to envy the indestructible life of the dead. The falling block of stone buries the flowers, but they return with

every spring and twine their shoots about the rock, which after centuries crumbles away, but the flowers are always here. So life lies buried under the ruins of cities, but secretly creeps forth again and surrounds the masonry that boasts of its duration: its shoots even grow through and burst the rock, and thus at last only what is apparently fleeting and perishable becomes eternal."

"You are right," said Pericles, "life would soon become weary and disgusted with itself, if allotted the changelessness of the dead. Changelessness is synonymous with death, and change is life."

"Is not the heroic soul of Agamemnon renewed in a thousand heroes?" said Aspasia. "Does not the love of Paris and Helen live on forever in a thousand lovers?"

"Yes, life comes and goes," replied Pericles, "and returns in perpetual transformations. But are we sure, that in this coming and going some portion of its original strength is not at last lost? Must not the grandeur in the world slightly resemble the stone circles in the arch of this vault, which it is true repeat themselves towards the top, but constantly grow *smaller*? Agamemnon's heroic spirit seems to have returned, and we have defeated the Persians, but it seems to me we have shrivelled a little in comparison with Homer's heroes."

"Many things may become weaker in returning," answered Aspasia, "but do you not perceive, that many are still more vigorous and beautiful? The art that perished with these ruins has returned, and carved the sculptured marble ornaments of the Parthenon!"

"But," said Pericles, "when these sculptured marble ornaments have also some day crumbled into ruins—if perhaps Pallas' magnificent team of four horses, falling

from the pediment of the Parthenon, is shattered with a thundering crash upon the rocky slope, are you sure that art will only return in a more glorious form? Or will a time come, whose glory will merely exist upon the reflection from the immortal ruins?"

"Let later generations trouble themselves about that," replied Aspasia.

"You have also spoken of the love of the handsomest couple of ancient times," continued Pericles, "and how it is revived in countless pairs."

"Do you doubt it?" said Aspasia.

"No," cried Pericles, "and I believe that love, and love alone, always returns with the same power, the same freshness, the same bliss."

"Love and pleasure!" said Aspasia smiling.

"Even so!" repeated Pericles. "True, I must wander through this place with shame, and perhaps am not worthy to rest even one night above the dust of Homeric heroes. But if, with sorrowful envy, I must renounce the heroic fame of Achilles, I share the happiness of Paris—the possession of the fairest Hellenic woman."

The expression with which Pericles said this, was not wholly in harmony with the words themselves. He looked as if he doubted whether it was seemly for a man to renounce the fame of Achilles, and be content with the happiness of Paris.

But Aspasia understood how to soothe the thoughts stirring in Pericles' mind, by exerting the spell at the command of the most beautiful woman in Greece. Her eyes shed a magical light through the gloomy rock-chamber, the rose-hue on her cheek seemed diffused through the whole vault. The torch, which but now

had flickered so dimly, perhaps like those that had once burned here at the interment of the buried Agamemnon, suddenly appeared to blaze up cheerily like a hymeneal taper. The light of beauty, shining in the gloomy tomb, seemed to transform the dark vault to a bridal-chamber, and the eternal freshness of life and love gained the mastery over the horror of death and corruption, the dust of the Atridæ that had lain mouldering for a thousand years.

When Pericles and Aspasia left the sepulchre and emerged from the rock-hewn vault, the dewy light of morning was shining on all the fields and slopes. Yet, even in the brilliant radiance of day, the ruins of the citadel of the Atridæ were no less lonely and silent. Only a vulture, with outspread pinions, hovered high in the blue air above Mycenæ.

While the travellers breakfasted on the provisions brought with them, and some wine carried by a slave in a skin, Pericles asked Aspasia if she had had no dream during her slumber in the tomb of the Atridæ.

"Yes," replied Aspasia, "a dream really did transport me to the camp before Ilium. I saw Achilles in bodily form, and he still hovers before my eyes—a youthful figure, fiercely beautiful, of almost unearthly aspect, tall and slender, the face of the purest oval, framed by dark waving locks, the eyes, black as coals and almost circular in shape, which, despite the nobility of the features, gave the face a somewhat Gorgan-like, terrible expression; the mouth was unusually small, but the lips wore an impress of power; everywhere youthful beauty was blended with fierce, almost superhuman, heroic strength. So I saw him standing on the ship,

his battle shout alone spreading terror within the walls of Ilium."

"A dream bore me also into the Homeric world," said Pericles, "but strangely enough, not among the heroes. I saw Penelope, yet stranger still, not as Homer describes her, the faithful wife waiting for Ulysses, but as the youthful bride in the light of a legend, which charms me more than all Homer has sung of her. You surely know the story of Ulysses' courtship—how the Spartan king Icarius consented to give his daughter to Ulysses, hoping to induce the latter to settle in Lacedæmon, but when he did not succeed in this, sought to estrange his beloved child from the suitor; nay when Ulysses took away his bride to Ithaca, followed the carriage with his paternal pleadings, until Ulysses asked the maiden to say whether she accompanied him willingly, or would rather return to Sparta with her father. Penelope made no reply, but timidly veiled her face; upon which Icarius let her go and erected a statue of virgin modesty in the spot where this occurred. What a charming picture is this silent, blushing Penelope, veiling her face in maidenly embarrassment. And in that virginal form I saw her last night in my dream."

Thus Pericles and Aspasia related the visions that had fallen to their lot, while resting on the dust of the Atridæ, and wondered half in jest, half in earnest, whether they concealed any omen or secret meaning.

Casting one more glance from the ruined citadel of Mycenæ upon the plain of Inachus and ancient Argos, they continued their journey, and began to cross the Argolian mountains into the Arcadian chain.

Pericles and Aspasia enjoyed walking for long dis-

tances over the paths of the wooded heights, engaged in familiar conversation.

Aspasia had hitherto been accustomed to rest only on cushions and carpets; she now learned that it was possible to recline on green turf, moss, herbs, and pine needles. Sometimes, when they sat down in a pleasant spot, a slave, at a sign from Pericles, brought one of the rolls of MS., containing Homer's poetry, and Aspasia, at her husband's request, read aloud to him in her clear, sweet voice. They had not wished to visit the remains of the ancient kingdom of the Atridæ without the poet, and indeed, since seeing these ruins, the bard appeared to them in all his reality.

From time to time a passing difference of opinion arose, when Pericles praised the patriarchal heroic days too enthusiastically, while Aspasia preferred to seek the ideal of human life in the present or even the future.

"I find a remarkable lesson in Homer," Pericles said—"namely that men were once animals, and gradually became human beings. We see in his writings, especially in the *Odyssey*, how the transformation gradually took place. Everywhere he lays special stress upon the victory of humanity over what is rude and animal. Everywhere we see this struggle of humanity against the still unconquered remnants of brutishness. He shows us in the savage Læstrygones and Cyclopes, what we once were. He describes these fierce barbarians in contrast with noble human feelings, compares the cannibals with the hospitable Phæacians, and to guard mankind from any relapse into brutishness, associates it as closely as possible with the divine nature. Pallas Athena, the goddess of wise human judgment, energy ennobled by humanity, is the constant companion and guide of his heroes.

Humanity is what he preaches, humanity in contrast with brutishness. With him pure humanity is coined into pure poesy. Every object floats in a pure, clear atmosphere. Lofty simplicity never spoke more eloquently from any lips."

Here Aspasia interrupted Pericles' praise.

"Pardon me," she said, "a word has escaped you, which I cannot let pass, and you perhaps will gladly retract. Homer is neither plain nor simple, at least not in the sense that some of the sculptors were, who preceded Phidias. With Homer, to use an old comparison, poetry sprang fully matured from the brain of Zeus. His language is broad, rich, sonorous. His descriptions are sometimes as pompous as they are vivid, and there are passages in the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* whose rhetorical magnificence of expression no later poet will surpass. And his eloquence! Are not the speeches with which the angry Achilles is persuaded to return to the battle, and the answer he makes, masterpieces? Not merely in consequence of their vigor; by their arrangement and striking force of demonstration they will remain models of perfect oratory."

"What you say is true!" said Pericles. "Yet Homer, in a certain sense, possesses what I call sublime simplicity. Perhaps it is the secret of the highest art, to permit this lofty simplicity to echo through the cultivated magnificence of style, and blend primeval freshness with the maturity of the present."

After a journey of several days, the travellers found themselves in the midst of the rough mountainous portion of Arcadia. They were accompanied through the hilly region by native shepherds, who not only acted as guides but, armed with clubs and spears, served also for

guards. Amid the solitude of the mountains they saw eagles circling in the clouds above them, beheld other birds with sharp talons and crooked beaks fighting and screaming on the jagged rocks, saw flocks of cranes, starlings, and daws flying before the hawks that darted down upon them from the peaks. Here and there the blows of axes and the crash of ancient trees, falling under the hands of wood-cutters, resounded from the forest depths. Not one of the carnivorous animals, which usually only emerge from their dens at night, crossed their path, but they found the ground in the Arcadian woods covered with bright-eyed tortoises, creeping clumsily among the plants and stones, or basking in the sun.

Thus Pericles and Aspasia wandered through the quiet country, and while supposing that they calmly regarded everything new and strange as a temporary and chance event, all these things had a momentous secret influence, fitted into their lives like a previously-ordained link, and without perceiving or suspecting it, they were going forward to meet changes, transformations, decisions in their future destiny.

Passing over lofty plateaus near the clouds, the travellers often obtained wonderful views of Hellas, and sometimes saw the peaks of snow-clad mountains glittering on the most distant horizons. One day they set out before dawn, and traversed summits still veiled in darkness.

"Are you shivering in the chill mountain air?" Pericles asked the shuddering Aspasia.

"No, I am trembling in the presence of this dark, dreary, mountain solitude," she replied. "It seems as if we were no longer on Hellenic soil, and had been deserted by all the Hellenic gods."

At this moment Pericles' eye rested on a tiny golden cloud visible in the extreme north. He directed Aspasia's attention to it. The cloud grew larger, but remained in the same spot and stood forth in wonderful relief against the monotonous grey of the rest of the night sky. Gradually the upper surface gained remarkable distinctness and firmness of outline, which no longer resembled a cloud. It looked like a far golden meadow, where happy gods wandered. Indeed, when morning dawned and the lines of more distant mountain ranges appeared, this light spread downward, and the travellers perceived that they had beheld no motionless cloud, but the snow-clad peak of a distant mountain in the north, illumined by the rays of the still invisible sun.

"That, I believe, is the summit of the Thracian Olympus, *the mountain of the gods!*" said Pericles gaily. "Do you see, the Hellenic gods have not abandoned us. From the spot, where they sit throned in endless bliss, they send through a cleft in the mountain a greeting to this cheerless solitude."

"They want to tell us not to forget them and all other beauty in the gloomy Dorian country!" replied Aspasia smiling.

The travellers soon passed from the bare lofty plateaus into the tree-shaded western portion of Arcadia, filled with bubbling springs. Here countless little streams, now dashing swiftly, now murmuring gently, flowed down from the wooded slopes. Even in the heat of summer, the luxuriant vegetation on the meadows was always fresh and unscorched. Elms, beeches, plane-trees and oaks towered towards the sky. The valleys resounded with the lowing of cattle. Everywhere the travellers perceived that they were in the domain of the

rude god, who flung about his shoulders the red skin of the lynx, and to whom on all these heights, the sacrificial blood foamed from the shaggy breasts of rams.

Everywhere his statue, carved from the wood of the elm-tree, was erected; everywhere traces of him appeared. Here they saw a shaggy wild boar skin, hung on a plane-tree in his honor, yonder the antler of a stag, nailed to a beech-tree, in token of gratitude. Beside the springs were statues of nymphs, erected by the shepherds: offerings hung near them.

Pericles and Aspasia wandered through lofty oak forests, flooded with golden light by the rising or setting sun. Sometimes a sunbeam glowed through the boughs of a tree like a carbuncle, scattering around it long shafts of light, that seemed as if they might be grasped in the hands. All this was new and strange to them; they had never seen anything like it.

One day the pilgrims, while passing through a forest that shaded their path for miles, noticed an unusually loud rustling in the branches.

"I remember having heard of an Arcadian oak forest called Pelagos, the sea, on account of the loud rustling of its countless tree-tops, which resembled the surges of the ocean," said Pericles. "Perhaps it is the very wood through which we are walking."

But the native guides replied, that this rustling in the heart of the forest was unusual, and predicted a storm, at the same time pointing to the sky, which a short time before had been perfectly clear, but had now grown lustreless, like tarnished steel. The travellers quickened their pace to reach the spot where they intended to spend the night, before the tempest burst. But the rustling of the trees soon changed into a wild roar, and the

tops began to crack. A few small black clouds, heavy with rain and lashed by the wind, swept over the misty gray sky. The sun, a short time before so radiant in its golden light, stood like a sulphurous yellow ball above the mountains, whose peaks ever and anon were illumined by a livid glare. The hurricane bowed the trees almost to the ground, sweeping leaves, sand, and little twigs whirling before it. Single drops began to fall, and a few minutes after a torrent of rain, mixed at first with hailstones, came pouring down. The travellers hastily took refuge under the branches of a mighty oak. Suddenly a peal of thunder shook the mountains, flash followed flash, clap followed clap, and the winds from all quarters of the heavens seemed to meet. The blue flashes of lightning appeared to cross each other over the heads of the terrified travellers, and the thunder found an echo in a hundred valleys and ravines. Meanwhile the rain poured incessantly, the wind raved, birds of prey shrieked, and from the distance the howl of a wolf was heard.

The travellers gazed anxiously from their shelter under the leafy roof of the oak out into the tempest surrounding them on all sides.

Suddenly a flash of lightning, darting from a black cloud that hung over the crest of a jagged mountain, struck one of the tallest trees in the forest. In terrible splendor, the giant trunk burst into a red blaze, and in an instant was wrapped in flames from top to bottom; a shower of sparks flew from the crackling boughs, and a smell of sulphur pervaded the air. From the burning oak the flames leaped to other trees, and already threatened the travellers' shelter. The Arcadians promised to guide the fugitives to the nearest settlement, where they

could spend the night, and hurrying over the pathless ground, they followed them downward.

After a time the force of the rain abated; but they heard the dull roar of the swollen torrents rushing from the heights into the valleys. Pebbles, sand, broken boughs, and fragments of rock were washed away by the waters and hurried down into the depths.

Meantime evening had closed in, but while the travellers hastened through the wooded region, the storm ceased. The clouds were soon dispersed by the wind, and the moon smiled calmly above the forest, where the fierce battle of the elements had just raged.

The fugitives now reached a large opening in the trees, a hill covered with vegetation, stretching down over a gentle slope. A singular panorama was disclosed in the stillness of the night. On every side the jagged mountain peaks towered upward in the light of the moon, which sometimes shone brightly from the clear sky, sometimes dimly through floating clouds. The eye had a wide prospect to grasp, and the weary pilgrims walked on as if in a waking dream. In the centre of the clearing were the enclosures and buildings of a shepherd's farm. As the travellers approached an armed man, dressed in skins, who evidently guarded the premises against the attacks of wild beasts, came forward to meet them. Two huge dogs ran barking by his side.

The Arcadian guides quickly explained matters to him, and asked hospitality for the Athenian travellers. The watchman, driving away the barking dogs by throwing stones at them, led the strangers behind a wall, protected by a hawthorn hedge, which enclosing the farm-house formed a spacious court-yard, where a fire

was burning. The owner of the farm, a simple shepherd, came out, welcomed the guests without asking their origin, names, or the goal of their journey, and ordered a wether to be killed and roasted for their entertainment.

After thus refreshing the travellers, he gave the slaves quarters for the night in the barns, but he and his wife resigned their own chamber to Pericles and Aspasia, preparing a fresh couch for them by strewing small branches and dried herbs on the floor, and spreading soft fleeces over them. For coverlids he gave them several goat-skins, and his own cloak.

The changing incidents, little adventures, and even the discomfort of a journey increase instead of lessening the enjoyment of travellers. The mere change of scenes and occurrences charms, and the pure breezes of heaven bestow on the weary not only strength and refreshment, but cheerful spirits.

Pericles never felt happier than in the shepherd's hut, before the wretched couch. Aspasia's silvery laughter blended strangely with the idyllic lowing of the cattle from the stalls.

"How many wonderful things the gods, in whom we trust while travelling, bestow!" said Pericles. "A few days ago we had an ancient royal sepulchre for a sleeping room, and to-day it seems as if we were about to experience the adventures of Ulysses. Homer's spirit has hovered around us since we crossed the isthmus; I believe we shall become transformed during our wanderings, and when we return never suit the refined, almost effeminate Athenians!"

When Pericles and Aspasia, roused by the barking of the dogs and the prolonged lowing of the cattle, rose

from their couch and went out into the spacious courtyard, they saw the rude shepherd lads going to the stalls. A large shaggy dog was playing with a tortoise he had found in the wet grass. Barking and leaping, he seized it sometimes by the paw and sometimes by the snout, and dragged it around until it lay dead. Another dog was fighting or rather playing with a ram. The ram struck at him with his horns, but the dog snapped at the ram's beard or tried to bite his muzzle. A naked child sat by the spring, throwing pebbles at the sun's disk, reflected in the water.

The herds of cattle now came out of the stalls; first, rejoicing in their strength, the draught oxen; the calves bounded bleating around their mothers. Two men, bearing crooked shepherds' staffs, followed them, accompanied by two powerful dogs. Then, driven by boys, came the bleating goats. A shepherd caught the he-goat at the head by its long beard, and caressed it. "This good fellow," he said to Pericles and Aspasia, "always gives warning on dark nights when a wolf or lynx creeps into the farm-yard, even if the dogs are asleep and neglect to drive the creature away."

The lambs gathered around a brown-skinned girl, whose face was shaded by a broad-brimmed hat, and who held a crook in her hand. There was something about this maiden, which even at the first glance attracted attention, produced an impression which could not instantly be understood. But on looking more closely, scanning her figure and the miserable dress in which she was clad, she seemed like a shepherdess, scarcely distinguishable from any other, save by her braids of fair hair and the strange expression of her eyes. They were remarkably deep and dreamy, and

seemed to be gazing, with a sort of childish surprise, even at the familiar world which surrounded her.

The lambs pressed bleating around and leaped upon her. One of the youngest, a snow-white little creature, licked the young girl's out-stretched hand.

When the flock of lambs, led by the girl, had passed out through the gate of the court-yard, the hospitable shepherd approached Pericles and Aspasia, who learned from him that she was his daughter, his only child, and was named Cora. Then, assisted by his wife, Glycaina, he set before them various provisions from his country store.

Pericles asked his host if he would allow him and his party to remain a day in his house, as they greatly needed rest after the exertions of the last week.

The shepherd gladly consented, ran to his wife and said mysteriously :

"Glycaina, I shall always believe that the two strangers, who have come to our farm, are no common mortals. In their dignity and beauty of form, they seem like gods in disguise, as the divinities have often come to poor shepherds. Besides, they scarcely touch the food set before them."

"And the slaves," said Glycaina, "do you take them for gods too?"

"No," replied her husband, "they eat and drink like human beings. But those two—well, no matter! Only entertain them as well as you can."

The shepherd returned to his guests, led them about everywhere, showed them his stables, his store-rooms for fruit, his smoothly-polished milk-pails, bowls filled to the brim with whey, and hampers bursting with cheeses. Then he took them to see the white-toothed

sows and sucking-pigs, praised their flesh, and fed them with acorns and cornels. When Aspasia looked as if she were tired and would like to sit down, the shepherd was instantly at hand to spread a spotted chamois-skin on the ground for her, smiling slyly meanwhile, as if he wanted them to perceive he knew what treatment disguised goddesses expected from mortals.

Skins and heads of slaughtered wild beasts hung on the enclosure of the court-yard and the trees surrounding it, and after Pericles and Aspasia had looked at these, they went out into the open country and were left to themselves, breathing more freely in the spicy air of the hill-side. The mountains glittered in their robes of green, as if washed clean by the rain. The dewy blades of grass sparkled in the sun like polished swords. A flock of crows flew over the meadows as if absorbed in business, alighted on a solitary tree, and in a few minutes hastily rose again and were lost in the blue air. Shepherds with their flocks were seen wandering over the distant mountains. The valleys between were filled with white mist and vaporous fog, that floated like the waves of the sea, and in which the flocks descending from the heights seemed to plunge and vanish. Lambs and cattle were grazing in all the low-lands, and nimble goats climbed the rocky slopes. Ever and anon the music of reed-pipes and song, the shepherd's pastime, echoed from the distance. The two loiterers heard from a certain spot sounds whose sweetness allured them. They turned in that direction, and found a group of shepherds listening to the best performer on the shepherd's flute. But soon some one emerged from the circle of listeners to cope with him. As Pericles and Aspasia approached, the rival musicians took the

reed-pipes from their mouths and almost dropped them, while all the shepherds looked amazed at the appearance of strangers. But when Pericles kindly invited them to continue their contest, and told them that he and his wife were Athenians, detained by a violent thunderstorm on their way to Elis, the shepherds resumed their contest with still greater zeal, and begged the Athenian and his wife to act as umpire.

Pericles and Aspasia were delighted with the music of the shepherds' flutes, and wondered that among such rude, untaught people as these mountaineers, any art, however insignificant, could have been cultivated to such perfection.

Aspasia asked the shepherds if they did not understand how to vie with each other in pantomimic dances. They pointed to the youngest, a slender boy, who, at Pericles' request, came forward, and with blended drollery and grace executed a rural dance, in which he imitated various occupations of country life.

"Couldn't you try a dance in pairs?" asked Aspasia.

"If Cora would,"—he answered almost sadly, gazing mournfully into the distance.

"Cora?" cried the other shepherds laughing. "Foolish boy! Why do you talk of Cora? Cora cares nothing for you."

The boy sighed and slipped away.

Walking farther on, Pericles and Aspasia reached the lambs' pasture, a pleasant forest meadow surrounded with trees. Here they found Cora sitting among her flock. Some of the little white-fleeced ones forgot to graze, and preferred to rest, with their heads lying on her lap. Cora herself sat with bowed head, absorbed in gazing at a tortoise, which lay on her knee and

seemed to answer the glance of the girl's beautiful eyes.

"Where did you find that creature?" asked Pericles, who had approached with Aspasia. The girl had been so absorbed in her dreamy reverie, that she did not notice the two strangers until they stood before her. Then she looked up, measured them with a glance from her round, childlike eyes, and said:

"These creatures come creeping up to me of their own accord from the neighboring woods. This one, in particular, always returns, and has so little fear, that instead of hiding its neck and head when I touch them, it stretches them out as far as possible, and looks at me with its bright eyes. Old Baubo says Pan sometimes conceals himself under the form of a tortoise. I think," the girl softly continued—"there is something mysterious about this one, for since it has constantly come out of the forest and spent the day with me and the lambs, the herd increases and thrives in a wonderful way."

After being induced to talk, the Arcadian girl was easily led, by Aspasia's questions, to continue her strange, childlike prattle. Charming to hear was her story of Pan, the woodland and shepherd god, how wonderfully the music of his flute echoed from the distance in the lonely mountains, how he was sometimes gracious, sometimes malicious. She also told of the goat-footed satyrs, who wandered through the woods, teasing with their mischievous pranks not only the nymphs, but the shepherdesses. One of them had once laid in wait for her, but she drove him away with a brand snatched from the watch-fire lighted in the forest. Then she spoke of the nymphs, who like the satyrs lived in the

forest, and sometimes met mortals in the moonlight, which was a great misfortune, for whoever met a nymph in the depths of the woods was seized with madness, and could never be cured.

The young girl's mind was filled with the marvelous legends and tales of her Arcadian native land. She spoke of wild swamps and horrible ravines, lakes cursed by the gods, in whose waters no fish thrived, of caves where evil spirits lurked, of strange sanctuaries of Pan on lonely mountain heights. The more horrible the girl's stories became, the wider she opened her childlike, frightened eyes.

"In Stymphalus," she said, "under the temple roof, hang the dead Stymphalian birds the hero Heracles slew. My father has seen them himself. And behind the temple stand marble statues of maidens with birds' feet. The dead Stymphalian birds are as large as cranes, and when they were alive flew at men, hacked their heads with their beaks, and eat them. Their beaks were so strong that they could bite metal."

From the lakes cursed by the gods, in which no fish could live, and into which even the birds that chanced to fly over them fell dead, Cora went on to the horrible waters of the Styx, which drip from desolate rocks in the most terrible mountain ravine of Arcadia. From the dreadful waters she spoke of the wild beasts in the mountain forests, and the hunts of the Arcadians for them. Then her eyes lost their timid, childlike expression, and a brave spirit sparkled in their depths. She told them how the shepherds, when a wild beast appeared near the farm, were compelled to watch out of doors through many a rainy night, how bright fires were kept burning in the yards, how the hungry roars of the

beasts were heard from the forest in the stillness of the night, how all set out to follow its trail, or lurked in some hiding-place, and when it tried to leap over the wall of the enclosure, suddenly rushed out upon it with spears, fragments of rock, and firebrands until it succumbed, overpowered by the number of its assailants. Pericles and Aspasia were surprised at the expression of daring courage, that flashed in the shepherdess' eyes while relating these tales, though her mind seemed to have no room for anything beyond the legend-fostered superstitions of her native land.

"It seems as if you yourself would not be unwilling to take part in such conflicts!" said Aspasia.

"Oh! I would do so gladly!" cried Cora. "Besides the malicious satyr, I have twice driven away with firebrands a wolf, that endeavored to approach my flock."

"This girl reminds me," said Pericles, "as she stands before us at this moment, of that famous daughter of Arcadia, Atalanta, who cast off by her father when a child, because he wanted sons only, was nursed by a she-wolf, reared by hunters and then, armed with spear and bow, lived in the Arcadian woods, a terror to wild beasts, a bold virginal huntress, who would yield to no tender emotion."

"Are you always alone here with the lambs?" asked Aspasia. "Is there nothing you love, and would gladly have with you always?"

"Oh! Yes indeed," said Cora, looking into her questioner's face with the old expression of childlike wonder in her eyes. "I love the tortoise, that always gazes at me with its bright glance, and will perhaps suddenly be transformed and speak to me, for I sometimes dream of it at night, and then it always talks. I love

the lambs too, and these well-known rustling trees, to whose murmur I listen for hours. I love the sunshine; but I also like the rain that comes plashing on the leaves, and the thunder that rolls so beautifully among the mountains. I love the birds, the larger ones, the eagles and cranes that fly over my head, as well as the smaller which sing among the branches. But most of all I love the mountains, especially in the evening when they glow with crimson hues, or at night when all is still, perfectly still, and their peaks stand so calmly in the white light."

Pericles and Aspasia smiled. "We were mistaken," said the former, "in supposing a shepherd maiden, who loves so many things, incapable of all tender emotions."

Aspasia drew him aside, saying:

"How this simple Arcadian girl, who sits with the tortoise in her lap, waiting for it to change into the god Pan, would stare if she were suddenly transported to Athens. How drolly she would behave, if I placed her with the two young maidens I have adopted, and whom the Athenians have already begin to call my *school*."

"She would appear like a raven among doves!" replied Pericles.

Yet they were both attracted by the girl's prattle, which revealed an unusual degree of imagination and a peculiar phase of feeling. But Aspasia soon began to change places with the Arcadian, becoming narrator, instead of listener. She began to tell the shepherd girl about Athens, until Pericles broke off the conversation by asking her to continue their walk. They soon lost themselves in the forest. Noonday had come, the sun had dried the morning dampness and warming the depths of the woods, released all their spicy odors. In the

meadows and clearings stood tall blooming plants, whose fragrance, blending with the aroma of the resin, made the mountain air refreshing, almost intoxicating. Cicadas chirped in the thickets under the scorching sun.

When they sat down to rest in the seclusion of the forest, the tortoises Cora loved crept up to them also; the large birds flew over their heads, and the smaller ones sang in the branches, the rustle of the leaves to which Cora listened for hours, murmured above, and Cora's beloved sunshine played around them.

"The deep rustle of these Arcadian mountain forests," said Pericles, "which seem to come from an infinite distance and die away again in endless space, fills me with strange awe. I never felt anything like it. I have never listened to the voices of a forest, carelessly passed by things which now suddenly seem to wish to say something to me. Look at the delicate threads shining in the sunlight, stretched from the tip of the wild-oats to the top of the blue bell-flower; have you noticed the wondrously fine silvery work of the spider? This Arcadian girl teaches us, that we can admire and learn to love things usually scarcely noticed, and which we enjoy unconsciously and therefore ungratefully, as we breathe."

"Your mind opens too easily to new impressions, Pericles," replied Aspasia. "An Arcadian child has infected you with a novel and unprecedented kind of love, a love for trees, passing clouds, and flying birds, and the perfume of the Arcadian mountain herbs perhaps already seems sweeter, than the fragrance of the Milesian rose-hedges."

"Only admit," said Pericles, "that this aromatic forest fragrance invigorates the heart, but amid the heavy odor of roses the mind at last becomes enfeebled.

I really feel a breath of renewed life. When we once stood in the grotto of Pan on the Acropolis, and you despised the shepherd god, we did not suspect he would afterwards receive us so kindly as his guests, entertain us so hospitably. Peaceful happiness surrounds us here, and when I mentally transport myself from this primeval solitude to noisy Athens, the impetuous haste and restlessness of its citizens seem almost frivolous, compared with the divine repose of these shepherds on their lovely mountain slopes."

"I only half share your enjoyment of the pleasures prepared for us by the hospitality of the shepherd god," replied Aspasia. "These people are plain and coarse, the distant snow-capped peaks of the mountains chill me, and the nearer ones make me timid, as if they were about to fall upon me. The solemn, monotonous rustling of these lofty firs affects me unpleasantly, and seems adapted to awaken a gloomy, thoughtful, fanatical spirit in the human mind. I love open sunny plains, blooming meadows, shores with a wide view of the sea. I like the places where a cheerful spirit develops in beautiful maturity. You would apparently like to stay here with these shepherds, I on the contrary would fain take them all away with me, to make men of them. Well, do as Apollo did, when he once took a fancy to join the shepherds and tend flocks. Stay here! You can live like a cicada: be wise, passionless, bloodless. If you sometimes long for activity, you can weave snares for crickets, or push lime-twigs through the trees to catch birds, or drive the starlings and cranes from the grain fields, with stones hurled from a sling. Or, you can watch the lambs for Cora, who will accompany me to Athens."

Pericles smiled. "So you really mean to take Cora away with you."

"Of course I do," replied Aspasia, "and hope you will not refuse your consent."

Pericles was surprised. "My consent will not be withheld. But what is your object in the matter?"

"A jest," replied Aspasia. "This comical Arcadian will serve to amuse me. It makes me laugh, whenever I look into her big, round, timid eyes."

It was precisely as Aspasia said. She wanted to amuse herself with the young girl, see how oddly the superstitious, inexperienced shepherd maiden would behave, if suddenly transported into the midst of the super-refined life of Athens.

The illness of one of his slaves induced Pericles to remain the shepherd's guest another day.

This was spent principally in the society of the brown-skinned shepherdess. Again Cora prattled, told shepherd tales, nay even sang some strange childish songs, composed by herself, like the following :

Down from the cliff the little brook,
Plunges in merry play,
Casting the while a laughing look,
Where the deer, grazing, stray.

Sprinkling the flowers with its foam,
The beasts it doth entice
To slake their thirst. Let winter come,
And it is pure, clear ice.

She also related the story of the love-sick Daphne, who pined away in sorrow and melancholy, and for whom all the animals mourned. But the sad tale did not find favor with Aspasia; she listened with a scornful smile on her rosy lips.

If in walking they came to one of the springs, surrounded by luxuriant herbage, which formed a clear crystal basin, and Aspasia wanted to look in, Cora anxiously pulled her back, saying that a person who looked into a spring sometimes saw the reflection of another image, that of a nymph, looking over her shoulder, and was then hopelessly lost.

When the sun stood in the zenith, and the notes of a reed-pipe were heard in the brooding noontide stillness, Cora said: "Pan will be angry again; he doesn't like to be roused from slumber at noon, when he is resting, by the sound of a pipe or other instruments." The music came from the shepherd lad, who requested by Pericles and Aspasia, had performed a rural dance the day before. He was well aware that Pan did not like the notes of a pipe at noon, yet always played when he saw Cora near, because he hoped to please her. But she reproached the poor fellow. Still, she had a kind heart, for she compassionately rescued a cicada, that had become entangled in a spider's web.

The young girl listened earnestly, when Aspasia began to tell her about Athens.

During the conversations the former held with Cora, she intentionally described the life of the Athenian city in the most tempting colors. She disturbed the peace of this idyllic nature, awakened discord in the harmonious world of the child's heart. Finally she invited her to accompany her to Athens. Cora made no reply, but seemed absorbed in thought.

Aspasia appealed to Cora's estimable parents, and told them she would take their daughter to Athens, where she might expect a happy fate.

"If it please the gods!" said the honest shepherd.

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"If it please the gods!" replied the shepherdess. But they did not say *yes*. No matter how often Aspasia renewed her request for their consent, they only said:

"If it please the gods!"

The father and mother could not easily resolve to part from their only child, even if she had the happiest fate.

On the evening of the same day, Cora was suddenly missed after returning with her flock of lambs, and they searched for her a long time in vain. At last Pericles and Aspasia, who were standing near the entrance of the court-yard, saw the young girl coming up the slope. Her attitude and bearing were very singular, for she held both hands pressed firmly over her ears. A group of Pericles' slaves stood outside the court-yard at some distance. When the girl had approached very near them, she suddenly removed her hands from her ears, seemed to be listening to their words, then started back, pressed her hand on her breast, and stood as if rooted to the earth.

The Athenians approached and asked the cause of her confusion.

"I asked Pan, whether it was the will of the gods that I should go with you to Athens," she replied.

"How did you do that?" both inquired.

"Down in the valley," said the girl, "is a grotto-sanctuary of Pan. The god's statue, carved from oak, stands in the cave. All the shepherds go there, when they want to ask anything secret. They whisper the question in the god's ear, cover their own with their hands until they come near people who are talking together, and then suddenly remove them. The first word heard is Pan's reply, the god's answer to the question whispered in his ear."

"And what word did you hear first among those slaves?" asked Aspasia.

"*Athens!*" replied Cora, trembling with excitement.

"So it is Pan's will, that I shall go to Athens," she continued sighing.

"He will permit you to take your favorite tortoise," said Aspasia smiling.

Cora's parents came up.

"Pan wills that I shall go to Athens!" said the young girl in a sorrowful, but resolute tone. And she repeated the story of the oracle, for which she had gone to Pan's grotto.

The shepherd and shepherdess heard the tale, looked at each other in perplexity, and then repeated, no less sadly than the young girl:

"Pan wills, that Cora shall go with the strangers to Athens."

Then they went up to the weeping girl and kissed her.

"Cora will be rewarded for her obedience to the god!" said Aspasia. "She will often send messengers to bring you news and gifts, and when you have grown old, summon you to spend the rest of your days with her."

"An omen happened in the house yesterday," said the shepherd, "a snake that stole into the swallow's nest on the roof, fell down on the hearth through the vent-hole for the smoke."

Aspasia continued to speak encouraging, consoling words, and the father and mother at last yielded to the will of the gods, though with sore distress.

Mournfully the notes of the shepherd lover's pipe echoed from the distance, while the shadows gathered more deeply around the quiet paths across the country.

All went into the court-yard together, to spend the night, which to Pericles and Aspasia was their last among the Arcadian mountains. They intended to set out at daybreak and continue their journey to Elis, where more important events awaited them, than in the quiet country of the shepherds.

CHAPTER V.

THE NEW GOD AND HIS LIGHTNING.

PERICLES and Aspasia had not wandered to Elis, to see the Olympian racers dart towards the goal, the wrestlers and pugilists struggle over the sand, or to hear the loud shouts, with which the Hellenes greeted the victors. Their hearts yearned towards their friend Phidias, when amid the radiance of a dewy morning, they reached the famous plain of Olympia, watered by the waves of the sacred stream Alpheus. They found all the roads leading to Elis from the Arcadian mountains, the south of the Peloponnesus across Messenia, or the north across Achaia, crowded with travellers; but especially the so-called sacred holiday road, that ran along the Alpheus; even across the western sea they saw garlanded galleys coming from the Italian and Sicilian coasts.

They mingled in the throng of festal caravans, festal embassies, which no large community in Hellas neglected to send to the great, peaceful Hellenic contest in Olympia. Wherever such a caravan passed, the stream of other travellers on foot and horseback divided, and all

gazed at the members of the procession, who, clad in festal robes and crowned with wreaths, sat in garlanded chariots, at the chariots themselves, which were not unfrequently adorned with paintings, gilded, and hung with tapestry, the magnificent beasts for sacrifices, costly sacrificial vessels, and numerous attendants.

Not far from the rows of shops and booths, almost opposite to the entrance of the sacred grove, was a sculptor's studio. Here Phidias had toiled for years; here with Alcamenes and some of his other pupils he had labored in the seclusion of the lowlands of Elis, whose quiet was interrupted only once in five years by the gay tumult of the Olympic festival, to complete the noblest and most magnificent of all his statues. Having escaped the spell of joyous Athens, shaken off all the influences that sought to bind his sublime thoughts to earth with flowery chains, he created in this solitude, fanned by mountain breezes and soothed by the waters of the sacred stream, his Olympic Zeus.

Two men came out of Phidias' studio and walked up the bank of the Alpheus.

One was the impetuous Alcamenes. His companion might be recognized as the much-praised Polycleitus of Argos, whose statues in bronze and marble vied with the great Athenian's. Yet, with the quiet, sober temperament of the Peloponnesian, he endeavored to comprehend humanity solely as such, especially the masculine sex, which he liked best to embody in statues of athletes. His school was Olympia; here he trained and saturated eyes and mind with the living contours of harmoniously powerful figures.

The difference between Phidias' art and that of his Argive rival, caused a secret hostility. While the

Athenian thought people were beginning to value the Argive's unaspiring art too highly, the latter was secretly offended because, passing over the Peloponnesian artist, the Athenian and his pupils had been summoned to execute the largest and most superb piece of sculpture on Peloponnesian soil. This was one of the Athenian triumphs Aspasia had predicted, when she tried to prove to Pericles, that a community can surpass its rivals by fostering the beautiful.

Therefore Polycleitus, during his stay in Olympia, had held no intercourse with Phidias and his companions, except Alcamenes, whose frank, cheerful, vivacious temper always triumphed over petty scruples, and who had now on the occasion of a chance meeting, entered into an unembarrassed conversation with his Argive brother artist.

Polycleitus, a sensible, circumspect man, who even in his hostility to Phidias and his school felt no passionate bitterness, inquired for Agoracritus, and asked why he had not accompanied his master to help finish his glorious work, as he did on the Acropolis.

"You may well wonder," replied Alcamenes, "that the master's favorite pupil is absent, while I, who since the victory won over him by my Aphrodite, can scarcely venture to boast of Phidias' personal regard, followed him here and continue to work by his side. When people live and labor together, it doesn't depend upon whether they love each other more or less, but whether they have peaceable dispositions. I could have endured Agoracritus' companionship, though he is ill-disposed towards me; but he could not bear mine, and since the completion of the Parthenon has gone his own way merely to escape the sight of my hated face. Meantime,

he undertook to carve a Zeus for Coroneia. But, as when he intended to make an Aphrodite he produced a Nemesis, so people supposed his Zeus, when finished, to be a god of the nether world. Thus he becomes more and more absorbed in melancholy, and as my style of art constantly progresses in the contrary direction, we have reached a degree of opposition, in which we are certainly no longer fit to labor side by side at the same task."

"Your impetuous spirit, Alcamenes," replied Polycleitus, "urges you to take long strides in your art, which your companions cannot easily follow."

"I could move more freely here, than among the works on the Acropolis," said Alcamenes. "There the master's mind held everything created in strict unity, according to a fixed plan; here he left the external decoration of the temple entirely to Pæonius and myself, while he remained completely absorbed in his Olympian ruler of the gods."

As Alcamenes uttered these words, he suddenly fixed his eyes upon a distant part of the crowd surging along the bank of the Alpheus. He seemed to have recognized some one, and his manner betrayed unusual excitement. Turning to Polycleitus, he said:

"Do you see that stately, dignified man, trying to make his way through the throng, beside a closely-veiled woman with a charming figure? That is Pericles from Athens, accompanied by his wife, the beautiful Milesian, Aspasia."

"I recognize Pericles," said Polycleitus. "I saw him years ago at Athens. But the beautiful woman is a stranger to me."

"A woman as dangerous and crafty, as she is beau-

tiful," replied Alcamenes. "You cannot love without hating her, or hate without loving her."

When Pericles and Aspasia saw Alcamenes and Polycleitus, they approached each other, and after the Athenians had exchanged cordial greetings with the two sculptors, Pericles instantly asked for Phidias.

"We arrived at Olympia late last evening," said he, "not to witness the games, which for me have long since lost the charm of novelty, and my wife as a woman is prohibited from attending, but merely to see Phidias and his god, about which marvellous things have been told recently. We are just looking for the master and you, Alcamenes, will doubtless gladly direct us to him."

"He is in the sacred grove," replied Alcamenes, "in the newly-finished temple of Zeus. He shut himself up there with his assistants and workmen, and will admit no one, partly in order not to be disturbed, and partly because he doesn't wish to expose his statue to the eyes of spectators until it is in its place, erected in its full splendor. The temple will not be opened until the games are over. Rigidly as the reserved and almost misanthropic man secludes himself from every one, I will try to enter the closed temple and announce guests, whom he surely will not fail to receive with joy."

"Never mind, Alcamenes!" said Pericles. "Phidias ought not to be disturbed in his occupation, even by us, and will not wish us to see his work, except in the full splendor of completion. We will have patience for a time, but I don't intend to wait with Aspasia for the formal opening of the temple. We should not care to enjoy that spectacle for the first time, amid the countless throng of Hellenes. I hope Phidias will conduct us

at least a day before into the lonely sanctuary, and allow us to gaze at his completed statue of the god in silence."

"That wish certainly will accord with the master's desire," replied Alcamenes. "Then, if you intend to leave Phidias undisturbed in the temple, content yourselves with my society and Polycleitus', who is more at home on the soil of Olympia than almost any other Greek, and whose bronze and marble statues are gleaming yonder amid the branches of the plane and olive-trees in the sacred grove."

Pericles and Aspasia, with cordial thanks, accepted the guidance of the two famous men.

They walked together through the vast crowd in the wide, open plain, that extended between the tree-shaded bank of the Alpheus and the sacred grove of Attis, where the new temple of the Olympic Zeus towered amid a forest of bronze and marble statues.

They passed the houses intended for the numerous persons who belonged to the service of the temple, the inns, which could not contain half the strangers, the buildings where the war-chariots were kept, the stables where noble steeds and mules were neighing. The larger portion of the multitude had encamped in tents in the open air.

After walking a few steps, they came to the superb tent of the embassy from Sicyon, somewhat farther on to those which sheltered the envoys from Corinth, Argos, Samos, Rhodes and others. Around these tents thronged many persons, especially those connected with their owners by the ties of nationality. Then they were told: This magnificent tent belongs to the rich Periander from Chios, that to wealthy Euphorides from Orchomenus,

the third to Pauson from Eretria. The occupants of the tents stood at the entrances, talking and gesticulating eagerly together, greeting their friends and inviting them to rest under the shade of the purple linen. Strangers, sunburnt youths, approached, endeavoring to prove themselves the sons and relatives of former guests, by showing one half of a broken ring, whose other half was in the hands of those whom they accosted.

Booths of every description adjoined the gay city of tents.

The populace surged to and fro. All the various Greek dialects blended confusedly together. People did not always understand each other. Beside the harsh tones of the Peloponnesian, the broad accent of the Theban, the heavy one of the Megarian, echoed the soft Ionian and Æolian tongues. Amid the crowd of Hellenes, the eager, bright-eyed Athenian and grave, gloomy Spartan were especially conspicuous, and were often seen to measure each other with hostile glances.

The gigantic forms of the athletes also moved to and fro. People pointed them out, and mentioned their names and victories.

Before the tent of the embassy from Chios, Pericles saw a boy weeping bitterly, while an old man, perhaps his grandfather, vainly strove to console him. Pericles asked the cause of the tears, and learned that the lad had been excluded from the contests of the boys on the charge of *effeminacy*, because he had come to Olympia with long hair and a purple robe. Aspasia, in tones of mingled scorn and anger, without fearing those who might hear, blamed the gloomy, old-fashioned strictness of the Elis inspectors of combats, then caressingly stroked the boy's dark curls, saying :

“Don’t cry! Pericles from Athens will intercede for you with the Hellanodicæ.”

The wide space became more and more densely crowded. Pericles and Aspasia, in passing along, saw groups thronging around sculptors, who publicly exhibited their works, or rhapsodists, or a clear-voiced man, who mounted a sort of orator’s platform, to read aloud to the listening Hellenes the histories he had composed of Greek cities and islands. Or they pressed around some excellent musician, or men of haughty bearing clad in magnificent purple robes, Sophists who sought here in Olympia to increase the renown of their name, and were ready to declaim to the throng on any subject; or some insignificant little man, on whose bald crown the perspiration, under the burning sun of Elis, glittered like morning dew-drops, and who offered for general examination an astronomical chart, a work of great ingenuity and toilsome calculation.

An aged, white-haired Spartan gazed at the eager bustle with a gloomy, dissatisfied expression. “I like the time, when Olympia was nothing more than the place for testing the manly strength of the Hellenes, while now it is abused as a spot for exhibiting effeminate arts. When I was a boy, nothing was sold here except necessary food, and articles especially required for the festival, such as ornaments, fillets, wreaths. Now the booths bristle with useless trash; we have a great fair here, at which the tradesfolk from all the cities and islands wish to offer their most tempting wares. The place swarms more and more with rhapsodists, musicians, sculptors, sophists, and other people of that sort, and soon the great purpose of the Olympic festival will disappear amid exhibitions and displays of unmanly rivalry, with

which the Athenians and other Hellenes of the lowlands, the islands, and the Ionian coast try to press forward. Ambitious fools! Each wants to parade in some way, make himself conspicuous. See, yonder are some Megarians scrawling their names on the bark of the poplars, to do something to secure immortality."

"And I see some people gathering the beautiful, bright-hued pebbles from the sand of the sacred stream," replied his companion. "I must get some too, to take home to my boys."

At these words the Spartan's friend disappeared among the poplars on the banks of the Alpheus. The former looked after him, shaking his head.

At this moment, drowning every other sound, arose the loud voice of the herald, who passing through the city of tents from time to time, succeeded in fixing the eyes and ears of all the Hellenes upon himself for a moment. He was the universal mouth-piece of the Greeks, and announced the most diverse events: "The Panormitans and Leontines solemnly inform all the Hellenes of the treaty of peace they have concluded, after the settlement of their quarrels." Then: "The Magnesians announce to the Hellenes, that they have formed a perpetual defensive alliance with the Larissæans and Demetrians."

Again his sonorous shout echoed on the air: "The Lechæans, in the presence of the whole Hellenic nation, thank the Pliasians for the assistance rendered in the conflict with the Cenchreæns."

"That was worth while!" exclaimed a Cenchreæan. "Do the Lechæans really suppose we feared them and the Pliasians? By Heracles! They'll hear a different proclamation from the herald, at the next Olympic festival."

"Admirable bragging!" replied a Lechæan who stood near. "Never mind! We still have arrows enough to cover the whole Cenchreæn city."

"And we spears enough," retorted the Cenchreæn, "to spit all the Lechæans!"

"Be off!" cried the Lechæan furiously, "or you won't recognize your own face in the mirror to-morrow." He raised his clenched fist.

The Athenian caught his arm. "What does this mean? Let the Cenchreæn alone or you'll have to deal with me."

"Why, just see," said a Samian in the group of spectators who crowded around the pair; "the Athenians even want to ingratiate themselves with the Cenchreæns, and we know their designs, when they sneak into favor."

"Yes, indeed we do!" cried several Spartans and Argives.

"For some time," exclaimed one of the Argives, "the Athenians have been making extraordinary efforts, to win friendship on the isthmus and at the entrances to the Peloponnesus!"

"Have they time?" asked one of the Spartans, grinning. "Has the great Pericles, the Olympian, finished his magnificent temples, propylæa, and gold and ivory statues of Pallas? And does the Hera of the Athenian Olympian desire to extend her domain beyond the pine forests of the isthmus?"

"She has already sent her friends and champions in advance!" cried the Argive, pointing over his shoulder towards Phidias' workshop.

The Athenians would not submit to be laughed at, and the wordy war threatened to grow fiercer and more general.

Suddenly a man's voice was heard. Powerful, melodious, and wonderfully impressive, it instantly gained a hearing from all.

"Whose is the Hellenic tongue," cried the speaker, "that derides the new temple and statues of the Athenians? Whatever praiseworthy thing has been created at Athens, has been created for the honor of the whole Hellenic name. Remember that for centuries our forefathers, no matter of what race, have always maintained *peace* in this spot, where the sacred waves of the Alpheus flash in time to the festal Olympic songs of the whole Hellenic nation. We have ever met here for peaceful contests; this was sacred soil, here dwelt divine peace. The Panhellenic festival within the temple precincts of our common god, Zeus, unites us. Keep the peace, Hellenes, on the Pisatian meadow. No weapons must clash, no clang of metal be heard here, save the tinkling of broken halves of rings fitted together, by which Hellenic guests from every land affectionately recognize each other."

At these words the shout "Pericles!" rang through the crowd. "Pericles of Athens! Pericles, the Olympian!" Fathers lifted their sons to show them Pericles. He had at first been recognized only by a few. Now that he had spoken, now that the thunder of his Olympic oratory had resounded, he was known by the whole Hellenic nation. Shouts of applause echoed across the Alpheus, and the waves of the stream seemed to splash in harmony.

Pericles withdrew from the crowd by entering the sacred grove Altis, accompanied by his friends and Aspasia. Here they wandered amid temples and sanctuaries of every kind, statues, tripods, monumental-

columns, beneath the rustling foliage of olive, white poplar, plane, and palm-trees. A gilded goddess of victory, placed between two gilded prize vessels, flashed with dazzling lustre on the summit of the new temple of Zeus. They examined Alcámenes' sculpture on the rear pediment. He had represented the battle of the Lapithæ and Centaurs, and 'in so doing given freer rein to his predilection for animated life and manifold variety of attitude and gesture, than at the Acropolis of Athens.

Guided by Polycleitus and Alcámenes, Pericles and Aspasia examined the countless wonders of the sacred grove.

At last they ascended a flight of steps, leading northward from the Altis to a wide terrace. This terrace extended along the southern base of the hill of Cronus to the Stadium. Upon it stood a row of so-called treasure-houses of different cities, in which they deposited the offerings intended for Olympia.

Ascending the hill of Cronus from the treasure-houses, Pericles and Aspasia saw the sanctuaries that adorned it. From the summit they had a most beautiful view of Olympia. Below lay the sacred grove Altis, with its temples and statues; beyond it the majestic river Alpheus flowed through the plain; on the right was the river Cladeus, flowing from the Pisatian mountains to mingle its waters with the Alpheus; on the left was the Stadium, and farther down, bounding the sacred grove, the Hippodrome, the scene of the Olympic contests. At the right of the hill of Cronus, nearer the northern exit of the Altis, they saw the buildings which formed the centre of the government of Olympia, and where the umpires, as well as the athletes themselves, swore to observe the laws of the contests before the

statue of Zeus Harkios, armed with the double lightnings. Beyond, nothing was to be seen on all sides except the circle of towering mountains, beneath whose shelter lay the sacred plain of Olympia.

The men of the party gazed at the scene with delight, but Aspasia began to complain of the burning heat, and the numerous gnats that tormented them.

"How does it happen," said she, "that the Hellenes chose for their athletic contests the season of midsummer, and this sultry, marshy lowland?"

"Their founder, Heracles, didn't mind gnats!" said Alcamenes smiling.

"Nor we men until now!" added Pericles. "But since our attention has been called to it, I must agree with you, Aspasia; the countless tiny blood-suckers are certainly annoying."

Returning through the Altis, Pericles and Aspasia lingered near Polycleitus' statues.

Meantime the throng and bustle between the Altis and the Alpheus had constantly increased. Countless victims were offered towards evening at the flower-wreathed altars of the gods in the Altis. The athletes were seen watching for omens of their success in the entrails of the slaughtered animals. The largest throng of spectators gathered around the festal burnt-offering on the famous ancient altar of Zeus.

The performance of these sacred rites lasted until far into the night, amid the sound of music, by the light of the moon, which was approaching its full. Everything was done in magnificent style, and yet in perfect order, amid a silence that commanded reverence. Not until midnight were the torches in the sacred grove extinguished, while the last flames on the sacrificial altars died

glimmering away. Then no small part of the throng hurried to the race-course, to secure places and wait for the grey dawn and the commencement of the games.

The next morning Pericles and Aspasia ascended the hill of Cronus.

Pericles' eyes rested upon the crowded Stadium, of which he had a distant view, with the interest such a spectacle always obtained from the Greeks. He had only renounced the pleasure of mingling with the spectators for Aspasia's sake.

The Milesian's eye did not turn with the same satisfaction to the spot where physical strength, excited to almost murderous eagerness, was struggling in the dust and sun.

"Why does your glance wander almost contemptuously to those rejoicing spectators?" asked Pericles.

"Does it not seem," said Aspasia, "as if the Hellenic nation, which has become so eminent in many things truly beautiful and magnificent, reserves the highest of its crowns of glory for the athletes of Olympia? Ought strength of arm and nimbleness of foot, to be considered the highest of all excellencies on Hellenic soil?"

"I understand," replied Pericles; "you are the champion of womanhood, and everything that refines, ennobles, and beautifies life; but here the rude masculine nature celebrates its triumph."

"Such wrestling and pugilistic contests, where men fight each other till the blood streams from their mouths, is a true Dorian spectacle," replied Aspasia. "You are right, I hate these games, for where virility goes beyond its mark, barbarism does not seem far distant. I fear the rude charm of this spectacle will en-

snare the minds of men more and more, and at last lead them again to barbarism."

"You go too far," replied her husband, smiling.

The conflict of opinions between Pericles and Aspasia was destined to receive a still greater stimulus by a little scene of which they became witnesses.

The evening of that same day, accompanied by Polycleitus and Alcamenes, they were strolling near the Stadium, Aspasia gazing at the places so new to her, when it happened that just as they sat down to rest on a stone bench, a party of athletes, who had taken part in the contests of the day, met another group, and all entered into an animated conversation. The battles of the first day were fought over again in words, and each success underwent a severe scrutiny. Those who were vanquished explained by what accident their opponents had become conquerors, and how the victory had merely hung by a hair, or accused their foes of having violated the laws of the games; but this was usually of little avail, and they were sometimes compelled to hear the jeers of their companions.

"No matter, worthy Theagenes," one said, "you must bear the thumps you received from Nisostratus. You look very pitiable with the oil-soaked rags around your broken head, and diffuse the odor of a lamp-post."

"Scoff on!" said the person addressed, a youthful wrestler and pugilist, who had received a good drubbing, and therefore wore a cloth soaked in oil wrapped about his head. "Scoff on!" he continued; "I've tried now what flesh and blood can bear. I received blows on the head, which I believe, would have crushed a block of stone. Yet do you suppose I feel any discomfort except a little heat? At the utmost, a few harm-

less bumps have swollen. But my spine is beginning to ache a little—very possibly from the violence, with which I fell backward on the ground in the wrestling match."

"It's evident you are a novice," said the others, "since you don't yet know that the head is the least, and the spine the most sensitive part of the body."

"Your spine will recover in three days," said one, "but look at *me*—where shall I get back my teeth? If I had spit them out, when a blow from Meleager's fist struck me, I should have confessed my loss, so I preferred to swallow them. It's disagreeable to carry one's teeth about in the stomach, instead of in the mouth."

"You'll digest them!" said Cnemon the Bœotian. "An athlete's stomach must digest teeth."

"I shall hardly get as much flesh on my limbs from them as *you* have!" replied Theagenes. Cnemon was really an elderly coarse fellow, who had absorbed the juices of many cattle, calves, and lambs. His ears were crushed by numerous blows, the flesh on his broad arched breast and back seemed like brass, he resembled a hammered bronze statue. The muscles on his arms stood out round and firm, like the pebbles in a river-bed, which have long been rolled and rounded by the waves.

"Do you suppose," he cried, "that I'll yield to any of you because I'm a little clumsy, and not so light footed? I'm no racer, but a man who can no more be overthrown than an iron column. If the earth itself trembles—I stand firm."

Cnemon laid a disk on the ground, and continued:

"Well! Is there any one of you who can push me down?"

The athletes, one after another, vainly tried their strength. Cnemon moistened the disk with oil till it was very slippery, but still stood his ground.

Then he stretched out his right hand, holding the fingers, also extended, pressed firmly together. "Now try to separate the little finger from the rest!" he exclaimed.

They attempted to do so, but the fingers seemed soldered to each other like metal.

"That's nothing!" boastfully exclaimed Stenelos the Argive. "I can stop a team of four horses at full speed, by grasping the spokes of the wheels."

"And I," said Thermios the Elian, "once seized a stallion by the hoof at Pylus, and when he tore himself free, I held the hoof in my hand."

"These are feats of strength," said the Thessalian, Enagoras, "but equal what I once did at Larissa—I stole the sandals from the feet of the famous runner, Cresilas, in the midst of the race."

"What?" cried the Spartan Anactor, "does the light-footed Thessalian boast in the presence of boxers? What will your swift legs profit you, if I hurl you face downward on the ground?"

"My fists are no worse than my legs!" exclaimed the Thessalian, "and if I should touch you, you can gather up your bones from the sand."

"Silence!" cried the Spartan, "or I'll crush your eyes out, as a cook mashes a cuttle-fish."

"I'll tear you to pieces," replied the Thessalian, "till the ants carry you away in crumbs."

"You fight with words!" exclaimed Cnemon the Boeotian. "That is not the custom of athletes. Put it to the test."

"That we will!" cried both.

"Very well!" said the burly Theban, "but what do you mean to do? Will you race together, or belabor each other with your fists? They are trials by no means to be despised. Meantime, do you know the athlete's best test, in which all, be they runners, pugilists, or anything else, meet on common ground?"

"Well?" asked the Spartan and the Thessalian at the same instant.

"The athlete's best test," said the Theban, stroking his stomach, "is the power of *digestion*. Think of Heracles; he killed lions by dozens among the mountains, but he also consumed a bull at one sitting. Here is Rhodus, men, fight here. Have—I won't say an ox, for what would Heracles be, if he did not remain the only man of his kind—but have a large fat wether roasted, divide it into two equal parts, and eat it at one sitting. He, whose stomach first refuses its service, must admit himself conquered, for he will be the weaker of you two."

"Quite right!" ran through the group; "Anactor and Enagoras must undergo the great test of athletes before our eyes. We'll bring the wether at once and roast it on a spit." Anactor and Enagoras agreed. At the same time several went away to get the largest wether they could find.

The scene had progressed thus far under the eyes of Pericles and his companions, when Aspasia rose from her seat, saying: "Let us go, Pericles, I no longer have strength to witness these Olympic games."

The rest of the group smilingly rose, and set out on their return.

"Aspasia's feeling towards these athletes," said Alca-

menes, "seems to me neither more nor less than the right and natural impulse of a woman, who is thoroughly healthy in body and soul. What real use are these immensely powerful men? Are they more effective in war than others? Do they mow down the ranks of the enemies, like the Homeric heroes? No! Experience opposes it. Are they adapted to be of service in improving the human race? No! Experience contradicts that also. They are good for nothing, except the feats they perform in the Stadium, amid the approving shouts of the spectators."

"Yes," replied Pericles, "the usefulness of the profession the athletes practise, is not realized in their own persons. Yet the advantage derived from that exhibition of strength, and the undue honor paid it, is great and priceless, in so far as it vividly reminds the Hellenic nation, that the powers of the body are no less capable of being increased and developed than those of the mind. There is more danger that man will neglect his physical, than his mental training, for he is constantly urged to intellectual activity by a secret impulse and the pressure of necessity. The cultivation of the body he leaves to nature, unless stimulated by some external spur."

As Pericles uttered these words, the party had reached the sacred grove and were nearly opposite to some statues of famous victors, from the hand of Polykleitus.

Aspasia, fixing her eyes upon them, said:

"In looking at these works of Polykleitus, the sculptor seems to me to be of my opinion in these disputes. He has not vouchsafed to represent the excess of strength or the unyielding bulk of the limbs, but places before us

images and types of just proportions, the harmonious, fully-developed figure. It always appears to me that Polycleitus is to be commended, because he does not, like Phidias, despise human nature, but gives it the honor that is its due, and as Phidias represents divine nature in its most sublime form, he most clearly realizes unpretending humanity."

This eulogy produced a less pleasant impression on Polycleitus' mind, than Aspasia expected.

"The artist," he replied, "is dependent upon the wishes and needs of those who claim his skill. The Elians also seem to believe, that Phidias alone can worthily represent the gods, since they summoned him to Olympia. Not so the Argives, who wish to try me, their countryman, and have commissioned me to make the gold and ivory statue of Hera for their great temple at Argos."

Aspasia could not succeed in soothing the visible ill-humor of the sculptor, who, in a short time, on some trivial pretext took his leave.

"You have now served as a spur to stimulate Polycleitus to do his best, and make the Hera of Argos worthy the Zeus of Olympia," said Alcamenes smiling.

"He may execute an admirable statue in emulation of Phidias," replied Aspasia.

"But as Phidias, after once stooping to earth with his Lemnian Pallas, quickly soared back again to Olympus, and since then has done penance at the feet of the Olympic Zeus, Polycleitus, I believe, will speedily return from Olympus to earth and his own peculiar domain. True, the imaginative Peloponnesian suggests in his statues little of the activity and depth of the soul; but do not Athenian artists also leave something to be

hoped for and desired? May I confess, that I sometimes see in dreams visions of the gods no Phidias, Alcamenes or Polycleitus has yet realized with the chisel. Last night, Apollo, dearest to me of all the divinities, the god of light and music, appeared before me. He made himself manifest under the guise of a marvellous, slender, youthful figure, victorious and bewitching, moving with a bold yet graceful stride. The dragons of gloom, mortally wounded by the mere sight of him and the bow in his out-stretched hand, writhed before him. Who can chisel the god as I beheld him? Not you, Alcamenes! Yet you are the most ardent of all our sculptors, and with ever-youthful mind devote yourself to life and its charms. That is why life reveals its mysteries to you, and in your statues its mighty breath ruffles the too level surface of pure form."

Alcamenes' eyes sparkled enthusiastically.

"The Arcadians have long intended to build a temple to your favorite god, and applied to Phidias to adorn its frieze with sculpture. The latter sent them to me. But the Arcadian mind is circumspect, and they will doubtless wait many a year until the god, with his fatal darts, causes them to fulfil their vow. If they then remember their plan and me, the carving on that frieze shall bear witness, for all futurity, of the flame to which you encourage me to give free course, Aspasia."

"Be wholly yourself," said Aspasia, "do not heed the words of the cold and stern, and you will create something at which even the fault-finders will gaze with wondering admiration."

From this moment, the last spark of ill-will towards Aspasia vanished from Alcamenes' heart.

The following day some trifling accident led Pericles

to go out without Aspasia, leaving her in the society of Alcamenes, Polycleitus, and some other friends he had met at Olympia. After a long interview, all took their leave except Alcamenes, who continued the conversation with his usual vivacity.

More and more ardent became the young sculptor's words and looks.

But Alcamenes not only displayed his admiration of Pericles' wife, now that he found himself alone with her, but—apparently unconsciously and involuntarily—adopted a tone which had a shade of familiarity. Was he justified by the courtesy, with which the art-loving Milesian had once admitted to friendly intercourse Phidias' most talented pupil?

Aspasia noticed this touch of familiarity with a feeling of offended pride.

Impetuous Alcamenes began to make comparisons between the contours of her mature and youthful charms, speaking of them as people discuss things, with which they are thoroughly familiar.

This also offended the high-spirited Aspasia.

Alcamenes took her hand, scanned it with the eye of a connoisseur, praised its beauty, and said it was an inexhaustible source of artistic instruction to him.

Aspasia withdrew it, reminding him that Theodota would be no less inexhaustible in instructive charms.

"You are angry with me, because I have praised Theodota!" cried Alcamenes.

"Have I ever made you suffer for it?" replied Aspasia coldly; "did you find me hostile, when we met each other here again? Have I ceased to cherish expectations that do you honor, and urge you, as the most talented sculptor, to the attainment of the highest goal?"

I knew you hated me, but to me Alcamenes' art and Alcamenes himself are wholly separate. I have returned neither your love nor your hate."

"Your words may seem cold and sensible," replied Alcamenes, "but secret emotion gives them a keen and bitter point. You are still angry with me on Theodota's account. Forgive the sin I committed! What you call my *hate*, was the vengeance of *love*."

"Long before your hatred became apparent to me, I told you what I have just recommended to your consideration—that there is a line between the interest a man's mind takes in anything, and that felt by his heart."

"Is it so with women?" asked Alcamenes, smiling insolently. "I repeat: you are angry with me on Theodota's account. It was perhaps also a deed of vengeance, that you have rekindled the same old fires within me. Once more, forgive, and do not condemn the ardor you yourself have usually praised in Alcamenes' nature."

With these words the impetuous fellow suddenly embraced Pericles' wife.

The proud beauty measured the aggressor with a look, that recalled him to his senses.

At this moment Pericles entered, and read what had happened in the expression of Alcamenes' face.

The latter took his leave in great embarrassment and rushed away, his heart filled with fresh wrath against Aspasia.

Pericles looked very pale.

"Is explanation necessary?" said Aspasia. "You read in Alcamenes' features—"

"It seems," replied Pericles, "that Alcamenes treated you as people treat a woman, who—"

"Say no more!" cried Aspasia.

"I know," continued Pericles, "the line you draw, according to Protagoras' meaning, between your beauty and yourself. I know the precept, according to which woman's veil might be shrivelled to a fig-leaf. You see he has a different opinion of the sacredness of the fig-leaf. He is wrong, you say; but *his* view of the matter, not yours, decides his manner of treating you. You know the man's ardent, but not ignoble nature. He will now be doubly incensed against you, and increase the number of your open enemies."

"He will apparently find an unexpected ally in this hostility!" said Aspasia.

After a few more bitter speeches and retorts, Pericles left the room.

Aspasia stamped indignantly.

"This accursed Peloponnesian soil is bringing me misfortune," she murmured.

But fresh courage soon returned. "This is only a passing cloud," she thought, "which will sail harmlessly across the clear sky of love. The fire will blaze more brightly after the new heat, than before the chill."

Aspasia was not disappointed. But does not an uncomfortable residue of old ashes linger in the breast, beneath those brightly-blazing flames? Does love forget all it forgives?

Pericles and Aspasia were Phidias' guests at Olympia. He had lodged them in one of the spacious apartments of his workshop, though he himself remained invisible. He was constantly engaged in the temple, superintending the completion and erection of the huge gold and ivory statue, and refused to see them, but had promised, through Alcamenes, that they should be the

first of the whole Hellenic nation, to whom he would reveal the greatest work of his hands.

The eagerly-anticipated hour was approaching.

A glowing summer day was followed by a sultry evening, with a threatening thunder-shower. Dark flying clouds had gathered around the lofty mountain-peaks. After darkness had closed in, one of Phidias' slaves came to Pericles, saying that he had been ordered to conduct him and Aspasia into the temple of Zeus. The Arcadian girl, at Aspasia's request, accompanied them. They passed through the sacred grove of Altis, which lay in deep shadow under the clouded night-heavens. The place was deserted; only a faint rustle echoed through the tree-tops.

They reached the temple. The slave opened the doors, led them into the inner hall, conducted them to a raised platform at the end where they could sit down, then withdrew, closing the doors behind him, and left the three alone in the darkness. A faint glimmer of light fell through the opening in the roof from the dark, clouded sky, but did not reach far into the hall.

They waited silently, almost timidly. Suddenly the veil of gloom before their eyes was rent asunder, and they started, dazzled by an indescribable vision of light. The curtain that divided the back of the hall from the front had been drawn aside, and the three spectators beheld, in the bright glow, the colossal gold and ivory statue of the Olympic god. He was represented seated on a glittering, richly-ornamented throne, yet touching the temple-roof with the august head, whose nod, according to the singer's words, shook the heights of Olympus.

Around the ivory limbs of the ruler of the gods

hung a golden mantle, enveloping the left shoulder, arms, and lower portions of the body. This golden cloak sparkled with bright enamel, a decoration of tiny figures and blooming lilies seemed embroidered on its surface. The olive-wreath on the Olympian's locks was of gold enameled with green. In the left hand he held a sceptre, which artistically wrought of various precious metals, and sparkling brightly, inclined slightly forward, and was supported by the floor. The out-stretched right palm held a goddess of victory, formed of the same materials as the statue of the god himself. Four pillar-shaped feet, between which stood small columns, supported the superbly-decorated throne, gleaming with gold and marble, ivory and ebony. The flat front was colored dark-blue, a background well suited to display the lustre of the gold and ivory.

Beautiful, significant carvings surrounded the god and the throne on all sides. An eagle perched on the sceptre, golden lions adorned the supports of the stool, on which rested the feet of the ruler of the gods, sphinxes emblems of the fathomless counsels of Zeus, upheld the arms of the throne. On the sides, painted by Pæonius, glittered, in bright hues, the deeds of the famous son of Zeus, Heracles. Other heroic forms appeared, and also representations of all the contests of Olympia.

On the wide surface of the socle, above which rose the throne itself, the fairest of Zeus' daughters, golden Aphrodite, ascended from the foam of the sea.

The Olympian's face was divinely gentle, yet full of indescribably sublime earnestness. The mild benevolence was wonderfully blended with stern power and grave wisdom, but the expression of supreme power was the predominant and prevailing one.

Aspasia, almost terrified, hid her face on Pericles' breast. This luminous vision inspired her with a sort of awe. Here there was nothing womanly blended with the divine nature, as in the figure of the virginal Pallas Athena. The grave, stern, lofty power of the ruler of the gods was here raised to its summit.

Aspasia felt something like a sudden pain in her breast at the spectacle.

The Arcadian girl was also greatly startled; but instantly recovered herself and gazed up at the god with the confidence of a child.

The storm had slowly risen. Through the opening in the temple-roof, they saw the lightning flash across the sky and heard the roll of distant thunder.

Aspasia wanted to draw Pericles away with her, but he remained absorbed in silent contemplation. He, too, was accustomed to receive a pleasant impression from sculpture, but now saw himself confronted with the sublime in a form never before imagined. There was something like a new revelation in this statue.

The thunder rolled nearer and nearer.

Suddenly a flash of lightning darted through the opening in the temple-roof.

Pericles and Aspasia were blinded for a moment; when they recovered their sight, they saw a marble tablet, on which the twelve Olympic divinities were carved in relief, cleft and blackened by the thunder-bolt.

Zeus' countenance had shone for an instant with Titanic majesty in the glare of the lightning. It seemed as if *his* hand had hurled the dart, that shattered the inferior Olympic deities.

Now his face beamed with such quiet dignity, that the terror roused by the lightning melted at the sight.

The god appeared so great, that even the lightning played around him like faint, feeble sparks.

"This god of Phidias'," said Pericles, absorbed in thought, "has grown above the temples of the Hellenes. His head towers towards the unattainable, the infinite—"

Half-constrained, Pericles at last yielded to Aspasia's urgency, and both went in search of Phidias.

The latter, unseen, had watched the pair, while they stood gazing at the god.

Then, to avoid speaking, he disappeared and remained concealed.

When the husband and wife thoughtfully returned to their lodging, Aspasia shook from her mind the impression produced by the solemnly sublime spectacle, as a bird shakes the glittering rain-drops from its light wings.

Not so Pericles.

But Aspasia did not rest, till she had banished the Olympic sternness from his brow.

At last the supernatural, solemnly sublime spectacle, beheld amid lightning and thunder, receded into the background, and admiration of the peerless sculptor obtained mastery in his soul.

Even with closed eyes, the Arcadian girl saw herself in her sleep that night surrounded by streams of light, the sparkle of gold, the gleam of ivory, and the flash of lightning strangely blended together.

Pericles started restlessly from sleep several times. He had dreamed that Phidias' seated god had risen to his full height, and shattered the temple-roof with his head.

Aspasia had another strange dream.

She saw Zeus' eagle fly down from the sceptre to the socle, and peck out the eyes of golden, smiling, joyous Aphrodite's doves.

CHAPTER VI.

THE CHILD OF LIGHT AND THE PRIEST OF DARKNESS.

THE Peloponnesian journey of Pericles and Aspasia formed a strange contrast to their Ionian honeymoon. On the gay strand of Miletus, victorious womanhood with soft arms drew the Athenian hero into her magic circle; here, amid towering mountain peaks, the manly Dorian spirit approached Pericles, accompanied by many things well suited to awaken serious thoughts. Here nature herself filled his soul with solemn awe, here the ancient relics of a heroic past, compared with which later generations could not help feeling themselves a feeble race, accosted him; here amid scenes, whose legends were inseparably connected with the old heroic world, a worship and rivalry of virility was fostered, well suited, as Aspasia felt, to rouse, sustain, and develop opinions in the soul of the Greek, which would rather injure than aid the victory of beauty and womanhood in every department of life. In the shepherd's lonely mountain meadows Pericles had beheld a simple, idyllic existence, untouched by the breath of the new civilization, and which fostered views, feelings, presentiments, that perhaps only awaited the decline of the true Hellenic spirit, to weave a grey, formless mist around the bright Greek world. Even the Athenian's art, placing his last and noblest work in the temple of the Olympic ruler of the gods, seemed to seal forever the triumph of lofty sublimity over graceful beauty.

These emotions and influences affected Pericles differently from Aspasia. Their minds were not wholly alike, and the nature of their relation to the outside world also differed. Aspasia was working, giving, active in all directions; Pericles, without impairing his manly vigor, was receptive, allowing every external influence to act upon his noble Greek soul. Like the Hellenic nation itself, he was placed, with his extreme susceptibility, between the opposing powers; and, like the Hellenic nature and Hellenic mind, experienced, by the constant transition of these influences and contrasts, a development, a mental history, whose limit and issue were not yet to be seen, while Aspasia stood immovably and changelessly firm in the inmost depths of her nature—as the powerful champion of the gayety and beauty of Hellenic life.

Was there not reason to fear, that through this trifling contrast, hitherto concealed by the rose-garlands of love and happiness, the exquisite harmony of the love-life that united the handsome, noble pair on the very summit of human existence, might some day be shadowed?

Doubtless the peril was imminent, but the roses of love and happiness now seemed fadeless, gifted with a magic, eternal perfume.

Pericles still remained susceptible and receptive, Aspasia active and expressive.

They often attacked each other's opinions in conversation, and Pericles frequently believed he had drawn his beloved wife into his views and mood. Finally, however, he usually perceived that it was *she* who had converted him, that it was impossible wholly to resist the potent spell in the hands of this peerless woman. He constantly allowed himself to be led back from the sum-

mit of free, wide, views of life. The beautiful harmony between the two souls was constantly restored, they continually realized afresh the ideal of Hellenic life at its highest summit of development, and afforded a spectacle on which the Olympians looked down with satisfaction.

Aspasia admirably understood how to manage her husband's moods. Whether she would always be able to stifle the newly-budding germ of his inner life, check the progress of his mental development, it was as yet impossible to determine.

This only is certain, that Aspasia always understood how to blend the mirthfulness of Anacreon's songs with the earnestness aroused in Pericles by the hymns of Pindar, and between these two the real Greek spirit always maintained its ground.

The past had cast a fleeting shadow over Pericles' conjugal happiness, in the little incident connected with Alcamenes. Aspasia breathed more freely when, on their return from Olympia to Athens, they left the soil of the Peloponnesus behind. She did not suspect, that still more unpleasant events awaited her in Attica, just before reaching the desired goal.

While Phidias was creating his Zeus at Olympia for all Hellas, as he had formerly at Athens created Pallas Athena for the Athenians, his old associate and friend, Ictinus, had been employed in Eleusis, the Attic city of mysteries, where he had been summoned to erect a new temple to Demeter for the celebration of the great ceremonies.

As the time for this celebration was close at hand, Hipponicus, who at this festival held the office of a Daduchus, long hereditary in his family, had just moved to Eleusis, occupying a country villa, which, like many

other rich Athenians, he possessed in the neighborhood of the beautifully-located city, which was situated near the sea, opposite the ford and island of Salamis. The hill-sides were covered with the houses of the residents and vast temples, surrounded by extensive grounds.

During his stay at Eleusis, Pericles became Hipponicus' guest.

The first day was devoted to the inspection of the large new temple completed by Ictinus, and which, being intended for the celebration of the mysteries, contained numerous subterranean halls and labyrinthic passages of vast extent, the scene of the secret rites only the initiated were allowed to behold.

The subject of the Eleusinian mysteries was one against which Aspasia resolutely directed the sharpest arrows of her mind and wit. Everything that shrank from the light, sought the darkness, surrounded itself with the veil of secrecy, seemed to her connected with superstition and fanaticism, and she thus perceived in these ceremonies peril to the free, aspiring spirit of the Hellenes.

When she blamed the Athenians for the reverence and holy awe felt for these mysteries, Pericles said:

"Perhaps the awe experienced by the Hellenes, is the natural timidity the human mind feels in the presence of the secrets slumbering undeveloped in its own depths. Who knows how many revelations of the human intellect will yet be brought forth from the sacred abyss?"

"I wish to hear nothing about the revelations of the future," said Aspasia. "The revelation of the present is the revelation of beautiful humanity, and everything that might follow would be only a degeneration. Let

us cling with mind, soul, and every fibre of our being to the beautiful, bright present."

Pericles referred his wife to the Daduchus Hipponicus, asking whether this man, whose body constantly grew more corpulent, whose cheeks constantly glowed with a deeper crimson, showed any trace of fanaticism? Yet he was not only one of the initiated, but even the holder of a priestly office at Eleusis, one of those who consecrated the mystics.

Aspasia replied, that those who led others into the domain of superstition and fanaticism were rarely free from the sentiments they inspired, though it sometimes happened that the holders and transmitters of holy secrets were like the mules, that here and there, according to ancient custom, were used as bearers of sacred temple-vessels or statues of the gods, but received no part of the divine blessing they carried on their backs and gave to others. "Harmless Hipponicus," Aspasia added, "seems to me to belong to this latter class."

Hipponicus was proud of his office of Daduchus because the Hellenic nation regarded it as an honor. But he really felt attracted by no secret impulse, no personal inclination, towards the other things associated with and required by this dignity, only by the circumstance that he belonged to the family from which the Daduchi of Eleusis were chosen, and the choice had fallen on him.

He defended the mysteries against Aspasia's attacks as a cause he represented, but without growing excited over it.

Averse to philosophical discussion, he contented himself with showing Aspasia a painting that adorned his dining-room. The picture was executed by Polygnotus, and represented Ulysses' visit to the realm of shades.

Hades was depicted in all its terrors, and the living prince of Ithaca walked fearlessly amid the pallid ghosts.

As Pericles looked at the picture with Aspasia, he noticed, as one of the initiated, that its details contained many references to the mysteries of Eleusis. Hipponicus assented to the remark, and said to Aspasia :

"It is allowable to betray this much, that the way to the holy light of Eleusis leads through Hades, through the terrors of Erebus. As for the uninitiated, and those who obstinately disdain to allow themselves to be consecrated, their fate in the nether world is very easily shown in this very painting."

Hipponicus then earnestly advised Aspasia to allow herself to be initiated, reminding her that, according to the universal belief of the Hellenes, those initiated into the mysteries of Demeter at Eleusis, walk after death through the fields of the blessed, while the unconsecrated were destined to languish throughout eternity in horrible darkness and desolation.

"I have often heard so," replied Aspasia, "and it always sounded like the jarring notes of a tuneless cithara, or the noise of a sharp iron instrument drawn over glass. It is marvellous to what things even Hellenic ears can become accustomed. I know there are people who, when they feel the end of life drawing near, quickly have themselves initiated, and many hasten to have their children, even at a very tender age, made sharers in this salvation."

"I have myself been initiated, like almost all the Athenians," said Pericles, "and would gladly share these secrets with you, as well as all others."

"I understand," replied Aspasia, "that superstition affords a sufficient motive for the foolish to be initiated,

and curiosity for the wise. But, as a woman, I have a double right to curiosity. What must I do, Hipponicus, to share the consecration."

"It is a very easy matter. You must go next year to the minor Eleusinian festival at Athens, receive through the intercession of some one already consecrated the minor initiation, and six months after proceed in the Eleusinian procession from Athens to Eleusis, to be initiated into the great consecration and behold the real mysteries."

"What?" cried Aspasia, "must I restrain my curiosity so long? I must wait for the minor Eleusinian festival, and then see six months elapse, before the mysteries are revealed to me? Are you not one of the Daduchi, Hipponicus, and, as such, can't you procure me the favor of receiving the minor initiation at the same time with the great one?"

"Impossible!" replied Hipponicus.

"What prevents you?" asked Aspasia.

"The interval between the two consecrations is appointed by sacred custom," replied the Daduchus.

"You can help me evade the sacred custom, if you only choose to do so!" replied Aspasia.

"The Hierophant is a stern, severe man, like Diopeithes at Athens," said Hipponicus. "Shall I bring down the wrath of the chief priest upon my head?"

Aspasia persisted in her request, but the Daduchus repeated his "impossible." He was a foe to unpleasant complications, and felt no inclination to rouse the whole Eleusinian priesthood. He liked peace and comfort.

The next day the Eleusinian procession came from Athens to Eleusis. Pericles, Aspasia and Hipponicus

were among the spectators, as the throng, numbering thousands, passed along the sacred road. While Aspasia's eyes wandered over the sacred relics borne in the procession and the throng of mystics themselves, all garlanded with myrtle and ivy, and carrying in their hands ears of corn and farming utensils in honor of Demeter, giver of the fruits of the earth, suddenly, by the light of the burning torches—for the arrival of the Eleusinian procession took place in the darkness of evening—Telesippe's dull eyes and flabby cheeks appeared amid the motley throng of faces.

Telesippe's husband, who through Pericles' influence was the newly-elected archon Basileus, who had the charge of overlooking the Eleusinian mysteries, marched in the company of the Athenian priests and superior magistrates; Telesippe, with head erect, walked by his side as Basilissa, the sharer of his religious dignities and functions.

The wife of the chief archon looked very stately, and as her glance, roving haughtily to the right and left, fell upon her former husband and the Milesian by his side, she raised her head still more proudly, while a contemptuous expression appeared on her pouting under lip. Her countenance was as solemn, as if she were standing at the Lenæan festival as "the mystic wife of the god," in the temple of Dionysus, at the head of the inferior priestesses, performing the mysterious ceremonies, rites no masculine eye was permitted to behold, and concerning which she received from the participants a vow of silence.

When Aspasia beheld this woman, so proudly supported by the consciousness of her priestly dignity, and hurling the arrow of scorn from disapproving eyes, the

old hatred and sharp-tongued ridicule stirred in the Ionian's breast.

"See," she said to Pericles smiling, "see how proudly the estimable Telesippe walks along, her well-rounded limbs covered with sleek fat! After being wedded to two mortals, she has now become the mystic wife of the god Dionysus! But I should be surprised if the youthful god did not soon yield her to another, nay to Silenus, his round-bellied comrade; for whom she seems exactly created."

Some of this sharp-edged ridicule reached Telesippe's ears. But it was still more distinctly heard by Elpinice and the seer Lampon, who walked behind her in the procession, and had also looked the Milesian sharply in the eye. Glances of ill-suppressed indignation were cast at the insolent speaker, and a silent vow to hasten a long-resolved vengeance was taken at the same moment in three wrathful souls.

During the night the festal dancers rioted on the coast of the Eleusinian bay, led by the god Iacchus with a blazing torch. The light shone over the flowery meadow, and the enthusiastic chorus whirled around the god, stamping on the ground in the dance and shaking their waving locks, crowned with myrtle-wreaths, amid which were ripe berries. The ranks, swinging their torches aloft, crossed each other in manifold curves. One mystic frequently handed a torch to another. This mystic glare was considered sacred, and the sparks showered from the torches were supposed to purify the souls of those they touched in falling.

With the closing in of the evening, that ended the preliminary festival and preceded the mysteries in the temple, the mystics prepared for the sacred rites by

various purifications, libations, sacrifices and other sacred customs.

Meantime Aspasia had repeatedly renewed her entreaty, that Hipponicus would use his influence to have her initiated into the mysteries.

Hipponicus reminded her, that the celebration of the mysteries took place under the direction of the archon Basileus, Telesippe's husband, and as he had the control of the Eleusinian priests, his wife, as Basilissa, commanded the priestesses of Eleusis during the time of the mysteries.

All this seemed only to stimulate Aspasia's obstinacy, but she would scarcely have overcome his resistance, had he not finally fared like Alcamenes at Olympia. He did not keep in the house for days, in vain, the fire-brand that had already once scorched his heart. Mindful of the incident with Alcamenes, Aspasia would probably otherwise have guarded against fanning this flame afresh, and thus conjuring up a danger that appeared momentous on Pericles' account. But she had resolved to thoroughly investigate what she must combat, in order to fight with greater success. She noticed with satisfaction the ardor of Hipponicus, whom she usually despised; it was a guarantee that he would fulfil her request.

It was even so. The Daduchus at last consented to give Aspasia the minor consecration, she ought to have received six months before at Athens. He knew how to win over the mystagogue, whose duty it was to introduce and prepare the novices at the minor Eleusian festival at Athens.

The Daduchus, after certain preliminary ceremonies of purification, ordered Aspasia to step on the fleece

of a lamb sacrificed to Zeus, and the mystagogue then taught her various customs and formulas, which she required in the temple to prove that she was initiated, in order not to be refused admittance with the mystics into the interior of the sanctuary. Finally he made her swear, that she would forever maintain inviolable silence about everything she would hear and see in the temple of the great consecration.

All the mystics were not introduced at once when the days of the consecration came, but one division followed another.

Pericles and Aspasia were among the first throng admitted.

A smile hovered around Aspasia's lips as, guided by the mystagogue, she entered the inner hall of the sanctuary with the throng, and saw the Hierophant with the rest of the chief priests and assistants, arrayed in glittering emblematic garments, with diadems resting on the waving locks that floated freely over their shoulders—tall, aged men, of venerable aspect, displaying mysterious symbols, among them the Daduchus with a torch in his hand.

Still more charming was the fair Milesian's smile, when the "sacred herald" raised his voice before the assembled mystics, summoning every one who had not received the consecration to retire, as well as every one whose hands were not free from guilt, and who was not worthily prepared to behold the sacred light of Eleusis. Lastly, all took a solemn vow to maintain eternal silence about what they would see and hear, after which a question was whispered into the ear of each mystic, which only that particular individual could answer, and which he answered in an equally low tone

in the questioner's ear, while the solemn hymn to the goddesses of Eleusis was sung by an invisible chorus.

The subtle smile still hovered on Aspasia's lips, when the mystics were led into the interior of the temple, where certain holy objects, remnants of primeval days, emblems of the blessings and mysteries of the Eleusinian service of the gods, were shown them, and then offered to be touched and kissed, while being explained by the Hierophant.

With the same smile she watched the pantomimic representations of the holy legends, vivid and affecting when seen in the mysterious, dusky light of the temple, accompanied by the music of stringed instruments, flutes, and songs.

The throng of mystics was now conducted down flights of steps into subterranean vaults and passages, where they were soon surrounded by total darkness. The pilgrimage began, a long, toilsome, aimless wandering in nocturnal gloom. Only the Hierophant's voice, uttering in grave, dignified tones significant maxims and exclamations, served as a guide through the dark labyrinth.

Suddenly a dull roar was heard, as if the foundations of the earth trembled, amid which blended wails, groans, rushing water, rolling thunder. Timid surprise, awe, and fear now succeeded the quiet gaze of the crowd of mystics, drops of perspiration stood on their foreheads.

Terror constantly increased; for horrible shapes, monsters of the nether world, were momentarily illumined by the glare of lightning-like flames, whose tints were red, blue, white, or livid and awful, flashing alternately from the ground. There were Gorgons with horrible heads, Echidnæ crawling like serpents, strange

chimeras, blending the forms of the lion, goat, and snake, Harpies with huge jaws and protruding teeth, pale, blood-thirsty Empusæ, barking Scyllæ with dogs' heads, and the horrible figure of Hecate.

The terrible apparitions grew still more awful, until at last, surrounded by a livid glare, Thanatos, god of death, appeared throned on dead men's bones, clad in a black robe, his brow garlanded with asphodel, in his hand a reversed torch, beside him a pale steed, on which he traversed vast distances.

Around him were his faithful followers, Eurynomus, the demon of corruption, one of the spirits of Hades, whose office was to gnaw the flesh of corpses to the bones. He sat on carcasses like an eagle or vulture, and greedily closed his teeth on the mouldering flesh.

Farther on, grouped around pallid Thanatos, were the *plague*, pale, emaciated *hunger*, the fury of war *Enyo*, sickly *love-madness*, and *Ate*, the furious demon of folly, blindness, and sin.

Aspasia still smiled, but the smile was no longer charming, and her face was pale as marble.

At a sign from the Hierophant, the Daduchus lighted his torch at one of the livid flames flashing from the ground, and, while the music of flutes and the invisible chorus sounded still more terrible, a gloomy cave, filled with mephitic vapors, received the throng. A dull roar, like that of a torrent, echoed from the distance, blended with a loud barking, which seemed to come from a triple-headed dog.

As the mystics traversed the long, horrible way through the cave, they saw, as if in a dream, a wide, monotonous, gloomy domain, dripping with the dews of sleep and encircled by mournful streams.

The baying of the triple-headed dog of Hades was silenced by the sacred herald's staff, and the throng of mystics beheld, with horror, Persephone's grove of the dead; where, in the livid light, stood willows and silver-poplars, pallid and motionless, with drooping boughs.

Then came the field of Asphodel, overgrown with the mournful flower of death, whose pale blossoms swayed dreamily on their lofty stalks.

Above this field the shades, the souls of the dead, hovered to and fro, like visions of a dream, or smoke, intangible, destitute of human speech, but filling the wide space with a low, monotonous hum. They were only half conscious, as if sunk in dreamy, waking slumber, only aroused by a proffered draught of the fresh-steaming blood of a victim.

Night-birds whirled through the air, but these too were shadowy and ghost-like. Shadowy also, with transparent bodies, the fish glided noiselessly to and fro in the streams of the nether world. These streams, which surrounded Erebus, were Acheron, the river of eternal woe; Cocytus, the river of tears; Pyriphlegethon, the river of fire, and the night-black waters of the Styx.

The mystics, conducted by the sacred herald, walked dreamily through the twilight of the floating, wavering world of shadows, until, with a noise like thunder, a huge brazen door crashed open before them.

Across the brazen threshold they entered Tartarus, the abode of souls, who were not permitted to float over the field of Asphodel in a half slumber, feeling neither joy nor sorrow, but were dragged by the avenging Erinnyes into the deeper gulf of Hades, filled with lamentations.

To be bound forever to a rolling wheel—to be for-

ever threatened by overhanging rocks just ready to fall—to eternally stretch out the hand with unfulfilled longing towards boughs laden with fruit, that constantly escaped—to perpetually roll up a mountain a stone that continually rolled down again—to toil with desperate energy to dip up constantly escaping water in a pail full of holes—to expose entrails continually renewed to a vulture's bite, and the limbs to the lashing of the Erinnyes' serpent scourge—to be forever a plaything in the hands of these Stygian shapes of horror: this was the lot of those, whom the throng of the initiated beheld with a shudder in this realm of anguish.

The images of these tortures of the nether world were various, but most numerous of all were the symbols of vain perpetual striving and aspiration.

Thus those summoned to the consecration were led, with souls filled with fear, through the horrors of the abyss, the sufferings of life, and the terrors of death.

Through all these apparitions and scenes of horror, the Hierophant's voice was heard, raised in solemn tones of warning and interpretation.

Still more horrible grew the subterranean darkness, still louder the wails and groans of the tortured. The rivers of the nether world began to roar, the whole realm of darkness seemed to groan in a heart-rending death-gasp, in which the upper world appeared also to unite, and the voices of all living creatures to blend in a prolonged wail of agony.

Suddenly a wondrous light burst from the bosom of the most intense darkness.

Pleasant scenes appeared, meadows strewn with golden flowers; sweet voices resounded, happy groups of dancers hovered over the bright fields.

Here Persephone's palace beckoned invitingly in the brilliant glow. On its threshold, holding a lyre on his arm, stood Orpheus, the ancient sacred singer of mysteries, his lips proclaiming mysterious tidings.

Behind him the boy Demophoon smilingly greeted the mystics from the midst of the purifying flames, with which his divine nurse, Demeter, had surrounded him, to the terror of his mortal mother.

Above the golden doors of the temple hovered, illumined by the most brilliant rays, the emblem of the *winged Psyche*, no longer brooding, shadow-like, in Hades, but soaring upward above fields of Asphodel, out of Tartarus and Elysium into the kindred divine ether.

The pilgrims from the nether world were conducted through the temple-gates. Here the unuttered part of the mysteries was revealed. Here glowed before them, according to each individual's power of vision, the full sacred light of Eleusis.

The day succeeding Aspasia's initiation into the Eleusinian mysteries, found the Milesian in a bewildered, strangely-altered state. Her excitement almost rose to the height of fever. In an eager conversation with Pericles about what she had seen and heard by his side, she strove to restore the lost harmony of her mind. As there are night-birds and other creatures of darkness, whose eyes love gloom and cannot bear the light, there are also children of light, who are only at ease in the golden rays of the kindred and familiar element, and whose pupils cannot endure to gaze down into the black gulf of night. Aspasia was one of them. This pilgrimage seemed to her a look into the darkness, a glimpse of the black night, and what was called the holy light

of Eleusis did not appear to her like light, but a different kind of obscurity, for it was gloomy and led to gloom. She could only imagine the light as cheerful. To her light was only that which brightened and made glad. The livid, cold, ghostly, and then glaring, dazzling rays the Hierophant of Eleusis had cast into the depths of life, appeared to her a base counterpart of the real roseate light. The fantastic arts, bordering upon magic, of the Eleusinian priests, she called jugglery and confused symbolical nonsense.

She was agitated, seized with an oppressive restlessness and urged to opposition in a way never felt before.

Meantime it had remained no secret to the strangers, especially to the Athenians who thronged Eleusis, that Aspasia had been allowed to be initiated into the mysteries by her husband's side. Even the minor circumstances of this initiation were soon learned by those, who followed the Milesian's acts with the sharp eyes of disapproval. The worst of her foes, whom she had just again insulted and roused to vengeance, remained in Eleusis, among them Lampon, the officious Lampon, who had won a still higher place in Telesippe's confidence and favor since she became the wife of a man high among the priesthood, and was exactly adapted to be the tool of the revengeful wife and her intriguing friend. Lampon soon wrested from the unsuspecting mystagogue the secret of the bold expedient, in defiance of the sacred law, to which Aspasia owed her initiation. Through him the news reached her enemies.

The archon Basileus, as guardian of the holy laws, was speedily informed of the sacrilege, and a storm gathered over the heads of Aspasia and her accomplice,

Hipponicus, who against priestly rule had helped her obtain the consecration.

Aspasia as yet knew nothing of the impending trouble, and ere she obtained tidings of it, an unpleasant event of a different nature occurred in Hipponicus' house.

She was seated with her husband and their hospitable host at the morning meal. Sacred usage required a certain degree of abstemiousness during the celebration of the mysteries, and Aspasia therefore took still greater pleasure in urging on the old reveller, Hipponicus, by gay toasts and songs, until he was more mindful of the inspiring god Iacchus than of stern Persephone. He applied himself industriously to the beaker, and his eyes sparkled more and more brightly as the charming woman took the field against the mournful solemnity of the mysteries, nay against all melancholy, even the gloomy idea of *duty*, to which she opposed the bright claims of life and joy.

Pericles withdrew to visit one of his colleagues, and Aspasia went to her room.

Suddenly Hipponicus, much intoxicated, appeared before her and began to load her with reproaches.

"Woman," he stammered, "your name is ingratitude. Didn't I release you from evil complications at Megara? What was my reward? Haven't I again plunged heels over head into danger, by smuggling you, contrary to all sacred customs, into the mysteries? And am I to have no reward for that either, not the smallest? Why, if your mind is so free, are you so reserved towards me? Do you fear your husband? He is absent. Or the gloomy idea of duty? You have just made it ridiculous. Am I not young and handsome enough for you?

Then take this ring with its precious gems! It cost two talents in cash. Do you know whether Pericles will always love you, whether he may not some day cast you off, like Telesippe. Everything in the world changes and varies. Rely upon nothing! Seize the present! Take the ring, fair woman! Take the ring with the gems, that cost two talents! Do you know how long you will be charming? You are beautiful still, but the time will come when you will be old and ugly. Take the ring, fair woman, and give me a kiss in exchange."

The drunkard shrank back for a moment before Aspasia's wrathful eyes. Then he grew angry, and muttered:

"Who are you? Eh, who are you? A hetæra from Miletus, by Demeter! Since when have you attempted to be a Spartan wife, an austere matron? Oh! you prude, who once, without coyness, served the youthful Alcamenes as a model."

Aspasia trembled, and turned pale with rage against the insolent drunkard. Again she pushed the staggering man back, hastily threw her upper garment around her and rushed out of the room, out of the house, to meet her husband, Pericles.

She had scarcely left the villa, when Diopeithes' pliant friend, Lampon the seer, entered.

He was sent by Diopeithes, who had arrived in Eleusis the day before.

When those inspired by mortal hatred towards Pericles and Aspasia first heard the news of Aspasia's unlawful initiation, they instantly determined to accuse her and the Daduchus before the sacred council, and most of them rejoiced that they could plunge the much envied Hipponicus into ruin, as well as the woman they hated.

But Diopceithes himself, the real head of this hostile party, was of a different opinion, and devised a plan that did honor to his cunning. He would gladly have exposed Hipponicus to the accusation and sentence of condemnation, but calculated that, if not accused and condemned, he might be more useful to the party.

"If we accuse him at once," he said, "the powerful Pericles will aid him with all his influence, and even if he does not escape wholly unpunished, he will receive a much milder sentence than we desire. Perhaps he may get off with a fine, easily paid by the richest man in Athens. He will pay it, and remain precisely as he is now. It will be quite different if we do not call him immediately to account, but let the indictment for the present hover as a perpetual threat over his head. We will let him know that we possess his secret, and have the power to ruin him as soon as we choose. This will render him yielding in everything. A man like him, who values his ease above all else, and for whom no price is too high to escape an annoyance or entanglement, will become a helpless tool in our hands from mere anxiety. His influence at Athens and the power of his riches are great: it will be better to conduct this water over our wheel, than our enemy's."

After addressing these words to his companion, the crafty, malicious priest sent Lampon to Hipponicus' house.

The seer found the Daduchus in a strange condition. He was intoxicated, and at the same time violently excited by rage at what had just passed between him and Pericles' wife.

Nevertheless Lampon entered into a conversation with Hipponicus, and frankly told him it was known

that, contrary to one of the sacred rules, he had initiated Pericles' wife into the mysteries.

Hipponicus was so greatly startled by these words, that he became almost sober, but his anger against the Milesian burst forth with double fury. He began to curse her as a temptress and corrupter.

"Seize her!" he exclaimed, "break her on the wheel, put her in the pillory, spear her, do whatever you choose with her, she deserves it."

Lampon heard these expressions of wrath with delight, and after craftily increasing to the utmost the man's rage and fear of the ruinous indictment, he made the disclosure that those who could arraign him were ready to secretly enter into an agreement with him, and asked if he would accept their invitation to an interview. Hipponicus breathed more freely, and promised in advance everything that could be asked. The time and place for the meeting were instantly arranged between him and Lampon.

During this conversation, Aspasia was hurrying through the streets of Eleusis. Her rapid pace was soon checked by the crowd, and she could not fail to notice that she was recognized. She found herself the object of attention that perplexed, confused, and alarmed her.

The throng of people assembled in Eleusis had been excited against Aspasia by her enemies in every possible way. The rumor of her unlawful initiation went the rounds of the populace. There were some who ventured to say loudly, that Pericles' wife had once been a *hetæra* from Miletus and Megara, had been driven from the latter place with insult, and, on account of this past, her initiation was a sacrilege. Exaggerations and tales

of the most foolish kind, as usual, ran from lip to lip, arousing contempt and anger.

The crowd through which Aspasia pressed, with anxious haste, was animated by these feelings.

There was no lack of insolent persons who curiously followed her, nay walking behind her, even uttered insulting words that could not fail to reach her ear and wound her.

"What is the news in Athens?"

"Nothing, except a woman there carries spear and shield, and the men are womanish."

"It can't be denied that Athens is ruled by a woman."

"By Pallas Athena, you mean?"

"No, by a Milesian hetæra. It is said that Pericles is going to have her statue placed on the Acropolis."

"Poor Pericles! He never could resist women. He was Elpinice's lover too, and it is known that she bribed him with her elderly charms."

"Is the Milesian the same person he wandered with in Asia Minor several years ago?"

"Yes, indeed; they say he made a pilgrimage with her to the under petticoat of Omphale, the hero conqueror, which is hung in the temple of Diana at Ephesus."

"But how could it have entered his head to take this same woman with him into the rude Peloponnesus, where she can't possibly feel at home. Kittens, says a proverb, like a soft place to sleep."

"It is said the gnats at Elis were very uncomfortable to her, and I'll wager the gadflies of Eleusis will please her still less."

"In truth *their buzzing seems to suit her very badly.*"

“ Ah, these tender chickens from Paphia’s nest, who have slept on purple cushions from childhood, these Ionians, with the melting eyes and pliant arms, without a bone in their bodies, full of gentleness and love—what do they seek in battling Olympia or grave Eleusis ?”

Such were the malicious taunts, that echoed from the crowd constantly increasing behind Aspasia.

When this had lasted for some time, she suddenly stood still, threw back the covering that veiled her head, so that her face was wholly visible, and calmly gazed with radiant eyes at the throng around her.

Then her lips parted and she answered the staring populace.

“ Years ago, I once stood a helpless woman in the streets of Megara, surrounded by the crowd, guiltlessly insulted, guiltlessly persecuted with looks and words. I was watched with eyes that glowed with hatred, for the hostile Dorians pressed upon me. I was mocked with unjust words, grasped with rude hands, for the rude, fierce Dorian mob surrounded me. To-day a crowd encircles me in the streets of Eleusis. But I raise my head quietly and calmly, for I think most of those who encircle me are Athenians. It is no Dorian throng, but an Ionian one, whose worst shaft, I believe, is the insolent glance of the eye, and the heedless word that always springs readily from the keen-edged tongue. But why do you crowd around me? Why do you stare at me? I have intruded unbidden into the mysteries of Eleusis, you say? Do not be paltry in your thoughts, clear-minded Athenians, and do not too readily follow the hints and words of those who hate the light and love the darkness, those who would fain sell you into the gloom! Men of Athens! Pay not too much honor

to the gloomy pair of goddesses at Eleusis, and remember your own Pallas Athena, the goddess of light, the true and worthy protectress of the Attic land and nation, whose statue, in its brilliant radiance, dispersing all the brood of night, towers on your citadel."

As Pericles' wife uttered these words, with her bright face fearlessly raised to the throng pressing around her, the men looked at each other, saying:

"By the gods, this Aspasia of Miletus is a beautiful woman, and we must forgive her many things."

Then they separated a little, and allowed her to quietly continue her way.

The friends of Diopeithes, who chanced to be among the crowd, were still more enraged with the Milesian, went to the priest of Erechtheus, and reported that Aspasia had boldly uttered contemptuous words about the sanctuaries and venerable goddesses of Eleusis before the assembled populace.

The hour for the interview with Diopeithes, to which Hipponicus was invited, had arrived.

A number of men, with sullen faces, declared enemies of Pericles, were assembled with the priest.

The trembling Daduchus consented to everything. Relying upon his declarations and the outbursts of his anger against Aspasia, which Lampon had witnessed, Diopeithes henceforth numbered him among his allies and accomplices.

For his sake, they said, the accusation against Aspasia in a matter very dangerous, according to the Athenian laws, should be deferred so long as he showed himself worthy of consideration. The conspirators thought the bold, irreverent remarks made by Pericles' wife about the Eleusinian goddesses, before all the peo-

ple, would be sufficient to ruin her. The charge of impiety, contempt for religion, could be brought against her at any moment.

There were present men belonging to the party of oligarchs, who said that they must go still farther, must not be satisfied with assailing the Milesian, who after all was nothing but a woman, but attack Pericles himself. They referred to the ruinous transformation in the community which had emanated from him, the unlimited authority of the people gained by his compliance, and held in check by nothing save the personal influence of the popular strategus. Thus Athenian affairs were exposed to the discretion and pleasure of a single individual. Others thought men like Anaxagoras, Socrates, and the Sophists, were the real root of the mischief in the state. These would have taught the Athenians to think freely and speak audaciously of the gods and divine things, seek them above everything else. There were also, among the adherents of Diopeithes, foes and enviers of Phidias and his school, who wished to see the persecution extended to them.

Diopeithes' eyes sparkled at the mention of all these names. All were equally hateful to him.

"We shall understand how to seize them all," said he, "either successively or at once. But let us craftily watch for a suitable opportunity, wait for a favorable mood of the Athenians. Meantime let us quietly do everything according to a fixed plan, to prepare for the ruin of the guilty ones."

Such was the speech made by the priest of Erechtheus. Many things were then considered and discussed among the assembled group.

Aspasia did not return to Hipponicus' house that

night; the following morning, just before leaving Eleusis with his wife, Pericles went once more to the Daduchus.

He spoke to him of the bold insult he had offered Aspasia. Hipponicus apologized on the plea of intoxication, for which Aspasia was herself partly to blame, since by Anacreon's songs and gay conversation she had encouraged him to Dionysian freedom. Then he complained bitterly of the embarrassment and danger, into which he had been betrayed by his complicity in Aspasia's unlawful initiation into the mysteries.

Pericles deplored these embarrassments and promised his protection. But Hipponicus was not to be soothed.

Yet when Pericles, shrugging his shoulders, took his leave, the Daduchus followed him to the door, glanced anxiously around several times, then whispered in his old friend's ear:

"Be on your guard, Pericles! Evil things were planned by Diopeithes yesterday evening. I too was present—forced to be so—for the rope was round my neck. Beware of Diopeithes, and make him harmless, if you can. They want to ruin Aspasia, Anaxagoras, Phidias, and yourself. The blood-hounds have me in their power—I was obliged to assent to everything proposed—but may dogs and ravens rend in pieces the priest of Erechtheus and all his followers!"

CHAPTER VII.

ASPASIA'S SCHOOL.

YEARS had passed since little Alcibiades wounded one of his companions in the Lyceum, by a cast of his disk.

The boy had grown into a youth and reached his majority, for he had attained his eighteenth year. According to Athenian custom, he had been introduced into the popular assembly with the other youths who became of age the same year, had been conducted, armed with spear and shield, to the sanctuary of Agraulus at the foot of the Acropolis, and there taken the solemn vow with which new Athenian citizens consecrated themselves to their native land—he had sworn not to use his weapons discredibly or desert his companion in battle, to fight for the sanctuaries and common welfare, that the commonwealth should, if possible, descend to later generations with increased power and honor, to obey the laws given by the people, and not suffer any one else to violate or cancel them.

But for the present, the native land to which young Alcibiades vowed fealty by this oath, made very moderate claims upon his zeal and efforts. The Peribolan service the Athenian youths, who had just attained their majority, were called upon to render, consisted in little expeditions for the interior security of the Attic country, and these were considered a pleasure rather than a burden.

The community allowed Cleinias' son ample leisure

to enjoy the pleasures of the golden days of youth. Young Callias, who called his father a niggard, had also grown up, and Pyrilampes' son Demos, famous for his beauty, was also of the opinion that his father did not know how to make a proper use of his wealth. These three were inseparable. Xanthippus and Paralus were sometimes drawn in to help play some wild prank by Alcibiades, who grudged them the renown of virtue, but were forced to be content with a minor part. In the first place Telesippe's children lacked intellect and cleverness, and secondly their purses were not so full as those of the sons of the two richest men in Athens, or even Alcibiades', who on attaining his majority had come into full possession of his father's property.

Alcibiades felt a peculiar affection for the young foreigner, whom Pericles had brought from the Samian war and reared in his own house, with his two sons and ward. But all the latter's efforts to draw the dreamy, taciturn, somewhat clumsy youth into his gay circle, failed.

This same youth began to be the object of attention, not unmixed with awe, on account of a strange disease that attacked him. He developed the mysterious tendency known by the name of somnambulism. In the dead of night, when every one was asleep, he rose from his couch, walked with closed eyes through the moonlit peristyle, then ascended to the flat roof of the house, wandered about there for a time, and finally returned to his bed as unconsciously as he had left it. The news of the sleep-walker in Pericles' house spread through Athens, and from that moment he began to be regarded with a certain touch of fear, as a person under the influence of evil powers.

If the boy Alcibiades had attracted general attention from the Athenians, he was naturally still more discussed when his chin became rough with the tender down of manhood. His whimsical conduct formed the daily topic of conversation, and after prematurely learning the charm associated with the reputation of an agreeable, good-for-nothing fellow, he not only imposed no restraint upon himself, but if he committed one wild prank, over which the Athenians shook their heads, made them forget it by inventing another still more outrageous. He knew that even the fault-finders secretly admired him. It often seemed, as if he were trying to discover whether he could do anything to make the Athenians really angry with him. Vain effort! No matter how wanton his conduct might be, he himself was always lovable.

Hipponicus still persisted in the idea that the fairest maiden in Greece, his daughter Hipparete, ought to become the wife of the handsomest Hellenic youth. He therefore made himself as agreeable to Alcibiades as possible, invited him frequently to his house, and treated him with almost a father-in-law's affection.

Alcibiades made sport of him, as he did of every one else, and teased him with insolent jests. One day Hipponicus sent him a deliciously-cooked fish on a gold platter. Alcibiades kept the platter, and thanked Hipponicus by saying: "You are too kind to send so nice a fish besides the gold platter."—Hipponicus laughed till his stout frame shook, and praised the wit of his daughter's future husband to everybody.

The lovely girl herself, whose father had constantly pointed out Alcibiades as her future husband, was secretly in love with the handsome fellow. She had seen him several times at the public festivals. But he

scoffed at the fair young maiden and preferred the beautiful, clever hetæraë, whose number was constantly increasing in the Athenian city.

Theodota, in particular, initiated the youth into all the mysteries of the gayest life. About ten years had passed since Alcamenes had asked the rich Corinthian for the beautiful woman, in payment for his admirable statue. She was perhaps no longer the fairest, but still the most famous of her companions.

To Alcibiades she was the centre of a seething whirlpool of gayety and pleasure—only the centre, however, while the circles constantly widened.

Diopeithes rubbed his hands contentedly, saying :

“Theodota will ruin Pericles’ promising ward for us.”

But real health, strength, and beauty are apparently sometimes incorruptible.

The dissolute Alcibiades bloomed like a rose in the morning dew. His cheek had the bloom moralists think it their duty to give to virtue, while not unfrequently the virtuous go about with the sallow faces and lustreless eyes the moralizer generally depicts when, with flaming words, he paints the frightful picture of the sensualist.

Theodota at first fulfilled her task towards the pleasure-loving youth with cheerful alacrity, but soon more passionate feelings began to stir in her heart. Poor woman ! While it seemed the most enviable bliss to be loved by Alcibiades, it was certainly the worst misfortune to love him.

Alcibiades attained his majority a few days after Pericles and his wife returned from their journey to Elis. Although the youth, on taking possession of his father’s property, ceased to be an inmate of Pericles’ house,

habit and affection, together with the charm Aspasia could not fail to exert over him, often brought him back to the threshold of the dwelling where he had grown up.

Need it be mentioned, that the spoiled favorite of the Graces thought he might even venture to approach Pericles' beautiful wife with a shade of the kind of homage learned in Theodota's school? But the lovely Milesian was still too young to find immature men attractive, too sensible to consider them desirable, and far too proud, in spite of the youth's remarkable beauty, to allow herself to be harnessed before the triumphal car of a stripling with a downy beard. She well knew that no woman, not even she herself, could really catch, bind, and rule this impetuous youth. Far greater than the equivocal satisfaction of increasing the number of hearts he had won, was the charm of the thought of avenging her sex on him, and punishing him for the inconstancy she gave him no opportunity of testing in her own person. Therefore it did not occur to her to adopt the tone of maternal tenderness, apparently justified by the difference in age, beneath which the wooing of an elderly woman often conceals itself, or to seek the role of confidant. She answered his civilities merely by entirely overlooking them, treating him with maternal severity rather than maternal tenderness. This bewildered the victorious, spoiled conqueror. He felt secretly indignant, but the high regard he paid the Milesian was not diminished, but on the contrary unconsciously increased. So he was constantly drawn back to Aspasia, and pressed upon her the role of confidante she was far from seeking.

One day a rumor spread through Athens of a fresh prank of Alcibiades, better calculated to attract attention

and employ every tongue than any of his previous ones. It was reported, that during a trip to Megara in the company of his chosen comrades, to transact some business, he had stolen a young girl whom he now kept concealed as a prisoner in Athens, to the no small wrath of the Megarians, who were always hostile to the Athenians.

Many already spoke of the open warfare, which would break out between Athens and her Dorian neighbor on account of this trick of an Athenian youth.

Alcibiades, when questioned, by no means denied the truth of the affair, and at last told the whole story in detail, nay with delight, to his maternal friend Aspasia.

"We had grown tired," said he, "of the wearisome Peribolan service in the country districts, though we sometimes obtained a little variety by carousing with the vagabonds and robbers we should have caught, and instead of these preferred to hunt a Thracian maid in the groves of Phelleus or a sturdy Acharnian.

"So I determined to take a little sea-voyage of a few days, with my friends Callias and Demos. A long time before at our mutual expense, we had had a handsomely-ornamented, roomy, pleasure-boat built, which we sometimes used for fishing. We went on board this vessel with three pretty Ionians, who knew how to play and sing, a couple of hunting-dogs, some nets and javelins, for we intended to row along the coast, landing here and there to hunt. We passed through the straits of Salamis. Our boat, the 'Bacchante,' danced merrily over the waves. Her gayly-painted prow, which terminated in a Bacchante astride of a gilded panther, glittered in the sun. We had garlanded the mast with ivy and myrtle, as if it

were a thyrsus. The bottom of the vessel was covered with carpets and soft cushions. We chatted, jested and sang; one of the three beauties played the flute, another the cithara, a third clashed cymbals, till the sea echoed the mirth and singing, and we were obliged to drive away the inquisitive dolphins, by striking them on the head with our oars, to keep them from jarring or overturning the barge.

“Coasting along the shore, we passed numerous country-houses and lingered a short time before one, to give the beauty who occupied it a serenade. We sang and played. The fair one was delighted to hear the music echoing from the sea, and see her young friends crowned with garlands. She stood smiling on the balcony of the house. We tossed up wreaths and kissed our hands to her, then went farther out to sea. The sun scorched, but we knew how to protect ourselves. Taking our upper garments, we stretched them over our heads like an awning. This made the barge look as if it were gayly supplied with sails and pennons, and the reflection of the purple in the sea dyed the waves. It seemed as if the clear, bell-like laugh of a siren must be heard. Those were Halcyon days, during which calms prevail and the halcyons brood. We had left the straits of Salamis behind, and the Megarian shore appeared on our right. Here the coast began to be lonely and monotonous, from time to time the sound of a shepherd’s flute reached us from the mountain heights, and we saw herds of cattle, lambs and goats grazing. We landed here and there, and enjoyed ourselves in many ways. We caught fish with hooks, lowered by long lines dropped from the rocks on the shore, and even caught some wild geese, ducks and bustards with snares.

“Just as we had entered our boat again to continue our way to Megara, we met a pleasure-barge no whit inferior to ours in elegance and luxurious adornment. In this superb vessel sat an elderly man, and by his side a beautiful girl, at sight of whom my heart kindled. The meeting was only too short. The two barges glided swiftly past each other; the Megarian turned around a projecting cliff and thus vanished from our eyes.

“We again landed, in a spot that particularly allured us. Close by was a wood, which our dogs instantly rummaged. In a few minutes they started a hare, we seized our nets and javelins and, in the hope of securing the animal, followed it, leaving our friends near the barge. The hare was driven away from the woods into the fields and pastures; but as the dogs, baying loudly, pursued, they raised a great commotion among the shepherds and flocks. It happened that one goatherd's animals were scattered by the dogs rushing through their midst, and the startled goats ran down to the sea. Enraged by this dispersal of his herd, the fellow seized a sharp stone lying near, threw it at one of the dogs and wounded him fatally in the head. It was my faithful Phylax, endowed with all the qualities of an admirable hunter.

“When we saw the incident from the distance, we let the hare go and rushed furiously after the goatherd. But meantime the latter had summoned other shepherds to his protection, and we found ourselves confronted by a threatening band. At this moment a slave came running from a neighboring country-house to ask, in his master's name, what this uproar meant. When we learned from the slave's words that the shepherds were

in the service of the owner of this country-house, we asked to speak with him to obtain satisfaction for the wounded animal. Following the slave we approached the country-house, a handsome dwelling that seemed to be the property of some rich man, and were no little surprised to see, strolling in the garden near the mansion, the very same old man and lovely child we had just met on the sea. We told the old man the story, and said we meant to take vengeance on the shepherd. The grey-beard, as a Megarian and foe of the Athenians, answered with sullen words. The shepherds, many of whom had followed at our heels, complained with loud outcries of the damage done their fields, the dispersal of their herds. Joined by the household slaves, who were encouraged by a sign from their master, they pressed upon us and amid violent abuse of the insolent Athenians, compelled us, by superior numbers, to retire without satisfaction.

“Greatly as the incident excited me, I had not neglected to cast a few glances at the youthful beauty, who had watched the conflict from the garden with mingled curiosity and terror. While returning with my companions, I told them of my resolution to avenge myself on the contemptible Megarian. I supposed the beautiful child to be some purchased slave; my plan was to remain concealed in the neighborhood with my companions for a time, watch for some moment when the country-house was unguarded and the girl alone in the garden, then hastily seize and bear her away.

“The desired opportunity came sooner than we had hoped. Before the second day elapsed we had grasped the girl, stopped her screams by fastening a bandage over her mouth, and borne her swiftly to the barge concealed beneath the cliff.

"Under the protection of the gathering dusk, we fled, with our fair prize on board, from the Megarian coast."

"And the young girl?" asked Aspasia.

"Accommodated herself to her fate," replied Alcibiades, "though she was no slave, as I supposed, but a freeborn maiden, the niece of the accursed Megarian. Her name is Simaitha, and I call her the fairest of all Hellenic—not *women*, but *maidens*."

Megara! The word had a strange sound to Aspasia's ear. She had listened to the bold youth's story with evident interest, and now asked numerous questions about the young girl. Alcibiades gave an enthusiastic description of her.

Aspasia asked to see Simaitha. The youth willingly acceded to the request, and brought the Megarian to her. The girl's beauty was so remarkable, that Aspasia marvelled, but in character she was like an unpolished gem. Had she not been reared in Megara! It was time for her to be snatched away, if this pearl were not to fade in seclusion.

The rich Megarian had received her into his house when a little child, and treated her better than a slave, but not like a daughter.

He seemed to have intended to rear her solely to be the helpless tool of his pleasure. The old Megarian bore no resemblance to the noble Milesian, Philammon, whom Aspasia had so warmly praised in relating the story of her youth to Pericles. Simaitha hated him, and declared she would rather kill herself than go back to his house. Aspasia's keen eye perceived the germs of womanly charms of the highest order, in the character of this young girl, who had scarcely passed her fifteenth year. Her eyes were as radiant with intelligence, as her

features with beauty. Aspasia longed to develop the beautiful bud, and speedily forming her plan, said to Alcibiades :

“ This girl is yours, not so much by the robbery you committed, as her own firm resolve not to return to the Megarian’s house. But you are not yet worthy of her. Noble maidens, nay even Hipponicus’ affected little daughter, are far too good for youths like you. Women of Theodota’s stamp exist for the striplings of your character ; you can, so to speak, sow your wild-oats with them. For the rest, you would not fully enjoy the possession of Simaitha as she now is. You would soon weary of her, for the germs of those qualities which are necessary, if disgust is not finally to win the mastery over love, are not yet developed in her character. Leave the child to me for a time. Trust the treasure you have won to my care, put out your capital at interest—you will receive it in due time from my hands with its value enhanced tenfold.”

Alcibiades was too young and too fickle, to find it a difficult task to deliver the young girl to Aspasia’s care.

“ I am ready to put out my precious treasure at interest,” he replied. “ I know I shall be richly repaid for the short sacrifice, which will not be complete, since you will doubtless allow me to see the lovely child in your house.”

“ Why not ?” answered Aspasia, “ you can be a constant witness of her progress.”

Simaitha was brought to Aspasia. Pericles had at first refused his consent ; but his disposition was wonderfully indulgent and, at Aspasia’s repeated entreaties, he at last gave the desired permission, coupled with the con-

dition that the young girl's stay in his house should last only until the question of surrendering her to the Megarians should be positively decided. Had not the Megarians been so bitterly hated in Athens, Pericles' compliance in granting the maiden an asylum in his house, out of love for Aspasia, would doubtless have been more sharply condemned than was really the case.

People had long since began to talk of Aspasia's school, and the name was now better justified than ever.

There were no less than four young girls in the earliest bloom of maidenhood, who lived in Aspasia's house under the immediate training of the Milesian. Her nieces from Miletus, who had already been with her some time, were joined by Cora, the Arcadian girl, and the young stranger from Megara.

The name of school harmonized perfectly with Aspasia's secret plans. Her personal efforts to ennoble and free the women of Athens had been attended with very doubtful success. But the ardent longing of her soul gave her no rest. She thought she had convinced herself that it was vain to try to transform mature women, the influence, she believed, must begin in early youth.

She did not wish to train hetærae, but champions and allies, adapted by their intellect and beauty to gain influence as she herself had done. The school she established should keep alive what she transmitted, and diffuse it to wider circles. Through the operation of united powers, according to her belief, prejudices would at last be shattered, and the victory of intellect, beauty and womanhood secured.

Not in the foreground, yet not wholly alien to the thoughts of the aspiring though calculating Milesian, was the idea of the advantages which might arise from her

school in other respects. Her pupils, like their mistress, might obtain for husbands powerful and influential men, who would strengthen Pericles' authority and oppose the efforts of his enemies.

Did Pericles' wife feel no scruple about gathering around her a number of young and charming girls, under her husband's eyes? Nay, this proud, lofty soul, striving for a living influence, was elevated far above paltry considerations and petty feelings; she was not content with personal success like an ordinary woman, but lived and labored for a great idea. Besides, she knew that Aphrodite's girdle was still in her power, that it had lost none of its old magic in her hand. She knew she would long remain the mistress among her pupils, that the latter must *become* what she *was*. With regard to Pericles, she had a firm conviction that nothing in the world would break or weaken the power of the spell with which she had ensnared his heart, and custom only made the stronger.

A caprice of nature had denied Aspasia the joys of maternity. She endured it without complaint. If she had not been permitted to train daughters into her own likeness, fate offered her a compensation in these promising girls, on whom she could try, to her heart's content, the magic power of her shaping hand.

The Muses and Graces seemed to descend from Olympus and enter Aspasia's service, as teachers in her school. There was given the great lesson of how nature is refined by noble art, and art must again become nature. There the unity of everything beautiful was understood and realized; there music became a dance of the soul, and dancing a music of the limbs—there beauty became poetry, and poetry beauty.

Aspasia's endeavor was to rouse her pupils' intellect through and for the sake of beauty, and then free their awakened minds.

But not only every kind of art served as a means of waking intelligence, many of the possessions of wisdom, knowledge, and science were borne like fructifying pollen, on the wings of Cupids, into Aspasia's school. Nothing, except sternness, severity, gloom, was excluded. Gayety was proclaimed to be the chief law of beauty and life.

The principal lesson Aspasia taught her pupils, was the folly it would be to expect to win every success by their charms. She showed them that these would not long remain lovable, if dependent solely on themselves, and told them beauty was a virtue and must be learned, practised, cultivated, like any other. She made them perceive that intellect was the spice which, blended with beauty, kept it fresh. "A silly beauty soon grows old," she said, "the charm that vulgarity surrounds like a dismal swamp, soon fades. Nothing so quickly destroys the bloom, as dull vegetation in mindless monotony. To be beautiful was not a condition, but an act. Beauty was the highest activity, and its efficiency depended upon the harmony of all the noblest agencies—upon a pleasant and harmonious activity of the body and soul. It was no dead object of admiration, no motionless light, but like the sunbeams, a living dance of rays, a shower of sparks."

"Beauty cannot be directly bestowed," she used also to say, "but ugliness can be everywhere stifled, subdued, diminished. You cannot too frequently cast a glance into the mirror—not to see how beautiful you are, but to surprise yourself in some moment of ugliness. Only in that way will you learn that no one is always beautiful,

and no one is always ugly—that the flower of every beauty changes its form and color a hundred times a day, that left to itself it wavers helplessly, destitute of support or firmness; that a beauty, who sure of herself, can venture to fold her hands in her lap, is a dream of fools, and that to be beautiful is a difficult art even for the loveliest woman. Let not ugliness approach you under any form. Its shapes and disguises are countless. Ugliness is a demon with which we must struggle every day, if he is not to gradually overpower us. But most frequently of all, he turns his deadly weapons against the bloom of the body, from behind the shelter of the *soul*."

Aspasia did not content herself with warning words, but actively aided her pupils in the strife against the malicious, threatening demon, pursuing the germs and traces of everything ugly, as the bailiff follows the thief. As school-masters hold a staff or rod, she carried in her hand a little silver mirror, and held it before the culprit in whom a spark of physical or mental ugliness appeared. Thus she taught the young girls self-control, suppression of every disfiguring caprice or passion, calmness, cheerfulness, noble symmetry of body and soul. One of Aspasia's nieces, Drosis, developed a brilliant natural talent for dancing, Prasina, on the contrary, showed principally skill in singing and music. But Aspasia did not permit either to devote herself exclusively to the cultivation of such one-sided dexterity. She desired each to seek to please, not by the exercise of any one art, but by a harmoniously-developed personality. Devotion to a single art, she said, always led to neglect of the personality itself and its harmonious development.

Drosis was naturally bewitching by her grace. Her

figure was tall and elegant, so ethereally light that she seemed, like a nymph, incapable of crushing a blade of grass or flower in walking over the fields. Her limbs possessed the slenderness, youthful delicacy, and graceful softness, which is far more alluring than voluptuous roundness.

Prasina resembled her, but had the advantage of the clear, silvery voice, with which she charmed every ear, while singing the songs of Sappho. Can there be anything sweeter than the voice of a girl of sixteen? Prasina's sweet, melting, impassioned tones surpassed the songs of the nightingales in the valley of the Cephissus.

But charming Drosis and ardent Prasina were soon outstripped by the beautiful development of the budding maiden Simaitha. The loftiest charm of Hellenic form was embodied in her figure and features. Even the masters of the art of sculpture had scarcely dreamed of such marvellous purity of outline. She possessed the indescribable clearness, the lustrous yet somewhat dreamy freshness of the eye, that sometimes appears with a bewitching charm in girls of very tender years. But Simaitha most nearly resembled her mistress in mind and soul, as well as personal beauty. She seemed closely allied to her by the manner in which her thoughts and feelings were developing, and appeared destined to be no less perfect an embodiment of the real joy and beauty-loving Hellenic spirit, than was the Milesian herself. She grasped Aspasia's thoughts with fervent enthusiasm, and her intelligence surpassed that of her companions. She loved the arts, and seemed to possess Aspasia's incomparably keen and appreciative eye for sculpture. She also resembled her mistress in placing no value on any single personal talent, but de-

veloped all her powers in beautiful harmony. Thus she was the pearl of the Milesian's school. Aspasia loved her with almost a mother's tenderness, and fixed her fairest hopes upon her.

And Cora, the Arcadian girl? It was hard to say whether she ought to be included in Aspasia's school. When the latter brought her from her Arcadian home, the very crudity of the material tempted her to exert her skill upon it. But this simplicity seemed to increase faster than the power of Aspasia's forming art. Cora was the butt of her companions, who degraded her almost to the level of a servant. Yet there was something in the girl's nature, which would not suffer her to sink entirely into a slave. She was not charming, possessed no symmetry of figure, was not even gay, but grave and thoughtful, and the peculiar traits of character she had brought to Athens remained unchanged. But she startled those who surrounded her by occasional flashes of intelligence and wit, which always bore traces of originality, and thereby aroused special interest. She seemed like a creature from some strange world, hitherto unknown.

Aspasia found it advisable, contrary to Athenian custom, to allow her pupils, in spite of their youth, free intercourse with the world and society. Her house was visited by men of commanding intellect, whose conversation early roused the young girls' minds from the dull atmosphere of the commonplace. But feminine guests were not excluded. If any of these distinguished men wished to introduce a fair friend into this circle, the request was willingly granted. Among those who availed themselves of this permission was the young sculptor and architect, Callimachus, who had brought from Corinth

to Athens an orphaned girl named Philandra, of remarkable beauty, whom he tenderly loved and intended to make his wife. Philandra, being of humble origin and still very young, lacked the culture requisite to make her worthy of him. How could she obtain this better than through intercourse with Aspasia's circle, and the latter did not disdain to extend the influence of her school beyond the precincts of her house.

Philandra's beauty was nobly proportioned, but somewhat voluptuous. She revealed a passionate, impetuous nature, and her stately figure made her seem older than her years.

Thus what might be termed a feminine Olympus was founded in Aspasia's home. Alcibiades called the young girls by the names of the goddesses they most resembled. Artists drew inspiration from them for beautiful pictures, poets for graceful verses. But wantonness and everything ignoble was banished from this circle. Aspasia's glance could hold even the bold Alcibiades in check, and the priestess of beauty always kept the reins of noble moderation in her hand. She was ever mindful of what she owed the honor of her husband's house, and knew how to avoid increasing his doubts about the school she had assembled around her, to the point of discord and strife.

One day Alcibiades invited Aspasia and her young companions to take a voyage in his pleasure-barge. The Milesian accepted, on condition that none of his wild companions accompanied him.

On a fresh, bright summer morning Aspasia entered the vessel, with Drosis, Prasina, Simaitha, and Cora. Callimachus and Philandra joined them, the latter bringing a friend named Pasikompsa, who, like Philandra

herself, had been introduced to Aspasia, and was considered by the latter worthy to be an associate of her pupils. No one else was in the barge except a few rowers.

They coasted along the shore, and soon reached the beautiful bay of Salamis. On the left was the green island, sparkling in the morning dew, on the right the Attic strand, to which descended the Ægaleon hills.

Nothing can afford more harmonious and pleasurable excitement to the soul, than an excursion on a sunny blue sea, and there could be no blue more exquisite than that of the bay of Salamis. Thus the party on Alcibiades' galley were delightfully rocked by the sea and the waves of joy. Above their heads was the blue sky, beneath them the ethereal blue of the sea; they floated as it were between the heavens, swaying in a divine azure. Whether the blue of sky or sea was most beautiful they could not say, nor did they care to ask—they only saw that the birds sometimes plunged for a moment from the blue air into the blue sea, to taste its charm, while the fishes, on the contrary, sometimes leaped gayly a moment from the sea to dip their heads into the blue air, as if to obtain a fleeting draught of bliss.

The party on Alcibiades' barge resembled these gay birds and fishes, rejoicing in the charms of sea and air. They absorbed all the bliss, yet gave it as little thought as the birds and fishes. Aspasia's charming young companions gazed down from the deck into the beautiful waves, but only to see their pretty faces mirrored in them. Cora alone, when gazing into the water, saw not her own face but the sea itself. In her mind alone the spell of the sea was vivid and conscious.

The other girls were reflected in the sea, but the sea was reflected in Cora.

The impression produced upon her mind almost rose to terror, for she at last began to listen with a sort of dread for the sounds from the bottom of the water. When the others smilingly asked if she heard the voices of the alluring sirens rising from the depths, she assented, and the merry laughter of her companions echoed far over the waves.

Perhaps tempted by the melody of these voices, a dolphin gliding along the surface of the water accompanied the voyagers. A little bird that had wandered too far from land, perched on its back a moment to rest, without being noticed by the fish.

Just as the silvery laughter at Cora again rang out from Alcibiades' barge, a large merchant-vessel passed. As it came very near, the crew of the merchant-man and the party in Alcibiades' barge could see each other distinctly. The former were rude and savage in aspect, and gazed sullenly, almost threateningly, from under their bushy brows, like hawks, at the flock of doves in Alcibiades' galley. But as the merchant-man rowed much faster, it soon left the barge behind, and the gay company paid no farther heed. Callimachus thought it was a Megarian trading-vessel.

They stopped in a small bay, and determined to land to spend some time on the tempting shore. It was the very spot where people point out the rock-chair of the Persian king, Xerxes, on the side of the Ægaleon mountains sloping towards the sea, the rock-chair on a lofty part of the shore the great king occupied when he reviewed his fleet before the decisive battle, and from which, first in the proud consciousness of victory, then

with increasing terror, he gazed down at the battle tempest of Salamis.

Callimachus and Alcibiades accompanied Aspasia and the young girls up to this seat in the cliff, and Alcibiades invited Aspasia, as the most honored guest, to seat herself in it. She accepted it, and Callimachus took his place by her side. The young girls and Alcibiades reclined around her in a graceful group.

Clumps of sea-weed and myrtle-bushes, full of dark and light berries, grew between the cliffs.

A wondrous atmosphere of peace brooded over the sunny land and sparkling sea. Seen from this elevated spot, Salamis looked doubly charming. Between the island and the main-land lay the motionless blue waves. Silvery, glittering streaks here and there furrowed the azure surface, like shimmering bridges. There was no sound save the low rustling and grating of the slowly advancing and receding waves upon the sand below, and from time to time the scream of a sea-gull hovering around the cliff.

"By all the sea-nymphs!" said Alcibiades, "it is as peaceful and silent here as on the Sicilian shore. One might think the amorous Cyclops Polyphemus must be sitting somewhere near, gazing out upon the water where the image of Galatea is reflected, as she wanders over the flood. The rude shepherd's dog runs barking down to meet her, but the nymph laughingly splashes the messenger of love with a rolling surge, so that he retreats whining."

Indeed, a blissful stillness prevailed, which seemed as if it never had been and never could be interrupted.

Aspasia cast a glance from her rocky seat towards the mountains of the Peloponnesus.

"If it is possible," she said, "to wash away from my soul all the peevish gloom I saw and experienced beyond those mountains, this hour will enable me to do so. The sea and air are too radiant for melancholy to gain any victory here. I boldly challenge you to battle, rude Peloponnesus."

"And I too!" cried Alcibiades, clenching his fist at the mountains of Argolis.

"So do we all!" exclaimed the young girls laughing.

At this moment Aspasia's eye, wandering towards the right, rested on the Megarian vessel, which now seemed very small in the distance. It appeared to be motionless. Aspasia's proud, almost contemptuous glance roved quickly away. Her eyes flashed with a spark of the arrogance that filled the heart of the Persian king, when he sat on this rocky throne.

At a sign from Alcibiades, a slave brought a skin containing a delicious cordial, and soon beakers clinked against each other and songs echoed on the air. The joyous melody sounded sweetly amid the beautiful sea-solitude, and echoed far over the peaceful bay.

Urged on by the Dionysian spirit of revelry, the young girls dispersed, some wandering along the shore, some among the cliffs, where fragrant plants grew amid the stones. They were like hovering butterflies, teased and caught by Alcibiades.

Now they ran with merry shouts after some dead sea-creature, a polyp or dolphin, which formerly, dashing through the salt waves, had terrified the smaller fishes and borne the daughters of Nereus on its back, but at last been cast by a foaming wave in some fierce storm on the rocky strand. Then they sat down and Alcibiades

told marvellous hunting-tales—for instance, how he had once caught on the sea-shore a large polyp and a hare at the same time. Drawing the polyp out of the water he hurled it on the land, where it chanced to fall upon a hare sleeping among the sea-weed, which was instantly seized by the polyp's hundred arms.

Meantime Callimachus was talking with Aspasia.

The artist's relation towards Pericles' beautiful wife was of a somewhat singular nature. A cordial friendship bound him to Alcamenes, and being informed by the latter of everything that ever occurred between Agoracritus' rival and the fair Milesian, he had brought with him from Corinth a prejudice, nay almost a secret anger against Aspasia. After the violent scene between Alcamenes and Aspasia at Olympia, of which Callimachus had also heard, he had joined his friend in a sort of league of vengeance against Aspasia. At Athens he approached the Milesian and, attracted by her magic spell, half forgot the thought of vengeance.

Aspasia herself turned the conversation upon Alcamenes, and praised the flight of his transforming imagination.

"You do well," she said, "to be on friendly terms with this man, and it seems to me that a certain kinship of souls has drawn you together. For, like him, a desire to direct art into new channels seems to animate you."

Aspasia in these words alluded to the fact, that Callimachus no longer contented himself with the chisel, but worked with the auger, executing the details of his labor with a wonderful diligence, a brilliant perfection, never before witnessed.

"If people acknowledge, that the art of sculpture has advanced by the industrious use of the auger," said

Callimachus, "I might also prove the kindred art of architecture profitable. My mind has long been occupied with a matter apparently very easy and simple, but in which—you'll smile when you hear what it is—I cannot succeed. Progressive art seems to me to require a richer decoration for our pillars. The Ionian spiral is the utmost we have accomplished. That has satisfied us for centuries. Isn't it time to venture above it with some bold design?"

"In the East," replied Aspasia, "I saw the form of leaves and flowers applied with refined imagination to the decoration of capitals. We are timid, as you justly remark. Why don't you venture upon what you think necessary?"

"Will you believe," answered Callimachus, "that I have racked my brain about this matter? I have invented hundreds of forms, but hitherto not one has fully satisfied me."

"Why do you seek to invent, discover, and draw the new form entirely from your own imagination?" asked Aspasia. "Nature is a great teacher, the architect as well as the sculptor must obtain his best designs by watching her. Keep your eyes open, and what you seek will meet you. Then you need only grasp it correctly and shape it to your wants."

At this moment the pair were interrupted by the young girls, who said they had discovered a small monument in a pretty secluded nook of the rocky shore, and wanted to show it to Aspasia.

Aspasia and Callimachus accepted the invitation, and allowed the girls to guide them to the spot, where they had found the little monument. It lay concealed amid the rocks, and was almost hidden by an overhanging

cliff. It consisted of a plain narrow stone, on which a short inscription was carved. On the slab stood a dainty basket, filled with faded wreaths and flowers. Aspasia tried to read the inscription, and deciphered half of the name of a young girl, but the task was difficult, for a luxuriant acanthus had not only covered the slab with its large, exquisitely-shaped leaves, but grown half over the basket. Its fresh, living green formed a striking contrast to the dead, withered flowers.

Aspasia and her companions expressed their surprise at finding a gravestone in such a place. But Callimachus said :

“The existence of this little monument was no secret to me.”

The young girls eagerly asked its origin, and Callimachus replied :

“The man who placed this slab and basket here was my friend, and I am one of the few to whom he confided its history.

“The friend of whom I speak,” he continued, “was an admirable Athenian youth, who earned his living by painting vessels and funeral urns with great skill. While living in Corinth he saw the fairest flower-girl in the city, and fell in love with her. But a young Spartan, who was staying in Corinth with some friends, also loved the girl and wished to make her his own. He succeeded in intimidating her by threats and violence, and was on the point of bearing her away from Corinth. The Athenian, furious with rage, fought with his rival and killed him. Then, to escape the vengeance of the dead man’s friends, he took the young girl, who returned his love and willingly accompanied him, entered a boat, and fled to his native Athens.

“The lovers coasted gayly along the shore—the youth’s heart was full of joy, and the young girl was radiant in the bloom of her bridal beauty. She had nothing except her loveliness, save the little basket filled with fresh flowers, just as she had carried it to market in Corinth on the morning her lover bore her away. The sea-spray dashed around the boat, and wet the roses in the basket. But as the youth snatched a saucy kiss from the girl’s lips, the basket fell over the edge of the boat into the sea. She hastily leaned forward to catch it, but stretching out her hand too far, lost her balance and fell into the waves. With a cry of despair, the youth flung himself into the sea, and after a long struggle grasped the maiden’s body and swam with it to the shore. Climbing up the cliff, with her senseless form clasped to his breast with his left arm, he laid her on a level portion of the rocky strand. Her eyes were closed, her face was pale, vainly he called her by a thousand loving names. He had saved only a corpse.

“All day long he sat motionless beside the lifeless form, then prepared to bury it. He hollowed a grave in the spot where he had brought her to land. What did he suddenly behold among the rocks? The basket of flowers had been carried to the shore, and was now wedged fast between the cliffs. He went down, and sighing mournfully, raised the little basket, still filled with fresh flowers, and placed it, bedewed with his tears, on the young girl’s grave. He went to Athens and soon returned, with this simple slab, to the secret grave, around which murmured the waves of the sea. He placed it here, and again set upon it the basket with its now withered flowers. The seclusion of the spot secures

it from profaning hands, and the acanthus, as you see, has undertaken the part of protector, by almost covering both slab and basket with the tendrils of its superb foliage."

The young girls listened attentively to Callimachus' tale, and loudly lamented the sad fate of the lovers.

But Aspasia, after a pause, said :

"Spite of the sympathy awakened by your story, Callimachus, I cannot shut out the impression this flat, narrow stone, this monument for which nature has done far more than art, produces upon me, and will surely make upon all who behold it. How daintily the foliage of the acanthus twines above the white marble slab, around the graceful basket filled with withered flowers. Is not this one of the forms nature sometimes produces in a sportive mood, yet whose charm sculptors rarely equal by their inventive powers?"

Callimachus made no reply, but a thought darted through his brain like a flash of lightning.

He gazed a long time at the basket overgrown with foliage, then turning to Aspasia, exclaimed :

"Yes, Aspasia—this basket with the tendrils twining gracefully around it, is one of those forms, for which as you said, the sculptor must keep his eyes open, because he can learn from them—"

"And because," interrupted Aspasia, smiling, "he may find in them what he has long sought in vain."

Callimachus now enthusiastically poured forth the thought which filled his mind.

While he explained to the Milesian his idea of the new decoration for pillars, which was to step forth victoriously into the world of beauty, and whose renown would be forever blended with Callimachus' name, the

young girls disappeared to gather flowers, with which they intended to deck the Corinthian's grave.

Soon they were again roving merrily along the shore like sea-nymphs, among whom Alcibiades renewed his rôle of the teasing, pursuing Triton.

Gradually, however, the simplicity and reserve of Cora, who was left behind on a lonely part of the shore, began to exert a stronger charm over the impetuous youth than the gayety of her companions.

The lovely Simaitha noticed that he attempted to draw the Arcadian into gay conversation, jested with her against her will, but without any touch of jealousy; for she resembled Aspasia in having little room in her proud soul for such an emotion. She too, seemed only capable of the love which does not disturb the cheerful repose of the mind. Besides, what a contemptible rival the shepherd's child appeared to the most brilliant pearl in Aspasia's school.

Transported from the world of reality, the party enjoyed the charming silence of the bay, which nothing could apparently disturb.

Yet hostile eyes were watching the group from a distance.

When the Megarian vessel passed Alcibiades' pleasure-barge, one of the men on board gazed keenly into it, and said, in a hasty, eager tone to his companions:

"Did you see that Athenian youth roving about with the young hetærae on the sea? That's the bold, worthless ravisher, Alcibiades! I know him. I've seen him several times at Athens. And among the young girls was Simaitha—the stolen Simaitha!"

"What?" cried the Megarians, greatly excited. "What? Is that the bold fellow who stole the girl

from Psaumias' country-house, and still rejoices in his spoil unpunished?"

"Ay," said the other, "he still enjoys his spoil unpunished, for he is under powerful protection. As you know, all the efforts of Psaumias and his fellow-citizens, who demanded the girl's delivery from the insolent Athenians, were vain. Don't these Athenian dogs always believe they can mock at the Megarian commonwealth? A time will come, to show them they were wrong in jeering at the Dorian city on their borders. But now, friends, as far as Simaitha is concerned, we must take advantage of the opportunity offered. That pleasure-barge, besides the beardless ravisher, contains only one unarmed man and the few slaves who are rowing. There are enough of us to capture the galley, if we choose to attack it, at any rate, to seize Simaitha and carry her back to Megara."

This proposal pleased the Megarians, but while consulting how to attack the barge, Alcibiades' party landed on the shore of the little bay. The Megarians perceived this from the distance.

"So much the better!" said their commander. "We'll hide our vessel near the shore and follow our prey on the *land*. Most of us will leave the galley, and while single ones steal nearer the group, others can lie in ambush in pairs along the rocky shore, where the party are scattered. It will be easy to rush out at the right moment, and seize the girl for whom we have watched. The Athenian youths and their slaves will be unable to prevent it, nay perhaps will not see it, for if we choose a moment when Simaitha is separated from her companions, and the men's attention is directed elsewhere, we may succeed in carrying her off unper-

ceived and shall then be safe from pursuit. They won't know what has become of the girl, until we have our prize in security. If we were compelled to use force, the youths might perhaps receive aid from some Athenian vessel passing this way, and rescue our booty before we could get back to our vessel, or put out to sea. So let us be cautious, and watch for a favorable opportunity."

Such were the Megarian captain's directions, and the men obeyed them. They concealed themselves singly or in pairs on the shore, or among the rocks, and from their hiding-places sharply watched the unconscious revellers.

The favorable moment for the Megarians was long in coming. At last it happened, that Simaitha, Drosis and Prasina, gathering flowers, unsuspectingly approached a rock behind which several of the crew were concealed. Alcibiades was a long distance away, absorbed in Cora, and Callimachus was still with Aspasia at the grave of the Corinthian girl.

The Megarians rushed out to seize Simaitha.

The latter, on seeing the savage looking men suddenly coming towards her, fled screaming with terror. Drosis and Prasina followed, also filling the air with loud cries for help.

But Simaitha far outstripped her two companions in their flight, and had already nearly reached the spot where Alcibiades lingered. The latter, as well as Callimachus and the rowers in the barge, heard the young girls' shrieks, and quickly hurried up. Alcibiades always wore a dagger, and drawing it from the sheath, prepared to rush upon the robbers with the slaves, who were armed only with oars.

But the Megarians would not leave the spot without

some prize. As Simaitha had escaped, they seized her companions, Drosis and Prasina, who in their terror, like frightened doves, had not so surely found the right path by which to fly.

Perceiving the danger in delay, and avoiding open strife for the reasons already mentioned, they dragged Drosis and Prasina away with them to the shore, leaped on board their vessel, and were speeding towards the bay of Megara, ere Alcibiades and his assistants could enter his barge to pursue them.

Yet the furious youth was about to throw himself blindly into the boat to follow the robbers. But when he prepared to do so, the young girls raised a loud outcry, lamenting that they would be left on shore and perhaps exposed to other lurking enemies. Yet he was prevented from taking them in the barge and thus pursuing the enemy, by their dread of being carried out to fall a prey to the foe. Callimachus, the rowers, and especially Aspasia, urged him to consider that pursuit was impossible, and plenty of ways and means would be found to chastise the insolence of the Megarians.

Aspasia had turned deadly pale at the sight of the Megarians' deed, but the pallor was quickly succeeded by a vivid flush of anger. Yet she was the first to regain her composure, and almost smiled as she requested Alcibiades to return home without delay. All hurried to the barge, to hastily go back to Athens.

"Vengeance on the Megarians!" cried Alcibiades, standing erect in the vessel as it pushed off from the shore, and hurling a beaker against the steep cliff.

"May the pigmy defiance of Megara and her allies be shattered against the rocky brow of the Athenian Acropolis, as this beaker is broken against the cliff."

CHAPTER VIII.

CALLICRATES' MULE.

ACCORDING to Aspasia's supposition, it was an easy matter for Pericles to demand the restoration of the stolen girls by the Megarians; for at that time, from various reasons, the chastisement of the Megarians was the watch-word of the day in Athens.

But the Megarians answered, that they would not fail to restore Drosis and Prasina, who for the present were placed as hostages in the keeping of a distinguished fellow-citizen, as soon as Simaitha, stolen by an Athenian youth, had been restored to them. But Simaitha herself pleaded earnestly against this rendition, and found powerful support in Aspasia. The young girl from Megara had become the Milesian's favorite.

The Megarians were as much hated at Athens, as the Athenians at Megara. Pericles had more than one motive for procuring a popular decree, which prohibited them from entering the harbor or market of Athens, not only until they had delivered up the young girls, but also given the Athenians satisfaction in some other matters.

This exclusion from the Athenian market was sensibly felt by the Megarians, and it was believed they would not long defy it.

Yet, as it was to be feared that the Megarians would secretly apply to Sparta to seek her active mediation, while a somewhat serious quarrel with Corinth, and the revolt of the Attic colony of Potidæa aroused a certain

degree of uneasiness among the Athenians, the enemies of Pericles and Aspasia availed themselves of the opportunity to stir up the people against them. The public peace of Hellas, they declared, was threatened by the arrogance of this foreign woman and the licentiousness of her friends, and now, for the sake of two little stolen hetærae, Pericles hurled among the Greeks, like a firebrand, the popular decree against the Megarians.

Great and popular statesman do not always oppose national laws, because they know that the people finally follow their guidance with a sort of blind confidence, and the peril of these laws is counterbalanced by their personal influence, at least while they stand at the helm. But the timid ask what will happen, as soon as men of this stamp, perhaps summoned from the world by death, no longer hold the reins of the community in their firm grasp. On the other hand, the friends of the people who are solicitous for the preservation of popular rule, perceive in this silent subservience of the public to the will and opinions of a single prominent man the greatest danger to freedom. So it happened, that the omnipotent Pericles was secretly opposed by the champions of free popular government, as well as by the oligarchist party.

Cleon, the tanner, Lysicles, the sheep-dealer, and Pamphilus the sausage-maker, believed that the wisdom of an individual was more dangerous to the state than the folly of the multitude, and whenever they found an opportunity, renewed their warnings to their fellow-citizens against the "new Pisistratus."

People of the stamp of Cleon, Lysicles, and Pamphilus already sometimes ventured to declaim violently against Pericles in the popular assembly.

Pericles did not look indifferently upon the perplexi-

ties prepared for him by many things in Aspasia's conduct, and Alcibiades' wanton behavior. Aspasia was unassailable. The storm may uproot oaks, but not break down flowers. But Pericles gravely pointed out to Alcibiades the dissoluteness, by which in part this unpleasant Megarian difficulty had been caused, admonished him to emulate his forefathers by rendering service to his native land, and strive for the distinction of praiseworthy deeds.

"That I will!" replied Alcibiades, in a tone of mingled jest and earnest. "But who is to blame save you, Pericles, that I find no opportunity to distinguish myself by glorious deeds? How long must we drag out our lives in this wearisome peace? Give me a fleet, and I'll conquer Carthage and Sicily. But you even refuse the few paltry vessels with three banks of oars, necessary to restore the two bright-eyed little maidens, Drosis and Prasina, from their captivity in miserable Megara. There is nothing left, if I want to serve my native land, except to go to Sparta and carry off the king's wife, that I may blend the Dorian blood with Ionian for the benefit of the Athenians. Surely, Pericles, I don't lack the desire for action—"

"Mere gushing impulse, without dignity or earnestness of mind," said Pericles, "will never accomplish anything useful, but merely prove destructive. Your advantages, Alcibiades, are no hope, but a danger to your native land, so long as they are united with vices like yours."

"Is it a vice," cried Alcibiades, "to love pleasure, and isn't youth the best time for enjoyment?"

"*You are mistaken,*" replied Pericles gravely; "youth is not the time for enjoyment, but the time to *prepare*

body and mind for the pleasures of life. It is the time to develop the capacity for enjoyment, not to dull it. You think you are finding pleasure, youthful son of Cleinias. But your tasting of every cup of joy is nothing more than boyish wantonness, thoughtless sport."

"The gods give us but *one* life to enjoy!" said Alcibiades.

"For that very reason," replied Pericles, "we ought not to *squander*, but to *preserve* it."

Such was the tenor of Pericles' conversation with the youth, but the latter went from the statesman to his friend Theodota, smilingly repeated the words, and added:

"I now see my old friend, my beloved Socrates, is really wiser than Pericles or any of the other wise men in Athens, for he alone understood long ago—that all warnings of that kind, addressed to Cleinias' son, were vain and foolish—"

Some time had elapsed since Pericles and his wife returned to Athens from Elis, and the priest of Erechtheus secretly entered into a conspiracy at Eleusis with the enemies of the noble pair.

Diopheithes, however, had not failed to profit by the interval. The weapons for the first assault were already forged. He had availed himself of Pericles' absence from Athens, to come forward in the popular assembly with the proposition of a law against those who derided the religion of the Attic country, and the philosophers whose teachings were opposed to the belief in the gods, inherited from their forefathers. The priest of Erechtheus stood before the multitude with the authority of one inspired by a god, and his language was

so impassioned, so spiced with threats and prophecies of evil, that he actually succeeded in obtaining for his law the decisive majority of votes on the Pnyx.

Since that day the sword of Damocles hung over Anaxagoras' gray head. Diopieithes' shaft was first aimed at him; but his designs went still farther. He secretly courted allies and assistants, leagued himself with Pericles' enemies of every kind.

The wrath in his soul daily found fresh food, for before his eyes the hated Callicrates still walked among the swarming crowd of workmen on the summit of the Acropolis, urging forward the magnificent propylæa, under the direction of Mnesicles, with the same zeal he had formerly bestowed on the temple of Pallas. Callicrates was an abomination to the priest, so too were the laborers, who by day pursued their hated work, but at night lay asleep in throngs on the piles of stones or sand. Another abomination was the old mule who, as has already been mentioned, could not endure the involuntary leisure of its age, but according to ancient habit, wandered about on the Acropolis, and to whom had been granted the favor of having all the injuries it might do by grazing and nibbling the property of others, made good at the public expense.

Great results spring from small causes, says the proverb.

Grown saucy by the public favor shown by the Athenian people, Callicrates' mule, wandering over the Acropolis, continued the unruly conduct by which it had long since exasperated Diopieithes to the utmost, fearlessly approaching the sanctuary of the Erechtheum, and seeming to find nothing so dainty as the plants that grew within the precincts of the temple. It did not

fear the venomous looks Diopeithes cast at it, and scarcely heeded the blows with which the temple-servants tried to drive it away. It sometimes snuffed at the cakes placed by the devout as offerings on the altar of Zeus, which stood in the open air before the Erechtheum. If Diopeithes complained of the sacrilege to Callicrates, the latter, shrugging his shoulders, appealed to the animal's legal privileges and the willingness of the public treasurer to make good any damages it might commit. Thus, gaining little by his complaints, the priest had long since vowed vengeance against the bold creature.

But the latter, running blindly to destruction and unconsciously filling the measure of crime, one day ventured through a door accidentally left open and unwatched, into the inmost sanctuary of the Erechtheum and Athena Polias. The horrified temple-servants found it insolently snuffing at a fresh wreath, they had twined, that very morning, around the ancient wooden statue of the goddess. The next day Diopeithes secretly lured Callicrates' mule towards him, and flung the animal a cake. In the evening of the same day the creature was found lying dead on the steps of the Parthenon.

One of Callicrates' workmen had seen the priest of Erechtheus toss the mule food, and all were convinced that it had fallen a victim to Diopeithes' vengeance.

Some vowed to punish him for it, gathered before the Erechtheum, and loaded the priest with loud invectives. Had not Mnesicles come up just in time, Diopeithes would have fared ill at the laborers' hands.

The cup of wrath in the priest's breast was now full. He could no longer delay giving vent to it, commencing the great, long-plotted work of vengeance.

It was a stormy night, the sky was shrouded in darkness and rent clouds floated over the moon, when three men assembled for a secret interview in the dreary grotto of the Eumenides on the hill of the Areopagus.

One of the trio was Diopeithes, who had invited the other two to meet him there; for intercourse with his secret allies on the Acropolis was too much exposed to the keen eyes of Callicrates.

The second of the three persons, who met on the hill of Ares, was the oligarch Thucydides, whom Pericles had overthrown. He and Diopeithes were the first to enter the grotto, and the third now came gliding in, half disguised, like a nocturnal thief. The oligarch glanced at this third person with a certain shade of curiosity. Diopeithes had not mentioned his name. But when the new-comer confronted the other two men in the secret grotto, and his face became visible in a ray of light from the moon, which chanced to shine out for a moment, the oligarch started back indignantly, while a scornful smile hovered around his lips.

He had recognized the coarse features of the tanner Cleon, who was mortally hated by himself and the whole oligarchist party, whose rude violence was exerted on the Pnyx in boisterous speech to carry far beyond all proper limits the popular rule established by Pericles, but curbed and directed by his wise judgment.

Full of amazement and anger, the oligarch turned to Diopeithes:

"With what man," he cried, "do you bring me in contact?"

But Cleon also put on an air of astonishment, and smiling derisively, cried in the same breath:

"You offer Cleon, the man of the people, a strange ally, Diopeithes!"

"I did not invite you here to fight out the old battle between oligarchy and the popular government," said the priest of Erechtheus. "I summoned you to a common warfare against common foes."

"Shall I fight enemies for the benefit of a man worse than they?" said the oligarch.

"Shall I destroy foes?" said Cleon, "with the aid of the very person most hateful to me among them all?"

Such were the exclamations of the two men in the first moment of meeting.

But, after an hour spent in secret conversation, during which the crafty, malicious priest of Erechtheus talked most, a keen eye, had one been watching the rocky hill of Ares on that gloomy night, would have seen the two men clasp hands, though hastily and without any real cordiality.

Diopeithes evidently did not meddle with political affairs. He stood on as good terms with the fierce demagogue Cleon, as with the oligarch Thucydides. He fought, at least so he declared, solely for the respect due the gods of the country and their sanctuaries. Neither the demagogue nor the oligarch had any scruples about supporting him in the conflict if, as they supposed, they thereby gained a by no means contemptible ally for the prosecution of their own plans. But in fact both were merely tools in the hands of the far more cunning priest, whose sole object was to ruin his personal enemies, Anaxagoras, Phidias, and Aspasia.

To destroy them, he must entangle them in dangerous indictments, and in order to indict them had secured a law specially adapted to them. But to accomplish

their condemnation he was obliged to be sure of the people.

He was compelled to gain influence over the votes of the multitude, but to do this needed confederates and allies.

This was the cause of his friendships, his secret intercourse with persons of the most different character. His first, as it were preparatory assault, was to be directed at Anaxagoras, then a blow, which could not fail to also strike Pericles, would be dealt Aspasia. Lastly, the most difficult, apparently impossible thing, would be attempted, and all powers united to accomplish the overthrow of Pericles, beloved by the great majority of the Athenian nation.

He traced out all the Milesian's foes in Athens, and secretly gathered them around him, divided and commanded them like a well-arranged army, and used each individual as a combatant and messenger in different circles.

Through the priestess of Athena Polias, he stood in close relations with the feminine world of Athens, Telesippe and Elpinice. He formed connections with gloomy Agoracritus, became the ally of Cratinus, Hermippus, and other comic poets, who were doubly enraged against Aspasia, since owing to her complaints, Pericles had at last determined to limit the lawlessness of the comic stage. His relations extended to mad Menon, the ex-slave, the eccentric man known to the whole city and popular with the dregs of the populace, who willingly aided every intrigue, and cheerfully undertook to stir up the people by malicious, sarcastic remarks, rude jests, and coarse inventions against the philosophers and Pericles' wife.

Scarcely a month had passed since the meeting of the three men on the hill of Ares, yet the larger portion of the Athenian populace was pervaded with a leaven of hostility towards Aspasia and Pericles' best friend.

As for Anaxagoras, it was agreed that he was a denier of the gods.

There was scarcely a person, who did not remember some bold assertion he had heard from the philosopher's lips on the Agora, in the Lyceum, or some other public place. What had formerly scarcely been heeded, nay received by some with applause, was thought suspicious by the fickle populace, now that their mood was changed, and hatred of the philosopher had been sowed among the people by Cleon, who was secretly in league with Diopceithes.

Late one evening, when the streets of Athens were deserted, a man walking with hasty noiseless steps, glancing round him in fear of being seen, and evidently seeking the protection of the darkness, which surrounded him from the clouded sky, came from the street of Tripods, in the direction of the Ilissus.

He was not attended by the slave who, bearing a torch, usually walked behind a nocturnal pedestrian. When this man had reached the Ilissus, he crossed it and continued his way to the Itonian gate, where stood only a few insignificant dwellings.

He knocked at the door of one of these unpretending houses, and exchanged a few words with the slave who opened it.

The latter led him into the old man's sleeping-room, a poorly furnished apartment, where he lay on a couch.

This old man was Anaxagoras, and his nocturnal visitor, Pericles.

The philosopher looked somewhat surprised at the appearance of the friend whom he had not seen for some time, and by whom he supposed himself almost forgotten.

"It is no pleasant message that occasions me to disturb your slumber," said Pericles, "but it may seem to you a cheering omen, that it is *I* who bring it. Nor have I come solely as a messenger, but also as counsellor and helper."

"If it is only bad news that brings Pericles to his old friend Anaxagoras," replied the old man, "that too is welcome. Say plainly and without reserve, what you have to tell."

"The ambitious Cleon, who as I know is secretly instigated by the priest of Erechtheus, has to-day accused you before the archon Basileus of denial of the gods."

"Denial of the gods," said Anaxagoras calmly, "according to Diopeithes' law, is punishable with death. A slight punishment for an old man."

"A venerable gray head threatened," replied Pericles, "awakens more sympathy than a youthful one. Yet I would answer for the safety of your life with my own. I would myself appear before your judges as your intercessor and, if it should prove necessary, offer my head for yours. But what I shall be unable to prevent is this, that you will be placed in prison until your case is decided—and this dreary, pitiless imprisonment may last a long time."

"Let me be imprisoned," replied Anaxagoras. "What will it avail me to have my feet free, if my words are not?"

"That will pass!" replied Pericles. "Your words

will also be restored to liberty, and the gnawing mouse will obtain the law the priest of Erechtheus artfully won from the intimidated people, while I was far away from Athens and could not throw my words into the scale. But for the present yield to the necessities of the moment. Rise, and bind the sandals on your feet. Leave Athens secretly, without delay. Everything is prepared for your flight. Yonder, in the lonely bay of Phalerum, a vessel waits to bear you wherever you choose. I have arranged everything with my friend Cephalus, and he will himself accompany you to your chosen asylum. It is hard for me to come to a feeble old man's couch at night, and say: 'Rise and depart.' But I must do it. In the secret gloom of night, I will myself take you down to the bay of Phalerum, where Cephalus awaits you."

"I have no important reason for going," replied Anaxagoras, "far less for staying; for I am old and all the roads in the world lead to the final rest of Hades. If the man is waiting for me in a vessel in the bay of Phalerum, why should I make him wait in vain? Take me to the Mysian coast, to Lampsacus. There dwell men, who are friendly to me. There they can bury me and place above my grave the word *truth*, that the grandsons of the Athenians may read it when they visit Lampsacus, and see that on the shore of the Hellespont, near the country of the barbarians, an asylum was not grudged to truth, and a dying old man who preached it. Call my slave, Pericles, and tell him to bind the sandals on my feet, pack in a bundle the second chiton yonder and the few books I possess, and go with me down to the sea and farther, if he chooses."

The old philosopher, with Pericles' assistance, rose

from his couch, let the slave bind the sandals on his feet, put on his chiton, and in a few moments was ready to set out.

Then the two men, followed by the slave, walked silently through the Itonian gate under the shelter of the darkness, and down the dreary road beside the long wall to the bay of Phalerum.

Reaching it, they found Cephalus in a nook surrounded by rocks, where the sea plashed dreamily upon the shore. The two men greeted each other with a silent pressure of the hand.

Anaxagoras stood ready to take leave of Pericles, and enter the vessel.

As they clasped hands in farewell, Pericles gazed with deep emotion at the old man, thus cast forth in the gloom of night into a foreign land and on a heaving sea.

"Why do you pity me?" said the sage. Nothing in the world finds me unprepared. During my long life I have destroyed, bit by bit, everything in us which is capable of suffering. As an impetuous youth, I suffered much, saw how alluring was life, but also how frivolous and vain. Then I gradually threw everything aside, and plunged deeper and deeper into the quiet gulfs of undesiring contemplation. So I have grown old and my body is decaying, but the firm pillar of indestructible peace remains immovably fixed in my soul. You Athenians imagine you are sending me forth on the unstable sea, and remain behind on the firm land. But in fact it is I, who from the solid strand see you tossing on the wild surges of life. To you, my friend, a different fate from mine has been allotted. You have yearned for beauty, happiness, gayety, pleasure, authority, fame. You cling

to a beautiful woman, who has ensnared your senses, a woman fair enough to bless you. I call you blessed, but can I also call you happy? He who enjoys is blessed, but no one is happy save he who can lose nothing, and whom life has no power to disappoint, because he asks nothing of it."

"Fate allots different paths to mortals," replied Pericles. "I have aspired to many things, attained many things, but the last moment closes the account, and death alone settles the sum of life. I cling, as you say, to a woman. I have formed with her a bond of a new nature, for the beautiful, free, and noble enjoyment of life. We are united in testing a new thing, but how the trial will result, I do not yet know. Many an element of perplexity interferes, a bitter drop sometimes falls into the cup of joy, and a feeling akin to anxiety steals over me. Have I perhaps set an undue value on beauty, life, happiness and their shining promises? Whatever may happen, the die is cast, and my lot must be manfully fulfilled."

Thus Pericles and Anaxagoras poured forth to each other the inmost depths of their souls, as they stood together in the silent night, and said farewell beside the waves.

Then they remembered their warm friendship of four and twenty years, and embraced and kissed each other.

Anaxagoras once more glanced back at the dim outlines of the city, saying:

"Farewell, thou city of Pallas Athena! Farewell, Attic soil, which has so long been hospitable to me! Thou hast afforded a place for my germs of thought. Good and evil spring forth at the same time from the seeds sown by mortal hands, but only the good lasts for-

ever. Calmly, and with many a wish for thy happiness, I descend into the tossing ship and, as an old man, again trust to the same surges that bore me in my youthful vigor to thy strand."

With these words, the sage of Clazomenæ entered the vessel.

Again he waved his hand to Pericles, then the sound of oars echoed on the air—there was a low plash of surf—and the vessel glided silently and swiftly across the gray surface of the water out towards the dark open sea.

A few sea-birds in the clefts of the rocky shore were roused from their sleep, fluttered their wings a little, and then slumbered again.

Pericles stood on the lonely strand, gazing after the fast disappearing ship.

Then, absorbed in thought, he returned to the city, fanned by the first cool breeze of the gray dawn.

On reaching the Agora, he saw that in spite of the early hour, a throng of people were pressing around the so-called royal hall.

The crowd were staring at a paper containing a publication of the archon. It was the copy of a public accusation.

As the throng was great and those in the rear became impatient, a tall man read aloud in a stentorian voice this impeachment, which was hung before the official seat of the archon Basileus in the royal hall.

It ran as follows:

"Accusation, signed and defended by oath of Hermippus, son of Lysis, against *Aspasia*, daughter of Axiochus of Miletus—*Aspasia* is guilty of the crime of not acknowledging the gods of the coun-

try, of having spoken irreverently of the sacred customs of the Athenians, and joined the debates and views of the philosophers who denied the gods. She is also guilty of seducing and corrupting young people by dangerous speeches, especially young girls, whom she has in her house, as well as leading freeborn women to insubordination and immodesty. Punishment: *death*."

These words echoed loudly over the market-place just as Pericles passed, unobserved by the throng, whose attention was fixed upon the royal hall. He turned pale.

"Hurrah!" shouted some one in the crowd. "That will fall into Pericles' conjugal happiness like a thunderbolt into a dove's nest."

"And Hermippus, the accuser!" exclaimed a second. "Hermippus, the comic poet!"

"That was to be expected!" replied a third. "I heard it myself from Hermippus' lips, after Pericles, at Aspasia's instigation had clipped the wings of comedy. 'Ah, well!' said he; 'if our mouths are shut on the stage, we'll open them in the Agora.'"

Rarely had any accusation excited the minds of the Athenians to such an extent, rarely had party strife been kindled to such a degree, as by the indictment of Pericles' wife, and people looked forward with no little impatience to the day when the complaint would be officially dealt with before the Heliastæ.

At the same time Phidias returned from Olympia to Athens, and Diopeithes was no little enraged to see the man he hated again walking over the Acropolis, talking with Mnesicles and Callicrates, and aiding by his counsel the work on the propylæ.

One day Diopeithes, standing behind the pillars of the Erechtheum, saw Phidias in the company of his

former favorite, Agoracritus. The two men walked up and down for some time between the Parthenon and Erechtheum, engaged in eager conversation, then approached a block of marble, close by the priest of Erechtheus, whom they did not see, sat down on it and quietly continued their talk. It was an easy matter for Diopeithes to hear the whole.

"The plastic art of the Athenians is beginning to take strange paths," said Agoracritus. "On seeking Athens once more after many a pilgrimage, I find singular work exhibited in the studios of many of my younger fellow-artists. Where has the old sublimity and dignity vanished? Have you seen Stypax's entrail-roaster? We devoted our best efforts to the statues of gods and heroes, and now all the subtleties of the art are employed to represent a miserable slave, who is puffing out his cheeks to blow the fire over which he is roasting entrails. Strongylion's art is essaying the task of casting the Trojan horse in bronze. From the hands of Demetrius I saw an old man with a bald head, swollen veins, and a beard in which single hairs seemed blown apart from the mass by the wind."

"Sculptors would not create such things," said Phidias, "if they were not beginning to please the Athenians. Who could fail to perceive the degeneration gradually stealing into the heart and veins of the Athenian nation? As in sculpture hideous things are beginning to appear beside beautiful ones, so on the Pnyx the noisy outcries of a Cleon are becoming audible beside the Olympic oratory of the noble Pericles. Formerly we had but one Hipponicus and one Pnylampes, now we have hundreds."

"Luxury and pleasure are gaining too much pre-

ponderance," said Agoracritus. "And who first publicly preached the message of luxury and pleasure-seeking? Since Pericles' friend once snatched the prize from my—I might almost say your—work in favor of the insolent Alcamenes, rage against the alluring woman has never left my soul. When she contemptuously called my Aphrodite a Nemesis, the thought darted through my brain: 'Ay, she shall be a Nemesis to you! You shall feel the power of the avenging goddess!' And indeed, vengeance is approaching with slow, but sure and steady steps."

"The gods will judge equally and justly!" replied Phidias gravely. "And if they subdue the Milesian's smiling insolence, they will also punish the secret malice of that Diopeithes, whose ally your thirst for vengeance has made you. Whatever we may have to censure and avenge in Pericles' wife, do not forget, that but for her brave and encouraging words, the pinnacles of our Parthenon would not tower here completed, and that we have had no fiercer opponent of this very work, than the malignant priest of Erechtheus."

"So you put yourself forward as the friend and protector of the Milesian?" said Agoracritus.

"Not so!" replied Phidias. "I like Aspasia as little as Diopeithes, and shall avoid both by instantly leaving Athens for Olympia, which has grown dear to me. I have found the Elians more grateful than the Athenians. I have done enough, it seems to me, for Athens. The remnant of my days I will consecrate to Hellas, leaving Athens to its Aspasias, demagogues, drunkards, and spiteful, worthless, revengeful priests of Erechtheus!"

- "You did right to turn your back on Athens;"

said Agoracritus, "the Athenians might perhaps have weakened and corrupted even *your* art—according to their latest taste, you would perhaps be compelled to carve Priapus instead of the Olympic gods."

"Or the loathsome, misshapen form of yonder beggar, who is basking on this pure height like a salamander escaped from some marsh!" replied Phidias, pointing to the well-known cripple Menon, who was lying in the sun between the pillars.

The beggar had heard Phidias' words, scowled, clenched his fist, and muttered a curse.

Phidias and Agoracritus rose, and taking a step farther in the direction of the Erechtheum, saw Diopieithes standing behind the pillars.

"Why, see how watchful the owls of the Erechtheum are!" said Phidias.

The embarrassed listener cast a sullen glance of hatred at the sculptor, saying:

"The owls of the Erechtheum have sharp beaks and talons! Take heed that they don't rend your eyes."

The sculptor merely repeated the Homeric saying:

"Pallas Athena never suffers me to tremble!"

"Very well!" murmured Diopieithes, when the two men had turned away. "Rely on the protection of your Pallas, I will depend upon the power of mine. The preparations for the decisive battle between your gold and ivory botchwork, and the ancient divine statue within the sacred halls of the Erechtheum have been made long enough."

He was just turning away, when mad Menon, still abusing Phidias in a soliloquy, struck his crutch against one of the smooth polished pillars, breaking off a fragment.

Perceiving this, Diopeithes approached; the eyes of the mad beggar and the priest of Erechtheus met.

They knew each other.

Menon, as has already been mentioned, had once been tortured with the other slaves of his accused master. Hellenic slaves were never questioned before a court, except with the rack. So under the torture Menon made his deposition, and on the strength of the deposition the Athenian was acquitted. But from the time of that painful examination, the slave's limbs withered and he became a cripple. His master, out of sympathy, released him, and at his death bequeathed him a considerable sum, which the half-crazy Menon threw into the gulf of Barathron, preferring to wander among the Athenians as an idle beggar. Part of the time he lived on the food placed upon the graves of the dead. When freezing in winter, he warmed his palsied limbs beside the smith's forge or the public baker's oven. His favorite spot was a gloomy place in Melitæ, where the bodies of executed criminals and the ropes and clothes of suicides were thrown. He carefully collected the ropes, and counted them daily. A dog that had grown mangy, and therefore been driven away by its master, attached itself to him, and the pair became inseparable. Menon had a spiteful, malicious nature, and it seemed to afford him the greatest pleasure when he could cause discord or other mischief among the people. He seemed filled with a secret desire for vengeance, and everything he did appeared calculated to avenge slavery on the free oppressors. The cripple intentionally pretended to be more insane than he really was, in order to hurl the sharpest truths into the Athenians' faces, and especially to be permitted many liberties, that would

not have been forgiven any one in his sober senses. He was always to be seen on the Agora or in other public places, and had become perfectly at home on the Acropolis, where he wandered among the throng of workmen. He liked every spot, where there was a crowd and he could play his spiteful part.

But he found special enjoyment on the Acropolis, from the moment he perceived that the priest of Erechtheus, Diopeithes, and the architect, Callicrates, were bitter enemies. He seemed to find his chief occupation in fomenting quarrels between the temple-servants and Callicrates' workmen, willingly allowing himself to be used as a tale-bearer or spy. He served both parties, and hated both, as he hated all men who were freeborn and Athenians.

Diopeithes himself sometimes talked with him, and soon perceived the usefulness of this tool. The man was always among the people, watching and listening to everything. No one thought himself obliged to conceal aught from the imbecile, and the biting wit of his evil tongue made him liked as well as feared in the marketplace and the streets.

So Menon and Diopeithes knew and understood each other perfectly. The instinct of secret rage and vengeance made the priest and the lame beggar allies.

"You are angry with Phidias?" Diopeithes began.

"May the hell-dog seize him with its hundred jaws! Arrogant scoundrel! Always pushed me out of the door, when he saw me warming myself at the melting-furnace in his workshop—jeered at my deformity. 'You are a monster, Menon,' said he 'a horror'—he wanted to see nothing but Olympic gods and goddesses around

him—ha! ha! ha! May lightning blast him, him and all the Athenians!”

“So you often lingered in his studio?”

“He didn’t always see me—but I saw him—Menon knows how to lurk in corners—saw him carrying on his foolish shining work—saw him and his pupils at work on the white stone, and the bronze, and the ivory, and the shining gold—”

“Did you see him working with the *gold*?”

A strange light gleamed in the priest’s eyes, as he uttered the words.

“Did you see him working with the gold, Menon?” he repeated, his eyes glowing mysteriously; “with the shining gold the city of the Athenians delivered to him, that he might shape from it and ivory the statues of the gods on the Acropolis.”

“Of course, of course—with the shining gold of the Athenians—saw him wallowing in whole heaps of gold and ivory—that sparkled, that glittered—”

“Did all the shining gold go into the melting-furnace, Menon? Didn’t some of it stick to the fingers of those who worked with it?”

At this crafty question, the beggar grinned cunningly at the priest. A fiendish light flashed in his eyes.

“Ha, ha, ha,” he cried, laughing. “Menon knows how to crouch, to watch—saw him work, even when he thought himself alone and unnoticed—saw him secretly open chests where the hidden treasure glittered—ha! ha! ha!—the bright gold—the Athenians’ gold—he stared at it like a griffin guarding treasure—seized it as if with claws—so—he foamed at the mouth when he saw me—pushed me out of doors—wouldn’t let me warm myself. Wait, you rascal—flash your eyes, you gray old griffin!”

Again the beggar raised his crutch menacingly against the Parthenon, as if longing to shatter it, in defiance of its creator.

After a short pause, the priest advanced still nearer and whispered :

“ Hark ye, Menon, would you say what you have just said on the Agora—before all the Athenians ? ”

“ Before the Athenians—before the twenty thousand scurvy knaves of Athenians—may the plague destroy them ! ”

From the hour of this interview, tidings spread through Athens of the harsh, proud, offensive words Phidias had uttered against his fellow-artists and the whole Athenian nation. It was related how he had abused popular government, and scorning his native land, praised the Elians, vowing to turn his back on Athens, and henceforth consecrate his services to other Hellenes. At the same time rumors were whispered, that all the gold delivered to him at the public expense had not found its way into his melting-furnace.

Like evil seed, these words sprung up amid the Athenian populace in poisonous weeds of rage and hostility against the noble, quiet creator of the Parthenon.

The day had come on which Aspasia's case was to be decided before the Heliastæ, under the superintendence of the archon Basileus,* in one of the courts of justice in the Agora.

* The functions of the βασιλεύς, or *King Archon*, were almost all connected with religion : his distinguishing title shows that he was considered a representative of the old kings in their capacity of high priest, as the Rex Sacrificulus was at Rome. Thus he presided at the Lenaean, or older Dionysia ; superintended the mysteries and the games called λαμπαδηφορίαι, and had to offer up sacrifices and prayers in the Eleusinium, both at Athens and Eleusis. Moreover, indictments for impiety, and controversies about the priesthood were laid

From early dawn the populace surged around the court of justice.

Aspasia was the only calm and composed person among the Athenians on that day. She stood in the upper room of the house, gazing through a window-like opening upon the throng moving towards the Agora.

Her face was somewhat pale, but not from fear, for a contemptuous smile hovered around her lips.

Pericles approached.

He was far paler than Aspasia, and an expression of deep earnestness rested upon his features, as he silently gazed upward at the cloudy sky. It was a gray day. Flocks of cranes were flying from Strymon across Attica, and their croaking seemed to forebode rain.

A long procession of elderly men now passed up the streets. They were the Heliastæ, who were to try Aspasia—the judges before whom Pericles' wife was to appear, by whom her sentence would be spoken.

"Look at those old fellows!" said Aspasia, smiling. "Half of them wear shabby cloaks, and look hungry and lean as they walk, leaning on the long Athenian staff, which Phidias did not spare the friends of beauty, even on the frieze of the Parthenon. Some are chewing garlic, and carrying between their lips the dirty oboles they are to receive in payment for this day's work."

"They are men of the people," replied Pericles, shrugging his shoulders. "They are men of the Athenian people, who once pleased you and for whose sake,

before him; and, in cases of murder, he brought the trial into the court of the Areiopagus, and voted with its members. His wife, also, who was called βασιλίσσα or βασίλιννα, had to offer certain sacrifices, and therefore it was required that she should be a citizen of pure blood, without stain or blemish.—*Smith's Dict. of Greek and Roman Antiquities.*

as you told me, you left the Persian court and your beautiful Miletus and, urged by longing, came across the sea to seek and live among them."

Aspasia made no reply.

"These garlic-chewing Athenians, who carry long staffs and hold oboles in their mouths," continued Pericles, "are the same whose symmetry and unaffected dignity seemed to you worthy of admiration, whose patriotism touched you, whose taste for art not only seemed to you peerless in the works of sculptors and poets, but also in their enthusiasm, their subtle power of seeing, hearing, enjoying—"

"But I now know," interrupted Aspasia, "that the much-praised, refined Attic nation still has a remnant of rudeness, I may say barbarism."

"There is nothing perfect under the sun," said Pericles, "and brilliant lights are associated with the darkest shadows. I remember having recently seen a strange statue in one of our sculptors' studios—a figure with wings on its shoulders and the hoofs of a goat. The Athenian nation seems like this mongrel. It is winged for the loftiest flight, but also walks on goats' hoofs. For the rest, consider that the greatest merits of the Athenian nation are exclusively its own, but it shares its weaknesses with others. And as the fairest woman is still always a woman, the most gifted nation is still a nation, burdened with the weaknesses and passions of those called the people, the masses, the great multitude."

"The Athenian nation," cried Aspasia indignantly, "is more thankless, fickle, frivolous, swayed by every breath, than any other."

"But it is *amiable*," said Pericles, with a slight touch of sarcasm, "and *pleasure-loving*, and *gay*, and an en-

thusiastic friend and patron of the *beautiful*. *What do you want more, Aspasia?* Haven't you yourself often laughed at and derided the poor thinker, Socrates, because he seemed to demand of the Athenians other virtues than those I have just named?"

Aspasia turned proudly away, as if offended.

"It is time to go to court in the Agora, where the judges await you," said Pericles after a pause. "Have you no fear, Aspasia? Your features betray none. Will you leave me to bear all the anxiety alone?"

"I fear the odor of garlic in those rooms," replied Aspasia, "far more than the sentence that may be passed upon me by the lips of those men. I still feel animated by the same courage, that inspired me amid the throng at Megara and in the streets of Eleusis."

During this conversation, the Heliastæ had reached the court-room, as well as the archon Basileus with several subordinate officials, public clerks, and witnesses. Outside the court-room, the throng of people swarmed in eager excitement. There was a confused murmur of opinions, wishes, predictions. Friends and foes of the accused, as well as impartial judges, were heard among them.

"Do you know why they accused Anaxagoras and Aspasia?" cried one. "Because they wanted to strike Pericles in a sensitive spot, and dared not attack him personally. There is no man in Athens, who would venture openly to assail Pericles."

"But *couldn't* it be done?" cried a crafty little man with cunning eyes, coming forward. "*Couldn't* it be done? Could not a better and more exact account be required of Pericles, after his long years of rule, than he has hitherto rendered? Don't items occur in his accounts

with the mere note : *judiciously employed* ? What does judiciously employed mean, I ask ? Eh ? Can dust be more insolently strewn in people's eyes ? Do you hear, judiciously employed ? ”

So saying, the man continued his way through the crowd, asking everywhere what *judiciously employed* meant ?

“ Those are the sums,” replied one person mysteriously, “ Pericles used to silence influential men in the Peloponnesus, that they might do Athens no harm—”

“ That they might not prevent the establishment of tyranny at Athens ! ” observed the crafty little man with a scornful laugh. “ If you suppose the learned Pericles, when he whispers with his friend, is only calculating the length of a flea's foot or the width of a gnat's rump, you are greatly mistaken. He has long talked foolishly about the unity of the whole Hellenic country—he would like, to put it briefly, to become ruler of all Hellas. His wife, the Milesian, placed this worm in his ear, and it has now crept into his brain and made him mad. This hetæra yearns for nothing less than a crown—she would fain be called a queen—queen of Hellas—her countrywoman's laurels won't let her rest.”

Such were the words of the sharp-tongued scenter of tyrants. But in the court-room in the Agora, the judges already sat on their benches, waiting for the commencement of the trial. The presiding officer was the archon Basileus, surrounded by clerks and servants.

The court-room was surrounded by bars, a latticed door affording ingress only to those summoned by the archon.

Opposite the seats of the judges a somewhat lofty stage was erected for the accused as well as for the com-

plainant, thus rendering their figures visible and their voices audible for a long distance.

On one of these elevated platforms sat Hermippus, a man of morose nature, whose piercing eye roved restlessly around.

On the other Aspasia was seated, with Pericles beside her, for as a woman and especially a foreigner, she was obliged to be represented by a man who was a native citizen.

It was a touching spectacle to many hearts, to see the fairest and most gifted woman of her time, the wife of the great Pericles, on the platform as an indicted prisoner.

The fact that Pericles sat beside her increased the serious, moving character of the scene.

The judges, and the majority of the people, felt a sort of pride in seeing that even the most powerful were compelled to appear before their tribunal, submit to the omnipotent civil law.

Hermippus gazed maliciously at the beautiful woman, whose face was overspread by a slight pallor, that scarcely diminished the expression of resolute will which rested on her features.

The archon Basileus now opened the examination by calling upon the complainant to take an oath, that he had only made the accusation for the sake of truth and justice. The judges themselves, on entering upon their office, had taken the oath of justice and conscientiousness.

The archon next ordered one of the public clerks to read aloud, first the accusation, and then the refutation.

Then he requested the complainant to prove his accusation, verbally and in detail.

Hermippus rose. His speech was full of sarcasm. The people felt transported to the comic stage. He discussed in sharp, incisive words the acts on which, according to his assertion, the accusation against Aspasia rested: how at Eleusis she had spoken irreverently, before all the people, of the Eleusinian gods and the sacred customs of the country; how she had held intercourse with Sophists, with Anaxagoras, Socrates, especially Protagoras, that most eloquent denier of the gods, who had lived for some time at Athens, but was at present wandering in other Hellenic cities, preaching heresies and corrupting youth; how she had directed all her efforts to inciting Athenian women to rebel against the laws of the country, and once at the Thesmophorian festival stood forth before all the Athenian women to induce them to overthrow the venerable laws that halloved marriage and family life; how she had lured free-born women into her home, to teach them the arts of the hetæra, and at last gone so far as to keep in her house a number of young girls, for the sole purpose of alluring the distinguished men of Athens.

Hermippus brought forward as witnesses many of those who had heard the remarks Aspasia made at Eleusis; but allowed the written depositions of some of them to be read aloud by the public clerk. The instigation of the women to a conspiracy against the laws of the state he proved by several women, who had taken part in the Thesmophorian festival. The attempt to corrupt freeborn women he corroborated by the written deposition of Xenophon's wife, which had been extorted by Telesippe and Cimon's sister. With regard to the young girls in Aspasia's house, he appealed to the general knowledge of the Athenians, and did not

neglect to bring into special prominence the fact that, for the sake of one of these girls, the Athenian commonwealth had recently been involved in by no means safe complications with Megara, and the allies of this hostile Dorian city.

He closed with the statement that Aspasia had committed a threefold crime—against faith in the gods and the religion of the country, against the government and the dignity of its laws, against propriety and morality, then requested a number of edicts to be read aloud by the clerk, and proved that, according to the Athenian code, all these acts were punishable, and since death was the penance assigned to most, Aspasia's life, after being convicted of these crimes, was forfeited to the law. Lastly, with raised voice and passionate excitement, he entreated the judges to guard the most sacred thing a commonwealth possessed, chastise the insolence of the foreigner who sought the overthrow of the statutes inherited from their forefathers, and not allow the Athenian government, hitherto loved and blessed by the gods, to perish in the school of insubordination, contempt of law, and denial of the gods.

Hermippus' passionate speech made a deep impression on the judges, most of whom were elderly men from the lower classes of the people. A murmur rose among the crowd beyond the barriers, who had listened silently to Hermippus' explanation.

"Hermippus has spoken admirably—his argument was sharp and convincing—he has the law on his side—the Milesian's life is forfeited."

After Hermippus had concluded and resumed his seat, Pericles rose.

The deepest silence instantly prevailed, and every

one listened intently for the first words from the lips of Aspasia's husband.

Pericles seemed changed. He did not appear as he looked when standing before the people on the orator's platform upon the Pnyx, announcing his opinions with dignified composure, secure of success. For the first time his calmness seemed feigned, and a slight tremor in his voice was audible when he began to speak.

He denied Aspasia's guilt and, taking up one accusation after the other, sought to prove, that only the exaggeration of hatred could drag her conduct within the limits of crime worthy of death. Where he could not deny that the letter of the Athenian law was against her, he appealed from her acts to her noble intentions, and tried to show that noble deeds could never be criminal.

But this time there was something uncertain in the argument of the famous orator, who bore the surname of the Olympian. It could not fail to be noticed, that his words produced but a slight impression upon his hearers. Was the secret emotion that possessed his mind too powerful?

At last Pericles followed Hermippus' example, and closed his argument with an address to the judges, which coming from the heart, appealed to the heart.

He said: "This woman is my wife. If she is guilty of the crime of which that man accuses her, I am her accomplice. Hermippus accuses us of having diminished the consideration paid to the gods, impaired the authority of the government, injured modesty and morality. Men of Athens! If I can be permitted to arrogate to myself any part of the fame you have bestowed on my impetuous deeds, I have not diminished the splendor of the divinities of this country, but glorified

them as no one else has done, by the erection of superb temples and statues on the Acropolis and at Eleusis. I have not injured the state, but fought for it in battle, I have broken the power of the oligarchs, and given liberty to the people. I have not lessened, but promoted morality, by seeking to spread among you the love of the noble and beautiful, the eternal conquerors of everything rude and base. In such efforts, men of Athens, this woman, Aspasia of Miletus, has not *hindered*, but *supported* and *encouraged* me. No small part of what will perhaps glorify the people and city of the Athenians forever is due to *her*. The memory of her name will always be connected, not with the decline of this commonwealth, but with its noblest prosperity, power, and splendor. These are deeds, men of Athens, and we both believe we have rendered services to the nation and city of the Athenians. But that Hermippus comes to you and cries: '*Tear Pericles' chosen wedded wife from his breast, and drag her to death before his eyes.*'"

With these words a tear shone in Pericles' eye.

A tear in the eye of the quiet, dignified Pericles! A tear in the Olympian's eye! It produced the effect of something not imaginable according to any ordinary law of nature. It was bewildering, like a miraculous apparition, a meteor, a sign sent by the gods.

Those who had seen with their own eyes the tear that had sparkled for a moment in Pericles', to be instantly crushed again, looked gravely at each other and whispered:

"*Pericles wept.*"

From the court-room to the Agora the words spread:

"*Pericles wept.*"

From the Agora the tidings ran in a short time through the whole city of Athens:

"Pericles wept."

At the same time the news reached Athens of a naval battle at Sybota, in which Athenian vessels had helped the Corinthians conquer the Corcyræans. But the people only half listened to the tale—they were talking of Pericles' tear.

Hermippus' speech before the Heliastæ had been closed by the running out of the sand in the hour-glass, Pericles' was ended by a tear.

At a sign from the archon, a servant came forward and distributed the votes among the judges, handing each a white and black stone, one for acquittal and one for condemnation.

Then the Heliastæ left their seats, approached a bronze urn and threw a white or black stone into it. The other pebble was flung into another, wooden vessel.

The first voting was to decide the question of guilt or innocence, the second was intended in case of guilt, to determine the punishment of the accused person.

The votes of the Heliastæ were now delivered, and the black and white stones instantly counted before the archon's eyes.

The gaze of all was fixed with intense eagerness on the black and white stones rolling out of the urn.

Behold! the white lots of life increased in number, victoriously outshining the dark stones of death.

Pericles' wife was acquitted. The heavy weight of the hero's tear had fallen with decisive power into the scales of Themis.

The verdict announced by the archon's lips was carried, as if on wings, over the whole Agora.

Aspasia rose. A faint flush suffused her face. Her glance, sparkling with brighter radiance, wandered for a moment toward the Heliastæ. Then she mutely held out her hand to Pericles, who led her away. A veil covered her face, as she passed through the crowd.

The clear-voiced greeting of the Athenians received Pericles in the Agora.

In every street through which he passed with his veiled wife on his way home, all kinds of remarks, according to the mood of the individual, were whispered or uttered aloud.

But one exclamation was constantly repeated :

“What a superb woman Aspasia always is !”

This exclamation at last gained the upper hand over all others, and only mad Menon shouted an insulting epithet after the beautiful Milesian as she passed him.

Suddenly, emerging from the crowd, Socrates stood beside Pericles and Aspasia.

“I congratulate you, Aspasia !” he said, joining them. “What hours of torture these have been to your friends.”

“Where were you, when the verdict was given ?” asked Aspasia.

“Among the people !” replied Socrates.

“And what did you hear among the people all this time ?”

“Many and various things,” answered Socrates ; “but at last only two sentences remained and passed from lip to lip.”

“And what were they ?”

“*‘Pericles wept !’* and *‘what a beautiful woman Aspasia is !’*”

“Strange coincidence !” continued Socrates in his

fantastic, reflective way. "Aspasia is the most beautiful woman, and the happy husband of the fairest wife *wept*. Take care, Aspasia, that this tear of Pericles is his *last*! It is only a *first* tear which is sublime, the second would be ridiculous. Only the first touches, moves—a second has no effect. Pericles *must never be permitted to weep again*! Do you hear, Aspasia? Pericles must never be permitted to weep again."

"Is it *I*, who force tears from Pericles' eyes?" asked Aspasia, secretly offended.

"I assert nothing, except that Pericles must never be permitted to weep again!" replied Socrates, and vanished amid the crowd.

Aspasia was greatly excited, "What? The hostile Athenian populace had acquitted her, and from amid the throng of reconciled enemies stepped forth a *friend*, to accuse her in words full of evil foreboding."

"You know the strange fellow!" said Pericles. "Have patience with him. You are well aware he means kindly by us both."

But Aspasia was angry. A long-cherished idea of punishing the strange mortal for the bold license of his tongue, awoke with redoubled power in the brain of the high-spirited woman, as she walked proudly, secure of victory, by her husband's side.

Two men followed the pair at some distance, a scornful smile hovered around their lips as they whispered together.

It was Diopeithes and the oligarch Thucydides.

"The woman has escaped us," said the oligarch, with a gloomy look.

"So much the worse for her!" replied the priest. "You know the people. If she had been condemned,

they would pity her and Pericles; now she has been acquitted they will instantly say the judges were too lenient, and that Pericles' power is growing more and more dangerous, if a criminal is released for his sake."

"Triumph for to-day!" continued Diopeithes, shaking his fist at Aspasia's husband. "The arrows you turned from your wife's head, will strike yours only the more surely."

CHAPTER IX.

CONFLICTS AND VICTORIES.

PERICLES, accompanied by his friend Sophocles, entered the Agora early in the morning just as the gloomy Euripides came up with the truth-seeker. Somewhat surprised at the sight of the luggage several slaves were carrying behind him, both stood still and asked the poet the cause of his departure, and where he intended to go.

"I am about to sail for Salamis," replied Euripides. "On the quiet island I hope at last to find the seclusion and peace I need. The grotto on the shore, where I first saw the light, I will henceforth make my favorite resting-place and give myself up to my thoughts undisturbed."

"Doesn't your country-house afford you sufficient quiet and seclusion?" asked Pericles.

"Don't talk to me of the country-house!" replied the poet rudely. "I've become thoroughly disgusted with it by the constant increase of the frogs, who croak

all night in the neighboring ponds, and still more so by the swarms of crickets, whose incessant chirping night and day disturbs my thoughts and interrupts me in composing. The old bachelor, Anacreon, praised the 'clear-voiced cicadas,' but I curse them. My head is sore, and I've been driven half crazy by the shrill noise of these tormenting spirits, these chirping evil demons. In vain my friend Socrates helped me catch and kill them for several days. Do you smile, lamb-hearted Sophocles? You are doubtless capable of giving us, without delay, an enthusiastic eulogy on the frogs and crickets."

"Why not?" replied Sophocles, smiling. "All nature rejoices in sound, and sings. The waves, the winds, the pine-trees sing, the stone sings when touched by the foot of the pedestrian. And sound is so fond of hearing itself that, a second Narcissus, it ogles its own image in the mirror of the echo. Therefore, worthy Euripides, leave us the frogs and crickets."

"There it is!" Euripides angrily interrupted. "Oh, these wits, these 'beauty-blessed,' 'beauty-living' people, or whatever else they choose to call themselves. They understand how to cover everything, even the most accursed, with the varnish of pretty figures of speech, never do they look seriously at the serious affairs of life. I tell you, crickets are insufferable insects, whatever old Anacreon and pious Sophocles may poetically write about them. Besides, as you know, it's not only the frogs and crickets that disgust me with living on the soil of Attica. I no longer like Athens. People don't care to endure the jeers of the street urchins about a runaway wife, however well they may be spiced with Attic wit. This life isn't to my taste, and there are all sorts of

threatening things in the air. What is the use of being more enlightened, if morals degenerate? Farewell! I am going to Salamis at once."

"Must our happiness be dependent on place?" objected Sophocles. "We must remain at our posts. It ought to be the pride of a Greek, I think, to remain unchanged amid everything stern and gloomy that may assail him, and live on in undisturbed cheerfulness and beauty, as one who realizes, in the beautiful harmony of his own nature, the best and highest portion of human existence, and will allow nothing to disturb him in the noblest enjoyment of life."

"And when age approaches, with shaking knees, and the sources of pleasure are exhausted?" observed Euripides.

"Then I will renounce the pleasure whose sources are dry," replied Sophocles, "but only to seize, instead of the glad enjoyment of manhood, always connected with a certain uneasiness, the far more beautiful, divine repose and cheerfulness, the halcyon peace glorified by beauty, of age."

"You speak like a son of the good old time," answered Euripides, "and do not consider that we have gradually become too thoughtful to live in beautiful idyllic cheerfulness."

"As for me," Socrates now began, "I think what Sophocles has said about being obliged to preserve a beautiful harmony in our own natures very singular. I should like to learn, and some impulse urges me to ask him explicitly, whether in speaking of 'beautiful harmony' he has *morality* in view, or whether he thinks of harmony as beautiful, in the sense in which we call women or works of sculpture beautiful, charming, and

pleasant to the eye? Whether, to express it differently, he places special importance on *goodness*, or what in the ordinary sense is called beautiful? Whereby we are brought back to the old question so often raised between us, but never settled, whether beauty should take precedence of goodness, or goodness of beauty?"

The truth-seeker gazed eagerly into the poet's face, while awaiting his reply.

At the same moment a tumult arose in the throng, which meantime had assembled in the Agora. The signal for a popular assembly on the Pnyx had been given, and everybody was moving towards it.

Pericles, also preparing to take the same direction, said smiling:

"Nor can we settle your favorite question to-day, worthy son of Sophroniscus, for the Athenians are summoned to the Pnyx, and there are *more urgent* matters to be decided there."

Socrates stood silent and perplexed, like a person who has been interrupted just at the wrong time.

"Myrmecides," said an Athenian citizen to his neighbor, as he was in the act of leaving the Agora and ascending to the Pnyx with the rest of the excited crowd, "whatever we may decide up there to-day, I have a presentiment of evil, evil for Hellas. There are oracles—oracles of ill; there are also oracles of Bacis in circulation, now suddenly becoming intelligible. But the most ominous thing—you know Delos, sacred Delos, the island of the Ionian god Apollo, was never visited by an earthquake—"

"Never!" replied Myrmecides; "every boy knows from infancy that sacred Delos is fastened with brazen chains to the bottom of the sea, and cannot be shaken

by subterranean storms like the other islands of the Archipelago."

"So it was believed till yesterday," continued Cynogenes; "but yesterday the news came that the ground trembled for a minute, and the subterranean storm passed beneath it with a hollow, threatening roar."

"Delos shaken?" cried Myrmecides; "then there is nothing firm in Hellas."

Other men joined Myrmecides and Cynogenes, mingling in their conversation. But they were soon interrupted and induced to turn by a loud tumult behind them on the Agora.

"A Megarian dog!" was the cry, "a Megarian dog! Kill him, stone him!"

A shrieking throng had hastily assembled around a man, who had been seized by several Athenians, and was now firmly held amid loud exclamations of anger.

It was not the first time a Megarian had been involved in a dangerous fray at Athens. Even before the Athenian market and harbor were prohibited to the Dorian city, many a citizen of the latter, when bringing a fat sucking-pig or other article to market, had been jeered, reviled, or rudely pulled about.

But the ill-will against the Megarians had risen to fury since the latter, with barbarous cruelty, had ventured to kill the herald sent from Athens to Megara. Since that day the Athenian people had sworn to stone any Megarian, who allowed himself to be caught in Athens.

The man thus assailed begged for his life, swearing by all the gods that he was no Megarian, but came from Eleusis.

"Don't believe it!" cried the man who had first seized him and still held him with an iron grasp. "Don't

believe it! I know him. He's a Megarian dog—a Megarian dog!"

At this moment several archons passed who, after inquiring into the affair, prevented the man's murder, summoned several of the Scythian archers, and ordered him to be taken away as a prisoner.

On the Pnyx, a little apart from the place of the popular assembly, three men were whispering together in low, eager tones. These were Cleon, the tanner, Lysicles, the sheep dealer, and Pamphilus, the sausage-maker. They did not seem to agree.

The ambassadors of the Lacedemonians now came up the Pnyx to join the popular assembly of the Athenians. They had arrived to demand satisfaction for their ally, Megara, and measured the Athenians, who surrounded them, with scornful eyes.

One of the oligarchs whispered into the ear of another: "Shall we desire war or peace?"

"It might perhaps be profitable," replied the other, "if the Peloponnesians would come and clear a little in the country."

A few hours later, the Athenians came down from the Pnyx in a more excited mood than they had gone up. Numerous groups formed on the Agora.

"I think Pericles never spoke so admirably!" cried Myrmecides. "Oh, that fox with the lion's face! How moderately he behaved, how quietly, how full of apparent compliance! How ready he seemed for any possible concession! Only he made counter demands, which he well knew would never be granted. What a master-stroke, when he said Athens was ready to restore perfect liberty to her allies, only Sparta must first do the same with hers."

"I scent the smell of tar, the creak of oars, the shouts of trierarchs, the gilding of statues of Pallas at the Piræus," said Sporgilus thoughtfully.

"Why not, you coward?" cried the others. "Have you no fancy for a merry naval expedition?"

"Well, the sea is such a salt, bitter thing!" replied Sporgilus.

"Feed yourself on garlic," echoed around him, "on garlic, you coward, like the fighting-cocks, that you may grow more ardent and get courage."

The voice of the notorious tanner, Cleon, was now heard in another dense group. "I want war, but *without Pericles!*" he exclaimed. "The war ought not to be allowed to make Pericles greater. How shall we demand an account from him, how shall we get at him, if he is at the head of a fleet or army? So away with Pericles! The Spartans' demand that he should be banished from Athens as an Alcmaeonid, ought to have been granted. Banish Pericles! Banish Pericles!"

Thus Cleon shouted amid clumsy, vehement gestures, for he always flung his whole body about and did not remain a moment in the same place.

"War, but without Pericles!" he repeated incessantly.

Pamphilus was of the same opinion, but vying with the other in the loudness of his shrieks, added that Pericles ought not to be banished, but called to account for his management of public affairs and thrown into prison.

Old Cratinus now came up with Hermippus and a third companion, a youth, who had the "Attic glance" to a still higher degree than the other two, and it was said would soon come forward with a comedy.

"Are you for war or peace, old satyr?" shouted one of the crowd.

"I'm for roast hares, wine in the jar, silver in the strong-box, figs in the storehouses, garlanded goats, Dionysian festivals, new wine, beakers tilted upside down, gay dancing-girls—"

"So you're for peace?"

"Yes indeed, and against having the Megarians shut out from the Athenian market. Be sensible, you violet-wreathed Athenians! Cease suspecting that every quean, who appears in the market, is a disguised Megarian. Since you excluded the Megarians there's not a good sucking-pig, such as the old victors of Marathon deserve, to be had. We shall soon come to eating roasted crickets. Besides, why are you quarrelling about war and peace? Did the Spartans leave the popular assembly with any other answer, than the one Pericles proposed? Let Pericles rule and others of his stamp, the tanners, wool-dealers, and sausage-makers, who comb your beards, fan the flies from your heads, clean the dust from your shoes, and brush the specks from your clothes."

These jibes made Cleon's blood boil. "In *one* point," said he, "Pericles has done right—in trying to muzzle the spiteful, disorderly little mob of comic writers, the curs, who snap at every man's shanks."

"Why, see Cleon!" exclaimed Cratinus; "Cleon, the fearless! I shouldn't have ventured to come here, if I had known the greedy-toothed, horrible man with the rolling eyes was present. The smell of leather ought to have told me better."

Cleon was furious. Myrmecides held him back, while Cratinus continued:

"You call us disorderly because we swing the whip over our heads, careless whom it hits? If it doesn't always strike the right *man*, perhaps it does the right thing! Does Zeus, when he sends the lightning, ask where it strikes? It is enough for him if it purifies the air."

"Old driveller!" cried Cleon, "are not you the man, who is said to draw his inspiration from the wine-cask?"

"And are not you," retorted Cratinus, "a man swollen with venom, of whom it is said that a serpent lately bit him and—died? But no matter. We don't fear. We'll wage war with the stench of leather, the furious glances of the rolling blear eyes, with a hundred red-haired Cerberus heads. And when we have once got the better of the woman-hero Pericles, we'll remember the knavish buffoons, sausage-makers, wool-dealers, and tanners, and rid ourselves of all the 'violet-wreathed Athenians.'"

A shrill, jeering laugh suddenly rang out from behind a column. People looked around and saw mad Menon crouching there.

"Look at Menon!" cried the youngest of the three comic poets. "The fellow is so ragged and dirty, that Euripides will soon doubtless make him the hero of some touching drama."

The Athenians laughed. Menon gnashed his teeth, exclaiming: "Scoundrels! violet-wreathed scoundrels!"

They wanted to beat him, but he set his dog on them.

The people then took up stones to throw them at his head, but at this moment Socrates passed, pitied the man, and led him out of the throng.

The crowd dispersed. Pamphilus, walking angrily

away, saw Pericles, followed him and pursued him all day long with insults, whenever he caught sight of him.

Again he followed him. "You are a tyrant, like Pisistratus!" said he. "You only pretend to support democracy. In reality it is you alone, who hold the reins of Athens."

Pericles was silent.

"You want to plunge the Athenians into a war," continued Pamphilus, "that you may not be compelled to render any account."

Pericles made no reply.

"You won't recognize the merits of other men, who are no less fitted for orators and leaders of the people than you!" raved Pamphilus.

Pericles remained silent.

"You learned your art of government through intercourse with sophists and hetærae. You have allowed the power of the Athenians to be stifled by increasing wantonness and effeminacy."

As Pamphilus uttered these words Pericles reached home. The streets were very dark. According to Athenian custom, the statesman had a slave bearing a lighted torch behind him.

The slave knocked, and the porter opened the door. Pamphilus was still standing there.

"Go and light this man through the streets with your torch, it has grown dark!" said Pericles, and quietly entered the house.

Socrates, sometimes with and sometimes without his bosom friend, Euripides, went in and out of Pericles' house. He still visited Aspasia, still liked to talk to her, but his own words constantly sounded more confused, mysterious and oracular.

A few days after the last meeting on the Pnyx, Socrates again entered Aspasia's house and was soon engaged in eager conversation with her. Aspasia spoke with joyful courage of the impending conflict with the Dorians, but indignantly of the schisms in the Agora, the hostile designs of Diopeithes, the conduct of the friends of Laconia, the coarseness of the demagogues. "For the sake of these rude men," she said, "we shall perhaps soon behold the fading flower of Hellas."

"The fading flower of Hellas?" cried Socrates. "How could that be possible? Surely you are mistaken. How long is it since it was said that Hellas was *approaching* her most perfect bloom? Since the day when we stood joyously on the Acropolis before the completed Parthenon, and I thought the moment of that finest bloom had come, but you said that though our art had grown almost divine, many things were still lacking to thoroughly transform our lives and render them beautiful in every respect—since that day I have been very eager for the promised moment of perfect bloom, and waited impatiently for it. As I had heard of Eastern flowers, which secretly illumined by the eyes of Zeus, open their wondrous calixes only at midnight, I thought the flowering time of mortals might be similar, and the idea gave me no rest even at night; for I was always fearing I might lose the most beautiful moment while asleep. Above all else, I have constantly kept in view the new strange bond of love and marriage you and Pericles formed before my statue of the Graces; for it seemed to me that its success would secure the fairest bloom of Hellenic life. So, as you then expressly summoned us by-standers to be witnesses, I have faithfully discharged my office; for I undertook

it in solemn earnest and thought myself summoned to be, not merely for a moment, but forever an attentive witness of that strange compact. But as in the garden we daily visit a particularly rare little tree, that promises to bear abundant fruit, always fearing to find it broken by some rude hand, touched by the frost or withered, and forever rejoice anew in its unimpaired freshness, I come to you, no longer to *hear* as formerly, but to *see* what love is, how it develops, from what point it emanates, and to what goal it tends. It is certainly an important matter when Ionians and Dorians are preparing for a decisive struggle; but almost more important to me is the history of your love-bond, and the final issue of the conflict going on beyond and within you. Nations are immortal, or at least long-lived, and their destiny may be constantly transformed and arranged anew; but a human fate is confined within a narrow circle, as it results it is generally fixed, for the Fates grant no time for renewal and readjustment. I watch the internal and external history of your love, so strangely founded on liberty. However light may be the steps with which it advances, my senses are not too dull to perceive them."

"So, from a lover, you have become a spectator and witness of the love of others?" said Aspasia.

"From the day in the Lyceum, when, while hurrying away you called to me to sacrifice to the Graces, I have done so, but apparently in vain," replied Socrates. "My lips have not become more delicate, nor my features more pleasing. And I have since comprehended that, to grasp the idea of beauty with the mind and at the same time enjoy it with the senses, is rarely, or never, allotted to one and the same mortal."

Aspasia doubted whether the ardor, which had then blazed uncontrolled for a moment in the young sculptor's soul was wholly extinguished.

The time for executing the little plan of vengeance, with which she had long intended to humiliate and shame the philosopher, seemed to have come.

She craftily began :

"That moment in the Lyceum, which you now recall after so long a time, has not vanished from *my* memory and, to be frank, I have often secretly regretted that unnecessarily and under a mistaken impression, I offended you by calling as I ran away, that you must sacrifice to the Graces, an exclamation you interpreted to mean that in order to be loved, you must first try to gain those qualities that render people lovable. I ought to have considered that you are a sage, who could not seriously yearn for my love. Since that time, Socrates, I have always felt that I owed you some satisfaction."

"You to me?" said Socrates, with a mournful smile. "No, I had no satisfaction to ask of you; but ever since that moment I have thought I owed one to myself."

"I was foolish in those days!" said Aspasia. "Now I could lean my head innocently on your breast, for I know—"

Aspasia and Socrates were sitting in a room very pleasantly and luxuriously furnished, and pervaded with delicate intoxicating perfumes, which seemed to exhale from Aspasia herself; for like the gods and goddesses of Olympus, she was always surrounded by an exquisite fragrance. She shone with fadeless charms, and a bewitching gayety animated her features. She seemed to

be in the best possible mood—if anything so trivial as moods existed for Aspasia.

A dove was fluttering about the room. It was Aspasia's favorite, a pretty creature, with lustrous white plumage and a bluish circle round its neck.

The bird often perched on Aspasia's shoulder, seeking its usual dainties from the beauty's lips, but frequently alighted also on Socrates' head, settling there so pertinaciously, that the Milesian was often compelled to release her guest, and in so doing could not avoid coming into close proximity to him.

When she succeeded in driving the dove from Socrates' head, it fluttered off and settled elsewhere, first uttering its low "gru, gru."

"If the universal verdict of mankind had not decided that the cooing of doves sounded tender and affectionate," said Socrates, "I should, according to my own taste, consider it disagreeable. I should call it a subdued neighing."

"What?" cried Aspasia, "do you revile Aphrodite's birds? Take care, lest the doves or the goddess herself seek vengeance upon you."

"They have done it in advance!" replied Socrates.

"The ways of the gods are incalculable," said Aspasia; "sometimes they are envious and withhold their gifts, then become favorably disposed and grant tenfold as much as they formerly denied. But Aphrodite is the most whimsical of all the goddesses. She requires any one who asks a favor of her to await the right moment and the right mood, and to return again and again. Whoever tries his fortune with her but once is foolish. Are you ignorant of this, Socrates? And does it not perhaps apply to beauties, as well as goddesses?"

"I don't know," replied Socrates, "for I haven't tried."

"There you did wrong!" said Aspasia. "It is your own fault, if you do not know whether Aphrodite and women are favorable to you."

Aspasia made many similar bantering speeches, while caressing the dove and exchanging kisses with it. Socrates did not remember ever having seen her so extravagantly gay. The more coquettish she appeared, the more silent, grave, and thoughtful he became.

Again the dove, with a coo that was almost like a titter, perched on Socrates' head; but this time entangled its tiny claws so closely in his hair, that it could not release them. Aspasia hastened to his assistance. He felt her fingers in his hair. The close proximity of a perfumed, charming woman thrilled him—her bosom was heaving close beside him. No sea heaves so maliciously, with such peril of hopelessly swallowing up its victim, as a woman's breast.

The slightest movement—and Socrates would have received a fresh rebuff far more humiliating than the former one in the Lyceum, afforded his secret foe, the crafty beauty, another triumph by the hasty impulse of the heart and senses.

What thoughts passed through Socrates' mind at that moment?

He rose quietly, saying calmly :

"Never mind the dove, Aspasia! I don't think I have escaped the revengeful bird at too great a cost, by leaving a lock of my hair in its claws.

"I understand," replied Aspasia, in an altered and somewhat haughty tone, "I understand that you don't fear baldness. It is closely allied to wisdom, and you

are a philosopher. You have grown so wise and perfect, that you deserve to be plucked perfectly bald by the talons of Aphrodite's birds."

"Baldness may suit the sage," replied Socrates, "but know that I have renounced everything, even the fame of wisdom, and at this moment am thinking only of doing my duty as a citizen. I am going to-morrow, with others who have drawn the lot, to the camp before Potidæa. Alcibiades is going too."

"So you don't seem to have resigned that, after having as you say, given up everything else?" replied Aspasia.

"We obey the call of our native land," replied Socrates. "Don't you approve of it? Isn't it to fight the Dorians?"

"Do you mean to fight the Dorians?" cried Aspasia. "Why, you have become a Dorian yourself."

"No!" replied Socrates, "I believe I am a true son of thoughtful Pallas Athena."

"In truth," said Aspasia smiling, "you have turned from Eros and the Graces to cold, masculine Athena. What has become of the fervor that animated your soul, when you questioned me in the Lyceum about the nature of love?"

"My ardor," replied Socrates, "has undergone the same change as your beauty, since Phidias apotheosized it in the Lemnian Aphrodite. As, in that statue, your charms have been elevated above all earthly and temporal things, so my love has been matured, deified, I might almost say petrified. The glowing coal has become a star."

At this moment the fluttering dove again settled on Aspasia's shoulder.

What fiend, what saucy Eros was concealed beneath the form of the bird?

It began to pull with its claws at the spot where a clasp confined the narrow edges of the chiton.

The bird's feet moved restlessly, till the clasp opened and the garment fell back disclosing the gleaming white shoulder.

"Sacrifice that dove to the Graces!" said Socrates, covering with his cloak the bare shoulder of the beautiful woman, and taking his leave.

The proud Milesian turned pale, seized a silver mirror in one trembling hand, and for the first time was startled by a disfiguring shadow that swept over her features.

Was beauty no longer invincible? Was there something that ventured to defy it?

A thrill of fear ran through her limbs.

Alcibiades was greatly delighted, when the wish to appear in the field of martial honor, which he had expressed to Pericles, was at last fulfilled. Fate had numbered him, as well as Socrates, among the Athenian citizens who were to be sent to the siege of the rebellious city of Potidæa.

Up to this time the youth had continued his reckless mode of life, and never failed to supply material for the loquacity of the Athenians.

He had founded the society of Ithyphallians, which included the boldest and most reckless young men, who yielded to the most unbridled caprices, as might be expected from a society named for the unclean demon Ithyphallus. The initiation was wanton and whimsical to the most audacious degree. Only those were ad-

mitted, who thought themselves specially entitled to boast of this demon's favor.

To deride the custom which prohibited carousing before noon, Alcibiades and his companions instituted a morning drinking-bout. He named a dog, of which he was very fond, "Demon," and it was droll to hear him, like Socrates, speak of "his demon."

Yet, though the wantonness with which the youth was constantly overflowing, thus seemed to strike Socrates, it did not prevent him from calling the same man the best and dearest of his friends. He really still cherished an almost mysterious affection for the truth-seeker, but apparently without granting him any influence over his conduct.

Even when Alcibiades set out for Potidæa, there were circumstances which afforded food for gossip. He ordered weapons of a special kind to be made, and had a shield of gold and ivory. On this shield, like a coat of arms, was an Eros, armed with the thunder-bolt of Zeus.

Eros with the thunder-bolt! A brilliant idea, worthy of a Hellenic brain. It really seemed at that time, as if the thunder-bolt of Zeus was about to pass into the hands of the winged boy.

Some of Alcibiades' companions also went to the field, and sought to follow the example of their model in procuring costly and peculiar arms. Callias, Hipponicus' son, is said to have gone to the war in a coat made of a lion's skin.

There was one woman in Athens, who was filled with grief when Alcibiades was about to leave the city; a woman who had long known neither pain nor love, who not only despised the bonds of Hymen, but also de-

rided the fetters of Eros, a woman who had said of herself: "I am not the priestess of *love*, but of *pleasure*."

This woman was Theodota. It was she, as has already been mentioned, whom young Alcibiades considered his teacher, when he rushed into the whirlpool of pleasure and youthful extravagance. His vanity made him desire to call his own the most beautiful and famous hetæra in Athens, Theodota, who, though at that time no longer in the highest bloom of her beauty, was at the summit of her renown. Theodota was also proud of possessing Alcibiades, and the fact of his devotion no little increased her fame.

For some time Alcibiades enjoyed no woman's society more than the dark-eyed Corinthian's, and often invited his friends to merry revels in Theodota's house. Her gayety, no less than her beauty, spiced the beaker of pleasure to her lover and his companions.

But Theodota was not always so joyous as she had been during the first part of her intercourse with Alcibiades. The youth was too beautiful for a woman's heart, even though it had never loved and foresworn love forever, not to at last pay for the pleasure of his society with its freedom.

She had at first cared little, when her young friend smiled at other women and hetærae; nay when Demos and Callias banqueted with him at her house, herself assembled young and charming women around her.

But the young Ithyphallian prince soon began to notice with dissatisfaction, that the Corinthian's nature was changing. She appeared thoughtful and grave, sighed frequently, and her gay tenderness seemed impaired by a sort of passion and restlessness. Sometimes she clasped her favorite in a close embrace, as if to hold

him forever, many a tear mingled with her kisses, and if Alcibiades smiled upon any other woman before her eyes, she turned pale and her lips quivered with a spasm of jealousy.

This change in Theodota did not please the reckless youth, who everywhere filled the cup of joy to the brim, drained it, and went on again.

Theodota's charm and spell had vanished. She now seemed dismal to the gay young fellow.

At times, when she gave full vent to her jealousy, she aroused his anger; but he was more ready to forgive this, than the excess of tearful tenderness with which she annoyed him.

She vowed to love him only, to be his alone. This was a matter of indifference to him. The sole possession of one woman, the highest need of the mature man, is worthless and troublesome to the young rake.

He answered:

"You are commencing to become intolerable, since you began to torment me with your tearful complaints. You don't know how ugly a woman is who, instead of bewitching by her radiant gayety and charming grace, allows her face to be disfigured by traces of jealousy, wets her own cheeks or even her lover's with the hot, salt torrent of tears and, transformed into a fury, bursts into passionate accusations. You no longer amuse me, Theodota! You *weary* me! You will never bind me by dismal lamentations and passionate violence—you only foster and increase what I dislike. If I am to be what I was, become what you once were!"

She strove to seem gay, but usually failed. If Alcibiades left her in anger, she humbled herself, overwhelmed him with messengers and letters, hurried to

him, loaded him with entreaties, allowed herself to be ill-treated by the insolent fellow.

One day Socrates came to his young friend's house and found her lying, dissolved in tears, before the threshold of the pitiless youth.

She looked at him and recognized the man, who had once uttered so strange an eulogy of the gay "self-sacrifice," of which she was no longer capable. She wanted what she then willingly dispensed with—to love and to be loved. Theodota bewailed her suffering to Socrates, who consoled and led her away.

He then intended to return to Alcibiades, to act as mediator for the woman; but was so lost in thought, that on reaching his door, he stood still, and when the youth came out, he found his friend on the threshold.

"What are you pondering over?" he asked.

"I just fancied that I was on the trace of the real nature of love. I believed for a moment I had found that it consists in either shedding tears or extorting them—abusing or being abused—trampling or being trampled upon—but in an instant I have grown doubtful again—"

When Alcibiades went to the camp at Potidæa, he thanked the gods for having escaped the love of the woman, who with bitter lamentations was tearing her hair in her grief at his departure.

After some time, Alcibiades wrote to Aspasia from the camp, as follows:

"You wished to learn from me how our friend Socrates proves himself in his new calling. Well, he is precisely the same in the camp before Potidæa, that he was years ago in Phidias' studio. Sometimes he is animated with the greatest zeal, sometimes lost in idle

reverie. In clear, starry nights when every one in the tents is sleeping, Socrates wanders about and watches, and thinks—and questions—and seeks—of course in vain. He is always renouncing knowledge, but it constantly urges him again to ponder, seek, and question.

“Long ago, when I was a boy and you, for a day, a Spartan youth who entered Pericles’ house, you told me of the friendships of the young Spartans, friendships which unite the younger and older men, making them inseparable companions in battle. A similiar partnership has now been formed between me and Socrates. And certainly the worthy man always has enough to do, to prove himself my friend. I often quarrel with the people in the neighboring tents, who don’t like to hear me drink and sing with my friends at night, because, they say, we disturb their sleep. Nay, they even object to our being gay in the daytime, and turn up their noses if we drink a little after breakfast. They complain to the strategi and taxiarchs that, while pretending to be drunk, we play all sorts of insolent tricks on them and their slaves. So there is frequent quarrelling, and sometimes a little skirmish. In such cases the strategi and taxiarchs are powerless, and only Socrates’ intercession saves one or another from being stretched on the sand, or well beaten according to the rules of the gymnasium.

“I like Socrates, because he has not the pretentious character which renders other sophists, philosophers, and preachers of morality unbearable to me. He has a nobility of soul and quiet excellence, which no man in all Hellas is farther from possessing than myself. But we most admire what we have not, and contrasts apparently attract men to each other. At times something emanates from his usually unassuming nature, like the flash of a

divine inspiration, and this has become more effective in the course of years. I have often noticed that any one struck by this flash seemed illumined and warmed—he blushed and his blood stirred as if in the presence of a lovely woman.

“A short time ago I planned a little nocturnal trick with Callias. Homer’s magnificent lines about the nocturnal expedition of Diomedes and Ulysses, and the capture of the steeds of Rhesus haunted our brains, and though the Potidæans hardly had steeds of that kind to steal, we intended to have a little adventure on our own account. We knew that small bodies of Potidæan troops often passed around the walls at night, and meant to attack one of these bands, slay them, and bring back their weapons as a prize. So towards midnight we quietly left the camp, and on arriving near the walls of Potidæa actually encountered a little troop of armed men, making their rounds. We rushed upon these fellows and killed a few of them, but the rest took flight and raised an alarm, which brought others to their aid, and thus reinforced they turned back and attacked us in greatly superior numbers. We made a brave stand, but I don’t know what would have become of us, if a man had not mingled in the fray as suddenly as if he had sprung from the earth. He rushed upon the Potidæans so boldly and with such eagerness, that the latter, after losing some of their best men, again found it advisable to give up the fight and fly to the shelter of the walls. The assistant was no other than Socrates, who had been accidentally lured out by the beautiful night, not in quest of adventure, but pursuing some thought, and wandering about outside of the camp, was attracted by the noise of our weapons and interfered just at the right time. On this occasion I

saw what this man could do, if he were wholly a warrior. He rushed upon the Potidæans just as he used to attack the blocks of marble with his chisel in Phidias' studio. And as, when a stone-cutter, the blocks of marble suffered when the thought-problem that occupied his mind presented special difficulties, on that starry night the heads of the Potidæans atoned for Socrates' having again vainly endeavored to solve the mystery of the world. He is capable of listening to a bird's song in the midst of a battle, or, when on duty as sentinel, fixing his eyes on the stars instead of the Potidæans' movements. He is still in the habit of considering the most ordinary matter important, and if people doubt it, says things seem ghostly to him because he cannot understand them and they will not reveal their nature.

"At present he is brooding over a plan for rendering war unnecessary, and when he isn't fighting the enemy himself, explains to us how horrible this alternate murdering of men is, how at some future time people who kill each other in battle will be talked of as we now speak of cannibals, and that a day will come when people will scarcely be able to understand that the human race was once so rude and savage. He says a league must be formed among the nations and a supreme court instituted, before which all disputes can be settled, and thinks something of the kind might be attained, if one or two countries would publicly declare that henceforth, in every war, they would take the part of the nation assailed or wronged. Dreams worthy of an original! The wings of men's energy ought not to be clipped, and the world, without hate, contention, or war, would be as wearisome as without love.

“As for me, military employment seems to suit me. I believe I have already grown better.

“But these are things which must weary you. Farewell, Aspasia, and tell me how the rest of the city fares without Acibiades.”

A small community can never possess a large army, but may have a great navy. Athens was in this situation, when King Archidamus of Sparta entered Attica with sixty thousand Peloponnesians. Most of her allies could also render aid only on the sea.

While the fleet was being prepared, the people from the rural districts overrun by Archidamus, flocked into the city. Those who found no shelter within the walls encamped in the open air, especially between the long walls, and managed as best they could. The whole space between the city and the Piræus swarmed with these guests, and gradually a city of tents arose there. The poorer refugees found shelter in the huge butts used in Athens. From the city walls the inhabitants could see the watch-fires of the Peloponnesians encamped in the fields and vineyards; but, thanks to the fortifications Pericles' zeal had long since provided, were secure from any assault. Faithful to his original plan, from which he would not allow himself to be diverted by the eager impatience of the Athenians, Pericles sent only horsemen out of the gates to guard the environs.

When Archidamus, from the heights of Attica, saw a proud fleet of a hundred vessels emerge from the Piræus and steer towards the Peloponnesus, the event Pericles had foreseen instantly occurred. Seeing before them the impregnable-fortified city, and at the same time knowing that the unprotected cities of their native land were exposed to the powerful hostile fleet and the

army it conveyed, the Peloponnesians departed, left Attica, and marched towards home across the isthmus.

Pericles had been obliged to relinquish the personal command of the navy, for he seemed indispensable in Athens, so long as the Peloponnesians still remained on Attic soil.

But when the latter retreated, his first enterprise was to march with a small, but admirably equipped army to Megara. The enraged Athenians imperatively demanded a settlement of their account with the hated city.

The statesman's absence from Athens was again eagerly desired by many.

The owls on the Acropolis awoke and fluttered their wings.

Dioppeithes, eager to execute his long-cherished plan of ruining the sculptor, availed himself of Menon's services against Phidias.

A notorious sycophant, named Stephaniscus, appeared at the priest's instigation as Phidias' accuser. This man had married a hetæra, who, it was said, continued her profession in his house, while he sought a livelihood as a sycophant. In his bold indictment, he asserted that Phidias had laid aside and appropriated part of the gold given him to make the statue of Athena Parthenos. He also reproached him with having shown vanity incompatible with reverence for the gods and their sanctuaries, by carving his own likeness and that of Pericles in the representation of the battle of the Amazons on the goddess' shield, and produced Menon as witness of the stealing of the gold. The latter had formerly been very frequently in Phidias' rooms, rendering trifling services for such gifts as fell to the lot of

beggars. During this time, he now asserted, he had once watched from a dark corner and seen Phidias, when he believed himself unobserved, take part of the gold given him for the statue and hide it, evidently to appropriate it himself.

The germs of calumny, long industriously sown by Diopeithes' adherents, had grown luxuriantly, and Stephaniscus found well-prepared soil in the Athenian people.

The venerable sculptor, who had just arrived in Athens again, was thrown into prison at this accusation of Stephaniscus.

The creator of the most beautiful monument in the world, which, as Pericles said, the Athenian people had erected to itself for all futurity, was taken to prison under a disgraceful accusation.

As Diopeithes had availed himself of Pericles' departure, the base, ambitious agitators also endeavored to extend their influence among the people during the absence of the only man who could restrain them.

The number of the common people in the city had been largely increased by the influx of the rural population, during the invasion of the Peloponnesians. Moreover, this throng had become accustomed to a certain idleness, and many remained in Athens after Archidamus' departure, because their lands had been laid waste by the foe. Thus, as the number of impoverished citizens increased, the class called the rabble was gradually formed. These very starvelings, however, flocked most eagerly to the popular assemblies, because they received two obols there, and the councils on the Pnyx therefore became more crowded and noisy than ever. Cleon, Lysicles, and Pamphilus ventured forth

more openly, and the Athenian nation gradually became accustomed to see people of this stamp ascend the orator's platform.

Of these three men, Pamphilus was most positive in the opinion that an attempt to overthrow Pericles should be made. One day he stood in the Agora, surrounded by a large number of Athenian citizens, and explained to them for what reasons Pericles might be accused. He reviled him as a coward, who had allowed Attica to be ravaged by the enemy, tyrannically prescribed to the citizens the manner in which they should defend themselves, and during the whole time the Peloponnesians were on Attic soil, permitted no popular assembly to take place on the Pnyx, in order to be able to rule according to his own will.

There were many among the throng who shared Pamphilus' opinion, a certain Crespilus in particular pressed forward, trying to surpass the sausage-maker in furious outcries against Pericles and showing the necessity of instantly arraigning him before the people.

Suddenly Sporgilus the barber came running up. "Good news!" he shouted. "A string of cracknels for the bearer of good tidings! Pericles is on the way home from Megara! He is already in Eleusis with his troops. He has chastised the Megarians properly, and will reach Athens to-day."

Pamphilus turned green with rage. "Do you ask a string of cracknels?" he replied in a hollow tone. "Your tongue ought to be cut out for your news, you dog!"

The tidings produced a very depressing effect on the rest of the conspirators, and though Pamphilus still strove to stir up the throng, one after another stole

away, believing it would be difficult to accomplish anything against the victorious Pericles, and the affair must be deferred until a more favorable opportunity.

As Crespilus, shrugging his shoulders, also turned to depart, the enraged Pamphilus seized him by the garment, shrieking:

“Coward! Deserter! Are you not ashamed to basely take to flight at the mere words: ‘*Pericles is here!*’ Look at *me!* I don’t fear meeting Pericles personally at any moment! I have courage. I was born on the day of the battle of Marathon!”

“I wasn’t!” replied Crespilus. “I was one of the children prematurely born in the theatre of Athens, of mothers shrieking with terror at the performance of Æschylus’ Eumenides.”

With this apology Crespilus wrenched his robe from Pamphilus’ hands, and ran away.

“They have gone,” cried the demagogue, gnashing his teeth, “scattered as if a pail of dish-water had been emptied on their heads.”

Just at that moment mad Menon came up and asked the cause of his wrath.

The latter bewailed his trouble.

“Fool!” said Menon grinning. “Do you want to overthrow a wall and vainly brace your shoulder against it? Lie down under it and go to sleep—at the right time it will fall on your head of its own accord.”

CHAPTER X.

THE FESTIVAL OF DIONYSUS.

AFTER the relief from the anxiety and distress of war, the winter festivals were celebrated in Athens with twofold splendor and gayety. Yet mirth was still more fully unchained, since milder breezes had blown across the sea, and the time of the greatest of Bacchic festivals, the Dionysian, approached. Kites appeared in the woods, the halcyons twittered joyously on the seashore and the swallows in the cornices of the roofs. On the heights of Hymettus, Pentelicus, and Lycabettus, spring budded in every bush. Violets and anemones, cowslips and crocuses sprang up, and the shepherd's staff, forgotten in the fields, was overgrown with blossoms in the morning.

The sailors in the harbors hoisted the anchors, disentangled cordage, raised the masts, and gave the sails to the breeze. New life awoke on the waves of the Saronic gulf. Embassies from the allied cities and islands came bringing tribute to Athens, at the festal season. Guests from distant lands thronged all the inns and private houses. Crowds of citizens and strangers, adorned with garlands and holiday robes, walked through the streets. Not only were all the altars and busts of Hermes, standing in the open air, hung with wreaths, but huge mixing vessels were placed beside them filled with the gifts of Bacchus, bestowed by the rich for the free enjoyment of the people. Again Hipponicus gave the people wine, inviting all who

chose to come to the Cerameicus, and supplying them with ivy-stuffed cushions.

Forgotten was the calamity of war, partisan strife kept an armistice, Diopethes' plans were momentarily interrupted. Peace and pleasure ruled. Loud jests and joyous laughter resounded everywhere—and the Athenians' wit was doubly sharp, their tongues were doubly nimble. Yet woe betide him, who during this time practised any deed of violence against an Athenian citizen. Not even the plea of drunkenness protected him—his life was forfeited.

How did it happen, that so many charming women were suddenly seen in the streets of Athens? Who were the gay, richly-adorned, bewitching beauties? They were Hieroduli from the temple of Aphrodite at Corinth, and other priestesses of joy of the same stamp, who increasing the number of their native companions, had come from the various cities of Greece to the gayest and most unbridled festival of the Athenians.

Ah, what a medley of strangers the mirthful, crowded Dionysian festival had allured! Yonder were jugglers and miracle-mongers, their faces bronzed by wanderings in many lands, swallowing swords, or sending a rain of fire from their mouths. There were Thessalian girls, executing their sword-dance in the midst of a gaping crowd. No spectacle was lacking, down to the itinerant puppet-shows, and gayly-dressed monkeys dancing on ropes, that delighted the children.

Traders, too, had come from far and near, and set up their booths among the crowd on the Agora, at the Piræus, and by the Ilissus.

Throngs of country people mingled with the citizens and, sharing with them the joy of the festival, gathered

around their favorites, the Theban fifers, who were in the habit of wandering through the rural districts, or transferred to the city the favorite sport at their own country Dionysian festival—leaping upon oiled wine-skins, in which each person who, jumping with bare feet on the slippery ball tried to obtain a firm stand, always slipped off with comical kicking, amid the laughter of the spectators.

Pleasure ruled unrestrained in the city, as soon as darkness closed in. The night-revellers wandered about, wearing wreaths and carrying bells and torches, among them women in men's clothes, and men in women's garments—clapping their hands as if keeping time with cymbals, to the ringing of the bells and the singing.

Many wore masks. Some had merely smeared their faces with the dregs of wine or vermilion, or disguised them with the leaves or bark of trees. Others wore exquisitely-painted masks of grave or comical aspect. Here wandered horned Actæon, yonder hundred-eyed Argus, farther on Euippe, partly transformed into a horse; giants, Titans, centaurs, stamped on the ground, Methe staggered, Peitho persuaded, Apate allured, Hybris raged, and horrible forms sometimes mingled amid the ranks.

But the most frequent, nay the most prominent figures in the streets were the hooped satyrs and bald Sileni, the aged but still mirthful satyrs, their heads wreathed with the evergreen ivy. There were also throngs of Bacchantes, who often carried for a thyrsus only a vine-shoot, twined with ivy.

Extravagant gayety, even intoxication, was considered a duty to the god during these days and nights.

And the god, during this time, justified his surname

of "liberator." Even the prisoners were released from their dungeons for the festival, and wine was poured upon the graves of the dead. They wished to soothe the shades, who surely could not be deprived of the pleasures of the living without envy. The timid believed, that the souls of the dead sometimes mingled in the crowd, and a fleshless skull was concealed beneath many a satyr mask in the festal throng.

During these times Telesippe industriously chewed the leaves of the hawthorn and had her doors smeared with tar, for thus alone could the evil be averted, that at the great Dionysian festival, menaced the living from the envious shades.

It was really almost ghostly to see the light of torches flash here and there in the dark streets, and a fantastic train appear which rushed noisily by.

A vast throng was now moving through the streets, that led from the Lenaion to the theatre. The statue of Dionysus was borne from his temple in the Lenaion, and placed in the midst of the festal assembly. This statue was a work newly completed by the hand of impetuous Alcamenes. As Phidias placed his new glittering statue beside the old wooden image of Athena, Alcamenes' superb new work was now placed in the Lenaion beside the ancient unadorned statue of Dionysus. This was the statue now borne into the festal assembly in the great theatre of Dionysus. Throngs of Bacchantes surrounded it. But who were the mad crew that bore a Phallus before the statue, and sang songs in honor of Priapus? It was Alcibiades and his Ithyphallian society.

At the crossways and on the open squares the procession halted, to offer libations or sacrifice victims.

The flat roofs of the houses were filled with spectators, many of whom carried torches and lamps in their hands. There was no lack of women among them, and jests and witticisms from the roofs mingled with the unbridled revelry in the streets.

Alcibiades seemed to have reached the climax of his extravagant gayety, and at the head of his society surpassed himself in wanton pranks.

"Consider," he shouted to the Ithyphallians, "that we, who usually revel and riot, are obliged to revel and riot doubly at the Dionysian festival, if we don't wish to be outdone and surpassed by the soberest citizens of the Athenian city."

Amid such exhortations, Alcibiades, knowing and known by all the Athenians, rushed through the throng with his companions.

When night had closed in, he ordered torches to be carried before him and, preceded by music, led his companions in a noisy procession to serenade beautiful girls and boys. The musicians themselves were principally players on the flute and lute, dressed as Mænads, and as those who were greeted with music joined in the procession, it more and more resembled a swarm of Bacchantes, gathered around the god Dionysus.

At last the saucy, intoxicated Alcibiades seized a young hetæra, named Bacchis, whom he met wandering about, and forced her to join the train, calling her his Ariadne and himself, her Bacchus.

On reaching Theodota's house, he gave her also a noisy serenade and entered with his companions.

Theodota had not seen the youth for a long time, and the torture of her love had constantly grown more violent. She now beheld him once more ; but how far

from pleasing was his entrance! He came intoxicated, at the head of a noisy throng. This she might have forgiven; but he brought with him a blooming young hetæra, whom he instantly presented as his Ariadne, beginning to extol her charms in extravagant words.

A banquet was now arranged in the apartments of the reluctant Theodota, who dared not openly object, though her heart was almost bursting with sorrow. Alcibiades called upon her to be merry, extravagantly gay, and in his drunkenness began to relate the pranks he had played that evening, boasted of having kissed a young girl in the midst of the festal assembly in the Lenaion, and praised the custom which, at the feast of Dionysus, loosed the fetters from the hands of the Athenian women. He spoke of Hipparete, Hipponicus' charming daughter, the secret love she cherished for him, her blush at the sight of him, at the same time jesting about her reserved, embarrassed, girlish manner. He also mentioned Cora the Arcadian shepherdess transported to Athens, the most absurd and prudish creature imaginable, yet who must be his at any cost. He would rather give up the radiant Simaitha, the new wondrous star of beauty, than the stubborn Arcadian.

After these words, the excited youth reproached Theodota for her silence and sorrowful manner.

"You have grown ugly, Theodota!" he exclaimed. "These melancholy looks disfigure your face. Is this the way to receive an old friend like me? Of what do you complain? My wantonness? Wasn't it you yourself who taught it to me? Do you no longer remember the joyous days and nights, when I received your lessons in all kinds of beautiful gayety? And now? What means this peevish manner? Why must I be different

from what I was at the time we pleased each other best, and spent the merriest hours? Be sensible, Theodota! Remember the man who was so foolish as to fall in love with you, whose melancholy adoration seemed so wearisome, and whom you pitilessly thrust from your door! And now you want to become an enthusiast yourself. Can the best principles, the most lovable qualities be so disgracefully denied? Be gay and reckless again, Theodota! Dance, I wish it, and so do we all! Let yourself be admired again in all your splendor."

But Theodota could no longer restrain her tears, and answered with passionate reproaches, calling him insolent, faithless, profligate, pitiless.

"Why do you accuse me," replied Alcibiades, "if you have changed, grown older, and lost the gayety of youth? Accuse time, which transforms us all. I, too, must submit when at some future day I become, instead of a young satyr, an old bald-headed Silenus. Even then I shall still be gay. But you get angry and rage against me and fate, because you are no longer a gay, blooming, bewitching girl, like Hipparete, or Simaitha, or Bacchis here. If you want to grow young again, go to Argos. It is rumored that there is a sanctuary there, with a spring, in which you need only to bathe to emerge a maiden. Even Hera, the poets say, used to visit this bath from time to time, to make herself charming to the father of the gods. If even the old father of the gods knows how to prize such things, why shouldn't I, a blooming youth, one of the Ithyphallians?"

The drunken Alcibiades jested on in this way, while Theodota answered still more vehemently with words and tears, and even poured forth such an outburst of rage against Bacchis, that she seemed like a fury.

"There's my brave companion, Callias," said Alcibiades, "his axiom is never to make love to a woman more than once. And I—haven't I returned to your house often enough? Ay, by blissful Eros, haven't I often come in the evening, we three or with several more friends, the golden apples of Dionysus in our bosoms, and in our hair the white poplar wreaths of Heracles entwined with purple fillets? But it shall not happen again. Never will I return, neither alone nor with others! Let us go, my friends! Time hangs heavy here! Farewell, Theodota!"

Terrified by this threat, Theodota stopped the angry youth, and drying her tears promised to do exactly as he wished.

"Well then," cried Alcibiades, "do what I asked you before. Do honor to your much-praised art again."

"What shall I dance?" asked Theodota.

"Just now," replied Alcibiades, "excited by the goad of your passion, you were not unlike Io, who pursued by a gadfly sent by Hera, wandered despairingly through all the countries of the world. Show us, if you please, adorned by art, what you first displayed in rude, unpleasant reality."

Theodota silently prepared to dance Io.

Accompanied by the music of the flutes, she danced the story of the daughter of Inachus, who was beloved by Zeus, persecuted by Hera, bound and watched, at the latter's command by Argus of the hundred eyes, and, after her keeper had been killed, hunted through every land by the sharp sting of implacable Hera's gadfly.

At first Theodota had only fulfilled the request by putting strong restraint upon herself, but gradually be-

coming more and more animated, seemed to throw her whole soul into the part she was representing. Her mimetic dancing obtained an artistic finish, a fervor of expression, which enraptured all the spectators.

But when she began to depict Io's sorrowful wanderings, fear of Hera's anger, and dread of the insect sent by the goddess, her gestures assumed a wild, passionate haste, and as grief for the lost happiness of her love seemed to blend with the terror of the fugitive, the fair Corinthian's features and whole manner gradually wore an almost alarming aspect. She enacted with terrible fidelity to nature the despairing, hunted, mad Io.

But she was no longer *acting*. Her eyes started and rolled horribly in their sockets, her bosom heaved, foam appeared on her parted lips.

Her gestures became so fierce and impetuous, that Alcibiades and his friends rushed up in terror to seize her and curb this unbridled madness.

Io—Theodota began to grow calmer. She gazed around the group with dull eyes, smiled confusedly, and addressed the by-standers by strange names. Alcibiades himself she called Zeus, Callias, who was disguised as a satyr, her father Inachus; but in Demos she fancied she beheld the hundred-eyed Argus, and suddenly fixing her gaze upon Bacchis, again burst into wild frenzy, and cursing the malicious Hera, was about to rush upon the young girl—

Theodota had gone mad.

She now sank down exhausted, and in confused meaningless words uttered whimpering lamentations.

A slight thrill of fear seized upon Alcibiades and his companions. But they were intoxicated with wine, so leaving Theodota to her slaves, they staggered out of

her house into the street, where the noisy bacchanal mirth drew them into its seething whirlpool.

The next day there was another procession, bearing the statue of Dionysus. This time, however, it was the ancient one, brought from Eleutheræ to Athens, that was carried from the Lenaion to a small temple outside of the city, near the Academy, where it had been erected in ancient times. Once a year, at the great Dionysian festival, the statue was borne in a festal procession to the old place.

This now happened again.

The festal train accompanying the god was larger and more magnificent than ever before, very unlike the former simple customs of the Athenian forefathers. Every street through which it passed, and all the roofs from which it could be seen, were thronged with spectators, who, adorned with wreaths of violets, also wore a festal appearance.

In front of the procession walked throngs of satyrs and Sileni, clad in red garments, with garlands of ivy twined around their bodies.

Then a wreathed altar was borne along, surrounded by boys attired in purple robes, who carried frankincense, myrrh, and saffron in golden vessels.

Then followed all kinds of masked dancers. First came an old man with a double-faced mask, representing time, then the youthful blooming Hours, bearing fruits, then a magnificently-adorned woman with the symbols of the Dionysian festal season, and finally a handsome youth, whose mask represented the joyous Dithyrambus.

Next came thirty musicians, who wore golden wreaths and played on golden lyres.

Then followed a superb triumphal chariot, which conveyed the statue of Dionysus. The god was clad in a saffron robe and gold-embroidered purple mantle. In his right hand he held aloft a golden beaker, filled with sparkling wine. Beside him stood a huge gold mixing vessel, and over his head was a canopy from which the foliage of the ivy and grape-vine hung in rich green tendrils. The chariot itself was completely entwined with garlands, and its upper edge adorned with tragic and comic masks, which looked down upon the people with grave dignity or droll grimaces.

The immediate attendants of the god were male and female Bacchantes with dishevelled locks, their heads crowned with branches of the ivy, grape-vine, or smilax.

This chariot was followed by another, in which stood a gilded wine-press, filled with artificial grapes. Thirty satyrs stood around it, apparently pressing the grapes to the melody of a merry vintage-song, accompanied by the music of flutes, and pouring fragrant liquor along the way from a skin made of green plover's skin. Satyrs and Sileni thronged around this, shouting noisily as they caught the wine in up-raised beakers.

Then came a third chariot, upon which was a glittering ivy-grown grotto formed of light stone, within which springs of all the Hellenic wines gushed forth. Garlanded nymphs sat smiling beside these fountains, doves fluttered around, darted in and out, and thrust their bills into the green branches of the ivy. Satyrs and Sileni tried to catch these doves, which took refuge in the bosoms of the nymphs.

Then followed groups of boys singing in chorus, then the procession of aristocratic Athenians on their

magnificent steeds, and youths, who bore gold and silver vessels consecrated to the service of Dionysus.

Enthusiastic throngs joined the procession, Bacchantes and other maskers, who with extravagant mirth, whimsically imitated the pageantry of the festal train.

On reaching the Agora, a halt was made at the altar of the twelve Olympic gods, and here choruses of men and boys sang the Dithyrambus, while the choir at the same time moved with a rhythmic, dancing-step around the altar.

These tones had scarcely died away and the Dionysian train moved on, when a most singular scene attracted the attention of the Athenians.

At that time wandering mendicant priests of Cybele, called Metragyrtans, apostles of the god Sabazius, who originally of the same nature as Dionysus, had passed into mysticism, also enthusiasts who boasted of reviving the mystic wisdom of Orpheus, had appeared in Athens and begun to press their views.

The priests of Sabazius announced and worshipped a mighty savior, by whom mankind would be rescued from all evil, and mortals might obtain any desired happiness—this very Sabazius. They and the Metragyrtans went in procession through the streets, with the statue of the god or the mother of the god, and executed to the sound of cymbals and the Asiatic tympan, dances in which they behaved as wildly as Corybantes. They practised and recommended flagellation, and even self-mutilation, like the priests of Cybele on the Tmolus. They wandered through the country begging, a donkey carrying their sacred relics, they sold all kinds of magic remedies, and even offered to soothe the anger of the gods for money, nay to expiate the sins of the dead, and

release them from the tortures of Tartarus. They sold the favor of the gods, and negotiated between them and mortals.

The Hellenic mind no longer remained wholly aloof from such fanaticism, and here and there it began to take root in the minds of individuals.

No one regarded such attempts to transport from the East into cheerful Hellas a gloomy and mystical worship of the gods, with more indignation than Aspasia, and she resisted it by every means at her command. Gay young Alcibiades, to whom gloomy fanaticism was no less incomprehensible and horrible, aided her like a brave champion against these jugglers.

The wandering Metragyrtans and priests of Sabazius thought the festival of Dionysus would afford a favorable opportunity to win converts for their god and savior, Sabazius, and his fanatical, horrible service. They moved about, garlanded with poplar and fennel, carried in their hands serpents which they swung over their heads, and, surrounded by throngs of people, performed their frantic dance, the Sicinnis, amid the corybantic roar of cymbals and tympan, flogging and wounding themselves till the blood flowed.

One Metragyrtan had collected a large crowd about him and, with loud outcries and vehement gestures, was preaching the savior Sabazius. He spoke of secret consecration, and the highest, most pleasing deed of the god's service, *self-mutilation*.

While the crowd stood around the Metragyrtan listening, some with minds not wholly unmoved, the drunken Ithyphallians suddenly came up and heard the foreign fanatic speaking of the worship of Sabazius and self-mutilation.

“What?” cried the reckless leader of the Ithyphallians, “dares any one talk to us of self-mutilation, amid the exuberant gayety of bacchanalian joy? No! Such words shall not be heard on Hellenic soil, so long as there are Ithyphallians.”

With these words, the crowd of intoxicated, reckless youths rushed upon the Metragyrtan, dragged him away, and mindful of the vengeance long since sworn against men of his stamp, hurled him into the abyss of Barathron.

The young girls under Aspasia's care had also mingled among the female Bacchantes, who thronged around the festal procession.

How could they, trained to freedom, help enjoying the liberty of these days during which, even for those usually in bonds, all fetters burst and all barriers fell.

They had even concealed the Arcadian girl, though she submitted reluctantly, under the mask of a Bacchante, and dragged her away into the ranks.

Alcibiades seemed to be very anxious that Cora should not absent herself from the Bacchantes, who left Aspasia's house.

The young girl was far less beautiful than her companions, but she was coy, and her strange seriousness charmed the youth, and at last excited him to audacity.

On Cora's account he followed the young girls with his companions, who were unrecognizable beneath their satyr masks. The bold plan he had formed was no less than to lure the shy Arcadian away from her friends or, failing in this, drag her by force to his house.

The satyrs, jesting gayly, mingled with the Bacchantes, Alcibiades remained by Cora, but found her as obstinate as ever.

Suddenly, in a lonely spot favorable to the enterprise,

Alcibiades made a sign and rushed upon the girl with his companions, to bear her off under the shelter of the gathering darkness.

But the Arcadian's heart was full of the same courage with which she had formerly put an assailing satyr to flight. As she then seized a brand from the fire in the forest, to drive away the insolent intruder, she now snatched a burning torch from the hands of one of her companions and thrust it into the face of the disguised Alcibiades, whose satyr mask taking fire, instantly flashed into flames, and he retired in confusion. Cora profited by the momentary bewilderment to fly with the speed of a hunted deer, and in a short time vanished from her pursuer's eyes.

She hurried swiftly through the streets with a throbbing heart, until she reached Aspasia's house.

Young Manes, Pericles' foster-son, had been among the satyrs what Cora was among the Bacchantes.

He too had been reluctantly obliged to wear a mask, he too was dragged by Xanthippus and Paralus into the midst of the mad mummerly. The tumult that surrounded him seemed disagreeable, even alarming. The festal joy appeared like unbridled license. Mad Menon behaved as shamelessly as his dog. At last Manes perceived that he himself had become the defenceless butt of the jesters. Naturally slow of wit, he did not understand how to meet the jests with which the throng pressed upon him.

"Beware!" cried some, "this mournful satyr is suspicious. Envious shades from the nether world, or even Thanatos himself, or the plague, have often stolen among the living under such a mask! Tear it off! Who knows what horrible face we shall meet."

The youth's thoughts grew confused, his head began to ache, and forcing a way through the crowd with his powerful arms he went towards home.

On reaching the house he slipped unobserved up to the roof, which at this moment was entirely deserted, seated himself on a little stone bench, took off the satyr mask from his face, laid it down beside him, and became absorbed in thought.

His features had assumed an expression of deep melancholy, and he seemed to bear some secret sorrow in his breast. When he retired from the loud joyous tumult of the Dionysian festival, it was perhaps not merely on account of his aversion to such things, but owing to the perplexity that now overpowered his soul in consequence of a deep and powerful impression.

Manes had sat a long time in this attitude, absorbed in thought, with the satyr mask lying beside him. Suddenly Aspasia stood before him.

He looked up, startled. The mistress of the house gazed silently a few moments at his troubled, gloomy face. Then she said kindly :

“How does it happen, Manes, that you disdain the pleasures enjoyed by the companions of your own age? Do you feel no trace in your blood of the impulse that urges others to enjoy the beautiful, fleeting, never-returning time of youth?”

Manes gazed steadily at the ground, and made no reply.

“Does any grief oppress you?” continued Aspasia. “Are you dissatisfied in this house, and would you prefer to live among others? Are you angry with Pericles, for having brought you here from Samos and reared you like his own son?”

At these words the youth involuntarily rose from his seat and, while tears sprang into his eyes, with an eager gesture of denial protested against such a supposition.

Aspasia continued to ask the cause of his sadness.

Manes sometimes answered with a faint sigh, sometimes with a blush. His hand trembled slightly and he rarely ventured to look up; but when he did his brown eyes had a sorrowful, almost pathetic expression.

The youth was so unyielding, so rude of nature, and yet there was something gentle, almost girlish in his manner.

Aspasia gazed at him with the interest, which is the necessary result of anything unusual, strange, and mysterious.

Every moment she found herself more and more strengthened in the conjecture, that some secret sorrow was consuming the young man's heart.

It could not be love; for who could have aroused this hidden fire? No one except one of the young girls in the house, and Manes had always seemed confused in their presence and shyly kept aloof from them. Had they not endeavored to draw him into their joyous circle, and always in vain?

A thought flashed through Aspasia's mind, a thought which at first was somewhat comical, almost amused her.

But when the youth raised his expressive eyes to her face, the ludicrousness of the idea diminished, and she found herself stirred by an emotion of cordial sympathy in a way by no means usual with her.

She did not weary of gently reproaching him for his unmanly melancholy, and encouraged him to gain the cheerfulness that be seemed his youth.

While Aspasia was thus occupied with Manes, Cora sat alone in the deserted peristyle. On returning from the mad whirl of festal pleasure, she had silently seated herself there, removed her mask and laid it beside her, and was still remaining in the same place, lost in thought, when Pericles accidentally returning to the house, passed through the peristyle.

He was surprised to see the young girl sitting there so lonely and thoughtful, with the Bacchante mask lying beside her.

Approaching Cora he asked the cause of her hasty return, and separation from the companions with whom she had left the house.

Cora was silent. She held in her lap a wreath she had worn as a Bacchante, and her hand played absently with the flowers. The floor was strewn with the leaves she had plucked off.

The girl presented a singular spectacle at this moment. Her attitude, the unconscious toying with the wreath, the earnestness of the pallid face, formed a contrast to the garb and symbols of the Bacchante, which almost provoked a smile.

Pericles, looking her steadily in the face, continued :

"I never remember having seen so sorrowful a Bacchante. It seems to me, Cora, that you would far rather exchange the thyrsus-staff for the shepherd's crook. Is it not so? You don't feel happy in this house? You are longing for your native wooded mountains, your lambs and tortoises?"

Cora raised her deer-like eyes to Pericles for a moment, and gazed at him with an expression even more melancholy than before, yet with an artless, childlike look, which seemed to utter the assent of an earnest soul.

"Do you want us to send you home?" asked Pericles in a cordial tone, well calculated to inspire confidence. "Say frankly what you desire and need to make you happy in this house. There is surely something you miss." Pericles spoke very persuasively, fixing his eyes intently upon the young girl, while awaiting her reply.

"Do you wish to leave this house?" he repeated.

Cora sorrowfully shook her head.

"So your melancholy seems causeless," continued Pericles, "a sorrow that attacks your mind like a sort of disease. Struggle against it, my dear child! Don't yield unresistingly to its power. The demon of sickly moods would often fain seize upon me also, but I struggle against him. Life must be cheerful and a source of pleasure to us: were it not so, we could not help envying the dead. Don't people all wish to be gay and happy, and enjoy life together? Why do you seek solitude? Don't you desire to be gay and happy, too?"

Again Cora raised her eyes frankly to Pericles, and said slowly:

"I am happy when I am alone."

"Strange child!" exclaimed Pericles.

He gazed silently and thoughtfully at Cora. She was not beautiful. The spell of her girlish shyness had no sensual charm.

Yet there was something in this maidenly diffidence, this childishness, this strange mood of feeling, that aroused a special interest in noble natures.

Pericles had found in Aspasia the embodiment of every feminine charm and grace. Now womanhood suddenly stood before him in a new, unsuspected form.

What he saw embodied in Cora was wholly unlike anything hitherto beheld, admired, and loved.

The new phase of feminine character appeared to him neither lovable nor charming, but an emotion seized upon him as new and strange as that which aroused it. He laid his hand on the Arcadian's head, and recommended her sick heart to the protection of the heavenly powers.

"Shall we not seek Aspasia?" he then asked, and, hearing from a slave that his wife had gone upon the roof, took the girl kindly by the hand to lead her to the mistress of the house.

Strange coincidence! At the same moment that Pericles, with a feeling of sympathy, laid his hand, in the peristyle, on the grieving Arcadian's head, Aspasia, who had finished her conversation with Manes on the roof, rested her hand on the head of the melancholy youth.

It seemed as if her fingers touched his brown locks with almost maternal tenderness, her eyes rested almost affectionately on the young original's features.

Yet cheerful ease was enthroned upon her free, proud brow, and she greeted Pericles with a quiet smile as he approached, leading the young girl by the hand.

"I bring Cora to you," said Pericles, "she seems to need your friendly consolation no less than Manes."

The statesman had noticed the affectionate gaze with which Aspasia's eyes rested on the youth.

She obeyed his nod, and he led her to a distant part of the roof, where a couch was placed under blossoming vines.

Here Aspasia related her conversation with Manes, and Pericles his with the Arcadian girl.

At last Pericles said with quiet earnestness :

"You have tried sympathetic looks, nay even caressing gestures to cheer the youth's sorrowful heart!"

"And does this suggest the thought that he might be dear to me?" asked Aspasia. "No," she continued, as Pericles remained silent, "I do not love him, for he is almost ugly. His heavy cheek-bones offend my eye. But some fleeting emotion, I know not of what nature, seized upon me. Perhaps it was compassion."

"Do you know so exactly what love is, and what it is not?" asked Pericles.

"What love is?" cried Aspasia laughing. "Are you too beginning to torment me with that foolish question? Love is a thing not to be rebuffed when it comes, and not to be held back when it goes."

"And you can say nothing else of it?" asked Pericles.

"Nothing except what I have often said," replied Aspasia. "It is a feeling that may degenerate into tyranny, by making the loved one a mere weak tool. This impulse to degeneration must be repressed. Love must be a joyous bond of the heart, formed and maintained by freedom!"

"Whenever you have repeated this to me," replied Pericles, "it has always seemed unanswerable. My mind, after calm reflection, is as firmly convinced of it now as on the day when we ourselves formed such a bond of the heart in perfect liberty. Love must renounce the tyrannical impulse to destroy the freedom of that which it loves, but the question: *Can this be love? remains unsolved in my mind.* Is love ever able to victoriously resist this impulse?"

"It can," replied Aspasia, "for it must be able to do so."

"Love is not to be detained when it goes, you said!" continued Pericles thoughtfully after a pause. "What will become of *us*, Aspasia, if its beautiful fire dies in our breasts also?"

"Then we will say, that we have together enjoyed the highest earthly happiness," replied the Milesian. "We have not lived in vain. We have emptied the cup of joy in the full vigor of love and life, on the highest summit of existence."

"*Emptied—emptied—*" replied Pericles in a hollow tone. "You uttered a word that makes me shudder."

"It is the *fate* of beakers to be emptied," replied Aspasia, "the fate of flowers to wither, and the fate of all living creatures apparently to disappear, but really to revive in perpetual transformations. It is the business of a mortal to look, with the cheerful composure of true wisdom, upon all these changes and vicissitudes occurring around and within him. It would be foolish to cling to the heels of what is vanishing. A time will come for cheerfully flinging the beaker into the abyss, from which the waves of pleasure have foamed. Everything strives upward to a summit, to descend again the scale of existence to destruction. *Everything follows the course of nature.*"

As Pericles and Aspasia finished these words, they prepared to go into the house, and approaching the spot where they had left Cora and Manes found them engaged in conversation.

Aspasia had transformed the flat roof into a sort of garden. There were arbors to afford protection from the sun, and tall blossoming bushes growing in pots filled with earth.

One of these bushes concealed the husband and wife

from the youth and maiden, who were, however, too deeply absorbed in conversation to notice their approach.

Pericles and Aspasia involuntarily paused a moment, perplexed at the sight. They had never noticed that Manes and Cora talked together, or that one sought the other's society.

They had been as silent and reserved towards each other, as towards the rest of the world.

The spectacle of a melancholy satyr and a sorrowful Bacchante talking together was in itself well calculated to attract attention.

Cora was telling the youth about her Arcadian home, the beautiful forest-clad mountains, the tortoises, the god Pan, the Stymphalian birds, the hunting of wild beasts.

Manes listened with quiet interest.

"You are very fortunate, Cora," he said at last, "to have all this so clearly before your mind, and be continually able to recall it. When I am awake, I can remember nothing about my home and childhood. Only in dreams do I sometimes find myself transported to deep rustling forests, or see rude men clad in the shaggy skins of animals, riding fleet steeds over the plains. I am always sad all day long after having had such dreams, and feel as if I were attacked by a kind of homesickness, although I have no home and should not know whither to bend my steps, if I wished to seek one. I only understand that I must go northward, always northward, and often dream I am wandering into infinite distance. Surely you must be doubly sorrowful, that you cannot return to your home, Cora, because you know it and your parents, and might easily find them again. Tell me if you wish to go, and I will

secretly guide you there, for I am still young and strong. Why shouldn't I live with the Arcadians, and hunt wild beasts?"

"No, Manes," said the young girl, "you ought not to go to Arcadia, because your longing draws you towards the north. No, I could not bear to have you settle in Arcadia, for you would surely always be yearning for your home. You must journey towards the Hellespont and then keep on towards the north, surely you must find your home, and perhaps a *kingdom*."

"I would gladly journey towards the north," replied Manes, "but I should be sorrowful when I thought that you were here vainly longing for Arcadia."

Cora gazed thoughtfully at the ground then, after a short pause, said:

"I don't know why it is, Manes, that I should be just as willing to go towards the north as to Arcadia, if we went together. It seems to me, as if every place to which we journeyed would be Arcadia."

Manes flushed at the young girl's words and his hand trembled, as it always did when overpowered by some strong emotion. At first he was unable to speak at all, but after a pause, began:

"But surely, Cora, you would far rather go to Arcadia, to your own family! I will gladly accompany you, and become a shepherd. It seems to me as if, wherever I went with you, I should again find my home and even a kingdom."

Here he hesitated, flushing deeply again. Up from the streets rose the loud tumult of a passing throng of Bacchantes. Torches blazed, joyous songs echoed on the air, pleasure exulted in unbridled freedom—while above the youth and maiden, the satyr and Bacchante,

stood before each other with heavy hearts, pale, silent, and confused, neither daring to take the other's hand, or raise the eyes bent timidly on the floor.

"They love each other!" said Pericles to Aspasia. "Those two love each other, but apparently *with a strange kind of love!* It seems as if they loved only with their *souls*. They speak of nothing but the mutual sacrifices they would willingly make."

"Indeed," replied Aspasia, "those two love each other with a sort of feeling only Manes and Cora could devise. They have lost all their cheerfulness, are pale, sick and sorrowful, and though they *know* they love, have no pleasure in their mutual affection, for they don't even venture to clasp hands, far less kiss each other."

"It is a shamefaced love," replied Pericles, "a *chaste, sad, unselfish, sacrificing* love. Perhaps its constancy and beautiful symmetry supplies the lack of rapturous delight. Perhaps it is less subject to the *blind course of nature*, which you asserted ruled all love."

"This melancholy *love* is a *disease!*" cried Aspasia. "Woe betide the day it was first discovered. This new pale-checked Aphrodite, wreathed with white roses, arose from no sea crimsoned by the kiss of sunrise, but from the waters of the Arcadian Styx. This sorrowful, passionate love is as bad for mankind as war, pestilence and hunger. I saw this kind of love at Eleusis, among the attendants of Thanatos, and this thought was the only one that pleased me in the Eleusinian vaults!"

Then the husband and wife came forward, and Aspasia took the Arcadian girl into the house.

On the evening of the same day Pericles gave a little banquet, as was the custom with all Athenian citizens during the Dionysian festival. Several guests were

present, among them Callimachus, with Philandra and Pasikompsa.

On this occasion they had not assembled in the usual dining-room of the house, but in the cooler and more spacious peristyle, where the breezes of the mild spring night might blow with refreshing coolness.

Pericles, according to his habit, withdrew early.

Suddenly Alcibiades arrived with several of his friends. In his extravagant gayety, he almost burst open the doors of the house and, pressing in with his companions, took his seat among the assembled company.

Cora instantly fled to the interior of the dwelling.

When Alcibiades perceived this, he sought compensation from the charming Simaitha, but the young girl proudly repelled him. She despised him for having humbled himself so far as to attempt to seize the Arcadian shepherdess. The other young girls rebuffed him for the same reason. He strove a long time to conciliate the angry beauties, but in vain.

"What?" he cried at last, "Cora runs away from me stiff as a torch-thistle, when the hot summer dries it—Simaitha turns her back upon me—Aspasia's whole school look grave and frown like old Anaxagoras—well then, if you all reject me, I'll cling to lovely Hipparete, Hipponicus' modest, diffident, blooming little daughter."

"Do so!" said Simaitha.

"I will!" cried Alcibiades; "you shall not have challenged me in vain, Simaitha! Alcibiades doesn't allow himself to be trifled with. I shall go to Hipponicus early to-morrow morning and ask him for his little daughter. I'll marry, turn virtuous, renounce all foolish

pleasures, and spend my time in conquering Sicily and making the Athenians dance to my pipe."

"Hipponicus won't give you his daughter!" cried Callias; "he thinks you too worthless a fellow!"

The rest of his companions chimed in: "Hipponicus won't give you his daughter, you're too worthless a fellow."

"Hipponicus *will* give me his daughter!" exclaimed Alcibiades emphatically, "even if I have boxed his ears just before. Will you make a wager? I'll promise to box Hipponicus' ears, and then ask him for his daughter. And he'll give her to me." —

"You are a braggart!" cried his friends.

"The wager!" replied Alcibiades. "A thousand drachmæ, if you choose."

"Done!" cried Callias and Demos.

Alcibiades held out his hand to his friends, and they clasped it. The bet was for a thousand drachmæ.

"Why shouldn't I turn virtuous," cried Alcibiades, "when so many mournful signs and marvels are happening around me? Isn't it enough that Cora flees from me, Simaitha casts me off, Theodota has gone mad? Must I also lose my oldest and best friend? He has broken his faith with me and married."

"Of whom are you talking?" asked several.

"Whom but Socrates?" replied Alcibiades.

"What? Has Socrates married?" asked Aspasia.

"Even so!" replied Alcibiades. "He secretly took a wife. Give him up—you'll never see him again."

"How did it happen?" asked Aspasia. "I have heard nothing of it."

"It is probably about two weeks," said Alcibiades, "since I was standing in one of the quietest streets be-

yond the Ilissus, talking with a friend I happened to meet. Suddenly the flower-wreathed door of a house opened, and a procession of flute-players and singers, wearing garlands and carrying torches in their hands, came out. These were followed by a veiled bride, walking between the bridegroom and the bridesman. The trio entered a vehicle drawn by mules, which stood before the house. Then the bride's mother followed with the torch, with which she intended to light the fire on the new hearth, and joined the rest of the white-robed, garlanded train. The carriage began to move, and was accompanied down the street to the bridegroom's house, with the music of flutes, songs, and joyous shouts and bounds. The bridegroom was Socrates, Aspasia's friend, and his bridesman Euripides, the woman-hater."

"And the bride?" asked many.

"The plain daughter of a plain citizen," replied Alcibiades, "but she instantly seized the reins of the household with an iron grasp, and understands the art of managing the remnant of Socrates' patrimony. Socrates married! The poor truth-seeker! He sought *truth*, and found—a *woman*. I repeat, signs and miracles are occurring. The old world seems to be getting out of joint. Socrates married, the gay Theodota mad, and moreover, it is said several cases of the plague, that has long been lurking in Egypt, have occurred at Ægina and Eleusis, and a suspicious satyr mask was seen in the Agora to-day, beneath which it is supposed Thanatos, or the plague, or some other horrible shape has slipped in. Taking all these things together, you must confess that it threatens to become very tiresome in the city of the Athenians. If, in addition, I marry Hipponicus'

daughter, the Hellenic sky will grow as gray as an ash-heap. But we'll be merry to-day—by Eros with the thunder-bolt! Don't sulk any longer, girls! Let us begin a gay war against the mournful powers that threaten us! Let us snap our fingers at all signs and wonders! If joyous mirth has deserted all the rest of Hellas, it must surely still linger in this circle. Am I not right, Aspasia?"

"Yes," replied Aspasia, "we will be allies in the conflict against melancholy."

She ordered new beakers to be brought, the delicious wine again foamed in the mixing vessel, the sparkling goblets were emptied again and again. Gay jests, laughter and songs of joy echoed through the peristyle, and Alcibiades showered sparks of Dionysian wit.

Midnight came. Suddenly a door leading into the peristyle opened and, with closed eyes like a ghost, Manes slowly entered—Manes, the sleep-walker! He had absented himself from the banquet and sought his quiet couch, but his strange disease robbed his pillow of repose.

At the sight of the somnambulist walking with closed eyes through the peristyle, the jocund revelry was silenced and all, seized with a thrill of fear, gazed mutely after the ghostly wanderer.

Passing through the peristyle, he turned towards the stairs leading to the flat roof of the house, ascended them with a steady step, and instantly vanished from the revellers' gaze. When the first thrill of terror had been conquered, most of the guests determined to follow him.

"Thus Dionysus punishes those who rebel against his gay service!" cried Alcibiades. "We'll convert the

despiser of the gods. Come! We'll wake him and drag him down to our banquet by force."

The greater portion of the revellers rose and went to the roof, but on reaching it, beheld a spectacle that again filled them with horror.

Manes was walking along a high sloping projection of the roof, close to the extreme verge, a spot where only the somnambulist, with closed eyes, could move without turning giddy and falling to the ground.

The other inmates of the house had hurried up, on hearing the news that Manes was walking in his sleep.

Pericles also appeared.

He, too, shuddered when he saw the youth, saying:

"If he wakes now, he will surely fall, but it is impossible to approach that spot and rescue him."

Just as he uttered the words, Cora rushed up.

Terrified, deadly pale, her large round eyes dilated, her face half-covered by her dishevelled locks, the young girl gazed at the somnambulist. On hearing Pericles' words, she shivered an instant, then darted as if on wings towards the spot where Manes was walking, swung herself over the high projection, walked with a firm tread several steps down the perilous descent, seized the youth's hand and dragged him back from the outermost verge of the pinnacle to where both had firm footing.

Not until Manes was safe did giddiness overpower her. Then she fell fainting.

It was now Manes who, opening his eyes, anxiously seized the young girl and bore her onwards in his arms, till she regained her consciousness and half-frightened, half-confused, ran blushing away.

The revellers had watched this scene with amaze-

ment. Now they surrounded Manes and amid gay, cheering words, led him down into the peristyle.

Pericles lingered a moment with Aspasia.

"How sorry I am," said the former, "that Socrates did not witness this scene."

"Why do you regret it?" asked Aspasia.

"He would at last believe he had beheld what love is."

Aspasia gazed silently at Pericles a moment. "And you?"

"This couple perplex and shame me a little," he replied. "It seems as if they wished to say: 'Withdraw from the stage and make room for us.'"

Again Aspasia gazed intently at Pericles' grave, thoughtful face. Then she replied:

"You are no longer a Greek!"

The words exchanged were few in number, but full of meaning. They fell heavily into the scales of fate.

With them something like a secret rift occurred between two souls, once so beautifully and tenderly united.

A long prepared entrance into Pericles' soul of new, dark, sorrowful powers, doubt and secret dissension was accomplished.

The slow, noiseless fracture of something lofty, beautiful, and noble, ended with this trifling altercation.

Uttering the words; "you are no longer a Greek," Aspasia turned away, with an expression of mingled anger and compassion on her face.

Both went silently down stairs, Pericles to his room, Aspasia to the guests.

Meantime the revellers had vainly endeavored to detain Manes at the banquet and convert him to a fitting

worship of the god of pleasure. He broke from them, and retired to the inner rooms of the house.

The conversation now turned for some time on Cora. All admired her courage, or rather the strange power of a feeling, a mood, a passion, under whose influence she had acted, by which she had been blindly, unconsciously borne along, and which to almost all bore the impress of an insoluble mystery.

Alcibiades also began to express his regret, that Socrates had not witnessed this scene.

“What a feast it would have been to the eyes of the truth-seeker, who ponders over the most commonplace things, and would doubtless never rest until he had discovered the inmost meaning of this strange event. He’s a sort of somnambulist himself, attacked by the lunacy of philosophy, who shuts his eyes that he may think better, and wanders astray on giddy heights. Only no Cora appears to lead him back with gentle hand from the gulfs of thought. Well, I’ll go and tell him about the whole affair, though it’s almost dangerous to visit Socrates in his own house. Xanthippe, its young mistress, is always afraid I shall corrupt her husband, and looks upon me with unfriendly eyes. When I went with a few friends to visit the newly-wedded pair, we were greatly embarrassed, for the little woman began to bewail and lament that she could not suitably entertain such distinguished people. ‘Never mind,’ said Socrates, ‘if they are good men they will be content ; if wicked, we need not trouble ourselves about them !’ But these words only enraged Xanthippe still more. I instantly perceived that she ruled the house. By way of a joke, I began to talk with her husband in the frankest way, and load him with friendly caresses. Since that time she has been

furiously angry with me and when, a short time ago, I sent a dainty cake to Socrates, went so far as to throw it out of the basket and trample it under her feet. And Socrates? He only ventured to say: 'What is the matter? If you hadn't crushed the nice cake, you might have eaten it.' Alas! it seems as if the wisest men in Athens no longer understood how to treat their wives. By my Demon," continued Alcibiades, after draining his beaker, "I repeat, the world is out of joint! Delos shaken, Theodota mad, the sages scolded by their wives, I myself on the point of wooing Hipponicus' daughter, priests of Sabazius in the streets, somnambulists on the roofs, the Peloponnesus in arms, the plague at Lemnos and Ægina."

"Don't forget the eclipse of the sun," interrupted Demos, "besides, it is said that a ghost wanders about Hipponicus' house—"

"Is that true?" all asked Hipponicus' son, Callias, who happened to be present.

"Yes, it is really so!" replied the latter, and told the company that a ghost actually did wander about his father's house, and Hipponicus had grown pale, thin, and thoughtful, the daintiest morsels no longer pleased him, nightmare oppressed his dreams.

"There it is," cried Alcibiades—"eclipses of the sun, and ghosts in the houses of merry old gluttons. Deuce take the world, if it's beginning to grow so gloomy. Once more, friends, cheer up and fight against the dreariness of the times!"

"Does it need a challenge?" cried young Callias. "By Heracles! Haven't we done our duty, during this whole festival, better than ever before? Didn't we throw the Metragyrtan into the gulf of Barathon?"

Didn't we behave as might have been expected from the merry Ithyphallians? And hadn't we all the Athenian youth behind us? Was there ever a gayer Dionysian festival at Athens, than the present one? Have you ever seen the populace so wild and reckless? Did the wine ever flow in more abundant streams? Did a larger number of priestesses of joy ever swarm in Athens and were they ever more eagerly sought? What do you mean by dreary times, Alcibiades? This is a *merry* time, say I. The world is advancing in jollity, not receding, as you think, and whatever may threaten will only grow still gayer. That's as it should be. Long live pleasure!"

"Long live pleasure!" again resounded and the beakers clashed together.

"Let me embrace you, worthy Callias!" cried Alcibiades, kissing his friend. "That's the way I want to hear you all talk! Long live pleasure! And that it may forever live, flourish, and thrive among the Athenian people, the Ithyphallians must work with the school Aspasia has founded. The Ithyphallians and Aspasia's school must be the stronghold of gayety, charming extravagance, and all joyous mirth. So don't sulk, Simaitha! Don't rebuff me, Prasina! Don't make a face at Alcibiades, Drosis! Smile again, Simaitha! You have never been more charming than to-day. By Zeus! For one bewitching smile from your lips, I'll lose the thousand drachmæ I have wagered and let Hipponicus' little daughter wait awhile."

All now turned to Simaitha, and begged her to be reconciled to Alcibiades.

Aspasia herself joined in the entreaties. "Don't bear Alcibiades ill-will any longer!" said she. "He may

be right in saying that Aspasia's school must maintain friendly terms with the Ithyphallians, but only in so far as the Ithyphallians' recklessness must be tamed and curbed by women's hands. We must receive these Ithyphallians, in order to impose upon them the curb of correct and beautiful moderation, that the bright realm of pleasure may not sink into sadness and dissipation."

"We will submit to you!" cried Alcibiades. "We'll choose Simaitha queen of the realm of pleasure, with unlimited power."

"That we will!" echoed around the circle. "Why shouldn't the Ithyphallians allow themselves to be curbed by so charming a little hand?"

Amid extravagant gayety, the smiling, lovely Simaitha was proclaimed queen of the banquet, victorious ruler of the realm of pleasure.

A beautiful throne, richly garlanded with flowers, was erected; she was clad in purple robes, a golden diadem was pressed upon her curls, and wreaths of roses and violets were twined around her body.

She shone in the peerless magic of her youth and beauty—a true queen. Even Aspasia's eyes rested on her admiringly.

"Aspasia ruled the present," exclaimed Alcibiades, "to you, Simaitha, belongs the future."

The beakers were filled with wine, and drained in honor of the radiant queen of pleasure.

"Ruled by this sovereign," cried the youths, "the kingdom of joy will spread throughout the whole world."

"Take your thousand drachmæ, Callias and Demos!" cried Alcibiades. "I'll give up the wager as lost. I shall not go to Hipponicus to-morrow. The prince of

the Ithyphallians will form a new bond with the queen of beauty and pleasure! Thank the gods! She is smiling again, and her teeth glitter like one of the rows of marble pillars in the Parthenon."

With these words the reckless youth, excited by wine and love, approached the royally-adorned maiden and, amid the cheers of his companions, threw his arm around her and tried, with a kiss, to seal the bond just concluded.

At this moment all who were looking at Simaitha, noticed a vivid flush suffuse her face.

Waving Alcibiades back with her out-stretched hand, she complained that a sudden burning heat had attacked her head.

At the same time her parched lips seemed to long for some refreshment.

A beaker filled with wine was offered, she thrust it back, asked for water, and emptied goblet after goblet of the cooling fluid; but they seemed like mere drops falling on a mass of glowing metal.

It was now noticed that her eyes were growing red and bloodshot.

The girl's tongue grew heavy—her voice sounded harsh and hoarse—and she began to complain of swelling of the mouth, throat and tongue.

At the same time a feeling of terror showed itself, her whole body trembled, a thin cold perspiration covered her limbs.

They wished to lead her to her room, her couch; but, as if pursued by some terrible fear, she wanted to plunge into a well, into deep cool water, tried to rush away like a lunatic, and was only restrained by force.

Pericles was summoned.

He appeared, saw the young girl's condition, and turned pale.

"Go!" he said to the revellers.

Their brains were still half clouded by bacchanalian intoxication.

"Why does the young girl's state alarm you so much?" they cried. "If you know her disease, speak!"

"Go!" repeated Pericles.

"What is it, what is it!" exclaimed Alcibiades.

"The *plague!*" said Pericles, in a low, hollow tone.

Quietly as the word was uttered, it fell upon the assembly like a thunder-bolt.

All were silent, turned pale, and dispersed.

The young girls began to lament—Aspasia herself turned deadly pale, and trembling violently, strove to relieve her lost favorite.

Simaitha was borne away. The revellers silently began to retire.

Alcibiades alone, the most intoxicated of all, maintained his composure.

"Must we then yield to the gloomy powers?" he cried, seizing a beaker. "Has our struggle been vain? If you all despair and shamefully acknowledge yourselves conquered, *I* will not yield!" I defy the plague and all the terrors of Hades!"

He continued to talk in this tone, until he at last perceived that he was standing alone in the deserted peristyle, amid scattered garlands and half-emptied or overturned beakers.

He looked around him with glassy eyes. "Ho! where are you, merry Ithyphallians?"

"*Alone!*" he continued—"all alone! They have

all abandoned me—*all!* The kingdom of pleasure is deserted—the gloomy powers conquer!”

“Be it so!” he cried at last, hurling the beaker from him. “Farewell, beautiful pleasures of youth! I will go to Hipponicus!”

CHAPTER XI.

THE SATYR AND THE BACCHANTE.

ON the eventful night, when Simaitha was crowned queen of pleasure at the joyous banquet in Pericles' house, and the torches of thronging Bacchantes glittered in every street in Athens, a bird of evil omen, one of the gloomy owls perched on the shadowed frieze of the Parthenon, upon the silent, lonely Acropolis, repeatedly uttered its awful, boding cry.

The festal tumult arose in a subdued hum from the city streets, blending strangely with the nocturnal cry of the owl from the frieze of the Parthenon, which echoed from the heights of the Acropolis like a message of death.

It was indeed a note of doom.

At the very moment Alcibiades and his companions, in the climax of reckless mirth, raised their beakers at the banquet at Pericles' house, and drank the health of the radiant queen of pleasure—at that very moment Phidias was dying in prison; the immortal master of the Parthenon, who some time before had been attacked by a wasting disease, gave up his great soul.

But at the very hour the loftiest soul among the

Greeks, the most famous centre of Athenian creative genius passed from earth amid the gloom of a dungeon, and Aspasia exclaimed: '*You are no longer a Greek*'—in that hour it seemed as if a rent passed not only through the bond that united Pericles and Aspasia, but through the heart of the Hellenic world—as if its star darkened; and with the victorious cry of the owl on the Parthenon blended the malicious laughter of evil demons hovering in the air around the height of the Acropolis.

The priest of Erechtheus woke at the owl's cry. To him, it seemed to say:

"Cheer up, your time has come."

The demons whispered to each other: "At last power to burst forth is given us. Let us swoop down on Athens, on Hellas!"

At the head of these ranks of demons flew *discord* and *the plague*.

The latter spread its black pinions and, in advance of all the rest, soared over the city of Athens, shrouded in the darkness of night, but resounding with bacchanalian mirth.

The fiend was searching for the spot where the festal gayety foamed most brightly—found it, and darted like a vulture upon the radiant young queen of pleasure in Pericles' house.

The fairest of the young Hellenic women, to whom, as Alcibiades said, the future belonged, was the first prey of the demon.

There are times when great physical evil is added to secret corruption, revolutions of the moral nature, perplexities and degeneration, when the harmony and order of the spiritual and physical world are disturbed at the same time.

Such a period now dawned for Athens—for all Hellas.

To the secret corruptions of the community, slowly and gradually prepared by increasing luxury and pleasure-seeking, by the numbers of reckless demagogues, and especially by the natural course of human affairs, which necessarily leads from full bloom to decay and degeneration—to this secret corruption were added the outbreak of bloody feuds among the various nations of Hellas, from which none emerged as victor, while they gradually destroyed the prosperity and welfare of all, and the horrors of the plague, the destroying pestilence.

The Hellenic "Kalokagathia" was to be shaken—no longer could Hellenic life boast of "a sound mind in a sound body."

The news of the first case of plague in Pericles' house had spread through the whole city of the Athenians, and reckless bacchanalian festivity instantly gave way to pallid fear and paralyzing anxiety.

Other fatal shafts of the death-angel followed, and in a few days the plague was raging violently, unfolding all its horrors.

As had happened with Simaitha, the disease broke out with intense heat in the head, together with inflammatory swelling in the throat. Bloody matter was discharged from the jaws, the mouth, and even the tongue. Then the chest was attacked, and violent coughing expelled a little thin saliva. A loud roaring in the ears followed, convulsive twitching of the hands, trembling of the whole body, feelings of fear and restlessness increasing to madness, consuming thirst, internal fever so great that it drove many to the cisterns. Sometimes, descending to the bowels, the disease caused severe

vomiting. The skin was flushed, at times turned dark-blue, ulcers and pimples broke out; yet it seems as if this, like other pestilential diseases mentioned by the ancients, lacked the boils, recognized as the most prominent symptom of the dreaded scourge of the nations known in later times under the name of the Eastern plague.

The sickness usually lasted a week, then came death with hollow eyes, sharpened nose, and cold body, very harsh to the touch. Even those who recovered did not escape easily; for the corruption often spread to the very ends of the limbs—the feet, hands, and other members were withered, paralyzed, or blighted. Sight was often lost. Memory and reason suffered; convalescents frequently became idiotic, and some on rising from their sick-beds did not remember their own names.

All remedies were ineffectual. By Hippocrates' advice large fires were lighted, as it had been noticed that smiths, working constantly near the fire, were rarely ill.

But the power of the disease only increased. As knowledge proved powerless, people sought aid from superstition. Never were the countless ceremonies of expiations, purifications, conjurations, at the command of the Greeks, so zealously practised. During the first weeks the city resounded with lamentations for the dead, and was filled with funeral processions following to graves or funeral pyres those snatched away by the plague.

But when the number of deaths increased, and the contagion emanating from the sick or corpses spread terror and consternation, many died alone in deserted houses, or even in the streets, and the sacred rights were

neglected. The obolus for the ferryman of the nether world was no longer placed in the dead man's mouth, the cake to quiet Cerberus no longer put in his hand, he was no longer bathed and rubbed with fragrant ointment, no longer handsomely clothed, garlanded with ivy, and laid on a couch in the peristyle of the house. Wailing mourners no longer preceded the funeral train, the corpse was no longer honored by a long procession of mourners, funeral banquets, funeral sacrifices, and the sombre garments usually worn by the survivors. Hurriedly, noiselessly, almost without followers, the countless corpses were borne out, buried in graves, or laid on funeral pyres. At last even this duty to the dead, long considered by the Hellenes the most sacred of all, was neglected. The bodies lay corrupting in heaps. Corpses were found in empty temples, whither the sick had perhaps dragged themselves to implore the help of the gods; many were also discovered near the fountains to which, consumed by inward fever, they had crawled to moisten their parched lips; and to realize the extremity of horror, dead bodies were even found in the cisterns themselves, into which the delirious, burning with internal fever, had plunged. Soon the refreshing water of the wells was regarded with suspicion and terror—it might be defiled by the abomination of corruption.

The streets were piled with the corpses of those who had dragged themselves there, been borne lifeless from the houses and hastily thrown down, or hurled themselves from the roofs in desperate fear.

When these corpses were collected, the Hellenes' aversion to touching dead bodies, mingled with the fear of infection, so confused their minds, that in frantic

haste the dying were thrown among the dead, the unconscious among the rotting.

Where relations had erected a funeral pile to burn a dead body, others pressed forward with other corpses and tried to throw them into the flames, until the fire was stifled by the number of bodies, and a fierce conflict arose around the burning pyre.

People thought they noticed, that not even birds of prey and wild beasts would touch the unburied bodies of those who died by the plague. If they did, they quickly fell victims to the disease and perished. This also frequently happened to dogs.

The fear of contagion estranged men. The Agora was deserted, the gymnasia were empty, the people no longer ventured to assemble on the Pnyx. The doors of the houses were either firmly locked to prevent all approach, or stood wide open because the interior was deserted. Terror even loosened the ties of blood. Many saw themselves abandoned to their slaves, who now avenged themselves for former oppression by disobedience, defiance, theft, and insolent plunder.

In the minds of some, irritation alternated with dull resignation. Not a few sought to deaden their senses by reckless dissipation and the unbridled enjoyment of pleasure. Courage or forgetfulness was sought in intoxication.

Mad Menon stood forth as a fearless, laughing despiser of peril, and was to be found wherever the horrors of the pestilence were greatest. He seemed to be most fond of lingering among corpses, and was often seen sitting on a heap of dead bodies, as if enjoying the misery, and jeering at the cowards who fled from the dead and him, the infected one. When it was seen that

he, who with drunken insolence defied danger, was spared, the number of those who did the same increased. Soon the streets and squares were abandoned to intoxicated vagabonds, who pledged Queen Plague and defied her terrors. These were the people, who for gold would carry the dead out of the houses or pick them up in the streets and take them to be buried or burned. They practised their trade with the rude temerity of men, who will not risk their lives gratis. They demanded and received whatever they chose, robbed and practised every kind of violence in the houses into which their calling led them. There was no fear of the law for the activity of the courts had long since ceased, and the criminal thought that the pestilence would either snatch away those who might accuse him, or spare him the necessity of defending himself.

But it was not merely poor men, who gave themselves up to dissipation, the rich did the same, especially young men, who tried in this way to arm themselves against the horrors which surrounded them. Many saw themselves suddenly made rich by inheriting the property of their parents, brothers and sisters or relations. But as they could not help fearing that they might suffer the same fate as those from whom they obtained their wealth, they tried to enjoy the gifts of fortune as much as possible, and squandered them in dissolute pleasure. The sight of these persons so speedily enriched, aroused in others the expectation of rejoicing in a similar destiny; expectation gave birth to hope and criminal wishes.

Thus moral restraints were gradually loosened, and the survivors rejoiced in the advantages which fell to them from the excess of universal death.

But if the pestilence and its results appeared to in-

crease the longing for pleasure in many hearts, here as well as everywhere else the rule asserted itself that contrasts appear side by side or blend with each other. With unbridled acts and the dissolution of all restraints, gloomy superstition extended its reign farther and farther. Those who still avoided intoxication and excesses, sought a new safeguard and consolation in exaggerated piety, superstitious reverence for the gods..

Men like Diopeithes came forward, who represented the misfortune sent upon Athens as a punishment for the contempt of the gods hitherto displayed, and directed the fury of the populace against those pointed out by the priest of Erechtheus and his companions, as the principal causes of the divine wrath.

The mystic worship of Sabazius was again remembered and the Metragyrtan, who was hurled into the gulf of Barathon by the saucy, drunken Ithyphallians. Many now thought they had perhaps been wrong in rejecting this savior Sabazius, the deliverer from all misfortunes, and believed the crime committed upon the innocent Metragyrtan was the real cause of the wrath of the gods, and especially the vengeance of the insulted Sabazius. To reconcile him, they said, was now the first duty and the only remedy for the destroying plague. A foreign woman named Ninos, living in Athens, who understood all sorts of charms and mysterious things, proclaimed herself a priestess of Sabazius. To be consecrated to this god, was soon regarded as a means of sanctification and deliverance. The initiation was accompanied by strange rites: deer-skins were hung around the persons to be consecrated, a sacred potion handed them to drink, they were rubbed with mud and clay, and a serpent was drawn over their bosoms. Dur-

ing this time they sat on the ground and, when the ceremony was ended, rose with the exclamation: "*I escaped evil and gained the good.*" A nocturnal festival blended gloomy rites with sensual orgies. Thus the excesses and superstition, to which the distress caused by the plague urged bewildered minds, were united in the worship of Sabazius. Processions in honor of Cybele and Sabazius were frequently seen. There were many who followed the example of the Metragyrtans, danced the Sicinnis, scourged and mutilated themselves. The devotees of the Phrygian god also boasted of healing the plague, placed the sick in chairs, and danced around them with a wild uproar. To mingle in these circles was considered a safeguard against the disease.

To such a point had the Athenian nation come.

What Aspasia feared and thought she could prevent, happened—strange, gloomy ideas entered the bright and beautiful world of Greece, ideas which, though they did not instantly obtain an entire victory, served to indicate in what way the Hellenic nation was to be obscured, like a bright star by gloomy clouds.

While the terrible pestilence was spreading dull despair and gloomy delusions, and paving the way for foreign superstition, by no means harmless like the native one, but which gnawed the roots of healthy life, terrors of another kind lurked around the Attic country.

War had recently broken out. The Peloponnesians attacked the rural districts of Attica and forced its population into the city, but a strong fleet, this time commanded by Pericles, set sail, and its successes on the coast of the Peloponnesus again compelled the Spartan king to hastily return home. But Potidæa still resisted, Corinth must be besieged, and the fires of insurrection

blazed forth here and there in the colonies and allied cities.

To remove Aspasia and his two sons, Xanthippus and Paralus, from the most perilous place, Pericles had assigned his country-house to them for a residence during the time of his absence. Aspasia moved there with her whole household, but evil pursued her. After Simaitha's death, Drosis and Prasina were also snatched away from the seminary of grace animated by intellect. They had been released from imprisonment at Megara by the victorious Pericles, only to fall victims, in their youthful bloom, to the destroying angel of the plague at Athens.

Whoever had power to do so fled from the infested city to the rural districts, like Aspasia and her companions, or to the neighboring islands, where the danger seemed less.

Aspasia's circle of friends was broken up. Euripides had previously left Athens. He had become a misanthrope, lived at Salamis in complete seclusion and preferred to spend his time in the grotto on the shore, where amid the wild roar of battle he had first seen the light of the world. Here he sat alone, pursuing his meditations, with his eyes fixed upon the sea, desiring to hear nothing of Athens, except what was whispered by the waves, which rolling thence broke in foam at his feet.

Sophocles still lived in his rural retirement on the shores of the Cephissus, untouched by the scourge fate swung over the Athenians. Cheerful wisdom remained faithful to him and taught him to escape Pericles' destiny, by allowing nothing to become too dear to his heart, or permitting the seriousness of life to obtain too much power over his mind.

The scourge also spared Socrates' head, although he did not leave the brooding place of the pestilence, but fearlessly walked through the streets of Athens, did not avoid his fellow-men, and rendered help wherever he could.

Meantime Alcibiades had married Hipponicus' daughter, the blooming Hipparete.

He too, with his old insolence, defied the terrors of the plague, though he saw that the wrath of the gods did not spare the Ithyphallians, and the pestilence snatched from his side one of his favorite companions, young Demos, Pylampes' son. When Pericles departed with the fleet, Alcibiades accompanied him. Thus the priests of Sabazius could pursue their proselyting, without fearing the wild Ithyphallians and the gulf of Barathron.

The plague yielded a little, but only enough to make individuals remember the commonwealth, and permit the Athenians to turn their eyes from what immediately affected them to the troubles threatening at a greater distance. The renewed peril of war found cowardly hearts; the number of men capable of bearing arms was diminished by the plague, which also prevailed on the fleet before Potidæa. Pericles was successful with his fleet on the Peloponnesian coast. But when all Hellas, divided into parties, was gradually drawn into the confusion, what did it avail if the battle died out in one place, since it was renewed in another, everywhere engaging not only the two enemies, but also their allies, while these alliances themselves constantly wavered and altered. It was no longer possible for one individual to command; what was gained at one place was lost at a more distant spot, nowhere did the enemy make a stand

for a decisive battle, the great Hellenic war was divided into countless individual conflicts.

At the news that the cowardly population of Athens had entered into negotiations with Sparta, Pericles hastened his return. He expected to encourage them and prevent disgraceful despair; but the Athenians, wearied by the heavy visitation of fate, received the secret plans of Diopeithes and the demagogues more favorably than ever.

The priest of Erechtheus had been attacked by the plague and recovered. Since that time his fanatical zeal had increased, for he saw in this deliverance from mortal peril a direct sign from the gods.

One day a group of citizens chanced to be assembled around a man in the Agora, for they had gradually ventured to approach each other, though a short time before one shrank from another, as they fled from the plague itself.

The person who stood in the midst of the little throng of listeners, was one of the bold free-thinkers, whose tongues seemed to have been unloosed again. He not only ventured to denounce the demagogues and eagerly support Pericles, but also to condemn the superstition to which the Athenians had fallen victims. As there were many adherents of Diopeithes and Cleon among his auditors, a violent dispute arose and the free-thinker was finally seized and maltreated by his opponents.

At this moment the priest of Erechtheus came up, accompanied by a number of his friends and followers.

When he heard that the assaulted man had defended Pericles and called the Athenians' confidence in their gods petty superstition, the priest's features assumed an expression of menacing, gloomy excitement.

He rolled his eyes upward for some time, as if spiritually holding intercourse with the divine powers, then turning to the people, began:

“Know, Athenians, that last night the gods sent me a dream, and have now led me to this spot just at the right time. During a long series of years, sin has been heaped on sin at Athens. Sophists and deniers of the gods have deluded you, *hetærae* have ruled you, temples and statues of the gods have been erected, not in honor of the gods, but for empty display and the destruction of simple modes of thought and the pious manners of our ancestors. You are now suffering the punishment of your degeneration, denial of the gods, and luxury. It is not the first time that the wrath of the gods has been visited on the Hellenes, and you well know in what way their anger was appeased in our forefathers’ time. You know that the gods could sometimes be conciliated only by the greatest of all propitiatory sacrifices, a *human victim*. Seize this denier of the gods—his life is forfeit according to the law, for his criminal blasphemy. He is a criminal, condemned to death. But instead of suffering his punishment by the hand of the executioner, let him according to the ancient, half-forgotten custom, be offered as a propitiatory sacrifice, conducted through the streets with songs and music, burned and transformed to ashes, scattered to the winds.”

More and more persons had collected while the priest was talking. Among them was Pamphilus. The latter, on hearing that a friend and defender of Pericles was to be killed, instantly supported the plan.

“The funeral pyres on which the bodies of those who die by the plague are consumed, burn night and

day on the opposite bank of the Ilissus. Room can be found for this man on one of the piles of wood blazing so merrily."

With these words he was the first to seize the culprit, and a number of the fiercest among his companions prepared to help him drag the unfortunate man away.

Pericles now entered the Agora on the way to the Bouleterion, saw the tumult, and asked its cause.

The excited crowd loudly replied that the gods demanded a propitiatory sacrifice, and they were preparing to offer one in the person of Megillus, the blasphemer and denier of the gods.

Pericles, with a restraining gesture, forced his way into the crowd, but Diopeithes confronted him.

For the first time the two men, on whom rested the guidance of the great battle fought at Athens for years, and whose decision was constantly growing nearer, stood personally face to face, as if in a duel.

"Back, Alcæonid!" cried the priest of Erechtheus. "Do you even now seek to deprive the gods of what is their due, a due they imperiously demand? Do you wish to prevent the Athenian nation from seeking propitiation for their sins and final deliverance from the woe into which no one but yourself has plunged it? Do you not see whither your blindness has led this people, once so beloved by the gods? It is your work if they have turned from the old pious customs, yearned for wealth, luxury, and idle display, followed a false light and listened to the words of the despisers of the gods."

"And *you*, Diopeithes?" replied Pericles with grave but calm resolution; "whither do *you* mean to lead the Athenian people? To the fanatical murder of citizens—

to the renewal of savage, inhuman abominations, from which, maturing to a purer morality, the Hellenic mind turned with horror centuries ago."

"Thank the gods, Pericles!" cried Diopeithes, "that they have delivered *this* man into our hands—thank the gods if they are willing, for the present, to be content with *this* man's blood. For if they demanded of us the real criminal, the guiltiest man in the Athenian nation, do you know whom we should be compelled to seize and commit to the flames? As the prophet Teresias once cried to the boastful Œdipus, we should be obliged to say to *you*, Alcmaeonid, you are the criminal, you are the cause of the wrath of the gods! An ancient curse rests upon your race! Through you, through your companions and friends Athens has become impious, through you the trouble of war has burst upon us, and the worst scourge in the hands of the gods, the plague, can be averted by no other atonement than *your* blood."

"If it is as you say," replied Pericles quietly, "release yonder man, and sacrifice him who seems to you most guilty."

With these words Pericles released the condemned man from Pamphilus' grasp. The latter, grinning with satisfaction, freed his former victim and, delighted by the exchange, did not neglect to seize the hated strategus.

"Why do you delay?" said Pericles to the perplexed, mute, motionless Athenians. "Do you suppose I merely offer myself to be spared by you? Believe me, men of Athens, it seems almost a matter of indifference whether you spare me or drag me to death! I meant to guide Athens to the fairest happiness, the brightest renown, the full light of truth and freedom, and I now perceive that a change ordained by the gods—or is it a

primeval curse that clings to the whole course of nature?—again seizes upon us and leads us back to darkness and confusion; that it is not only external calamity, which is bursting over Hellas, but gloomy powers are also conquering those of light within us! I shall thank the gods, if I do not survive the splendor and bloom of my native land! Kill me!”

The Athenians still stood silent and motionless. Pamphilus became impatient.

A man now stepped forth from the crowd, and making a movement to depart, said:

“If you want to kill Pericles, do it without me. I won’t see it. When I was sorely wounded at Thrace, he dragged me away with his own hands, while all the others fled before the greatly superior number of assailants and wanted to leave me in the enemy’s power.”

“I’ll go too,” said a second. “He pardoned me in the Samian war, when the other strategi wanted to sentence me to death for a slight crime.”

“I’ll have nothing to do with the matter either,” said a third; “Pericles aided me by his intercession, when I couldn’t get my just rights from the magistrates of Athens.”

“Nor I! Nor I!” echoed from the throng, and the number of men who separated from the crowd constantly grew larger.

“No Athenian ever put on mourning through any intentional fault of Pericles!” resounded on all sides. Pamphilus clung convulsively to his victim, who threatened to escape him.

“Let Pericles go, Pamphilus?” cried several. Others joined in the shout, and at last the call echoed in a loud chorus:

"Let Pericles go, Pamphilus!"

Even in their worst moments, the Athenians could not attack this man.

"You have conquered again!" cried Diopeithes scornfully. "But perhaps this is the *last* of your triumphs. I shall cast the guilt on your head, if the gods remain unappeased and continue to scourge us."

A short time after this event, Pericles' two sons, Xanthippus and Paralus, were attacked by the plague and fell victims to it.

The priest of Erechtheus pointed with satisfaction to the public curse of the gods, who had at last destroyed the race of the Alcmaeonidæ.

The pestilence again increased. Diopeithes and his followers constantly reminded the people of the neglected propitiatory sacrifice, and Pericles, who had prevented it. The offence and the wrath of the gods seemed credible, after the misfortune that appeared to have been sent to this man by the divinities.

The Athenians' minds were more darkened than ever, and the field was left to Pericles' enemies.

The latter, who after so much calamity, was now shaken by the sudden death of his offspring and the ruin of his family, allowed matters, with a sort of indifference, to take their course. The moment of dealing the blow long prepared by his enemies, had arrived.

The motion to deprive him of his office of strategus, and all other dignities conferred upon him, was proposed with insolence and malice in a thinly-attended popular assembly and carried in dull bewilderment.

Was Pericles, after decades of glorious government, to again become a simple Athenian citizen? Was Diopeithes at last victorious?

Come on then, men who talk so grandiloquently to the people, Cleon, Lysicles, Pamphilus, loquacious orators and counsellors on the Pnyx—place yourselves at the head of the fleet and army! Seize the reins that have escaped from the hands of the imperious Pericles!

In the Agora, the unwearied Pamphilus, gathering a throng of the people around him, eagerly vaunted his friend Cleon's vocation for the command of the people, and praised his courage, intellect and talents.

After a long and eager conversation with those assembled, a poor man of strange, half-savage appearance suddenly stepped forward, and eagerly began to proclaim his opinions.

"Fellow citizens!" he cried, "we have deposed Pericles, we, the Athenian people. This was well, in so far that Pericles might perceive we still have popular government in Athens. So far, I say, it was well. But in other respects it's a very queer thing to saw off a leg, when on the point of running races at Olympia—and after we have jumped out of the frying-pan into the fire, and the ox, as the saying goes, is to be had for a song, and sausage-makers want us to believe they have *bird's milk* to sell."

"A cur should rend you, you scoundrel!" angrily interrupted the man from the dregs of the people. "Will you be quiet?"

"No, I won't!" replied the half-savage man. "I'm as much an Athenian citizen as anybody, and fear no one. I'm a man from Halimus. I was a ribbon-dealer, and have seen better days; but after my wife and children died of the plague and I barely escaped from my sick-bed, I left everything and engaged myself as a corpse-

bearer, that is, I help carry the bodies of those who have died of the plague to the funeral pyres."

At this remark all shrank timidly away, and held aloof from any contact with his person.

The ex-ribbon-dealer was not at all disturbed, but continued:

"I boast of being a man of experience in political affairs. Fifteen years ago I was on the Pnyx, among those who determined upon the building of the Parthenon, and granted the judges' pay and the money for the plays. I've always done my duty as a citizen and had an eye upon the welfare of the community, and I tell you the Peloponnesians are no cattle and sheep, to let Cleon the tanner dress their hides without ceremony. And if Pericles' two sons died of the plague, we ought to pity the unfortunate man, the childless father, instead of humiliating him and looking upon the matter as if he ought to be insulted and persecuted, as one marked out for the anger of the gods."

"Enough of Pericles," shrieked Pamphilus, again interrupting the ribbon-dealer. "We want to hear no more about Pericles. He's *good for nothing*. He's ill, we hear. What use is a sick man to us?"

"Take care, Pamphilus!" cried the other; "they say a sick lion's remedy is to eat a baboon."

"Do you mean to insult me?" cried the sausage-maker, raising his foot as if to kick his enemy.

"Come on!" cried the ribbon-dealer, "I'll beat you till your skin is purple—I'll tear the lungs out of your body and twist your giblets!"

Pamphilus timidly shrunk back from the corpse-bearer's touch.

"Back!" he cried, "back! Don't dare to lay your

poisonous hands on the body of an Athenian citizen! Back, scoundrel! Wretch, most miserable of men!"

"Why?" cried the corpse-bearer, grinning. "Perhaps you'll be obliged to let me touch you! I hope to get dozens of such fellows as you in my cart! But for the rest, I repeat: it was well to depose Pericles, that he may see we *can* dispose him if we choose; but after he has perceived it, the best thing we can do is to *appoint* him again and give him the fleet, for we can't do without him, I say—there's nobody like him, and every one who carries a club is by no means a hero."

It was a difficult matter to contest the logic of the words uttered in his queer, but honest fashion, by the half-crazed peddler from Halimus.

In fact, whoever in Athens desired war, could not help wishing also for Pericles. Potidæa had fallen at last—hope again stirred, though only with a feeble flutter of the wings. The mood of the volatile Athenian populace quickly changed again.

The next day the Athenians flocked to the Pnyx and reappointed Pericles to his offices and dignities.

They thought it was the old Pericles, to whom they were confiding themselves, but they were mistaken.

Sophocles was the first, who brought his friend tidings of the people's new resolution.

"The Athenians have restored everything to you!" said the poet, congratulating him.

"Everything," replied Pericles, smiling bitterly, "except confidence in them, in the prosperity of Athens, and in myself!

"Diopceithes still triumphs!" he continued. "He is apparently vanquished again, but we are really the conquered party in Athens. True, Diopceithes and his

party did not reach their *nearest* goal, but the work at which he and his adherents have long labored *was not lost on the Athenian people.*"

"Banish these sad forebodings from your heart!" cried Sophocles. "Athens and Hellas are still at the apex of their splendor: they will yet mature many a noble thing, win many a wreath of fame. We, who have been permitted to see the rarest flower unfold, ought not to complain—"

"But we also perceived the worm within this fairest flower!" replied Pericles. "The evil days have not yet arrived, but a dark future casts its shadow far in advance. We strove to reach a lofty summit of joyous liberty, beauty and knowledge. The dream of *beauty* has been realized—but the others are melting away in darkness and confusion. The spring of a nation's life, it seems, is short, and its blossoms wither ere they are fully open."

Such were the words uttered by Pericles to the noblest of his friends, on the day of his reappointment.

Again the ravages of the destroying plague increased.

At the change of the moon the night was gloomy and tempestuous. A chill wind blew over Attica from the ravines and peaks of the Pindus. The waves beat sullenly against the stone dykes at the Piræus. The ships in the harbor rocked, the beams creaked, their oars rattled. The winds wandered like ghosts through the deserted streets of Athens, playing with the open doors of abandoned dwellings, and wailing through the empty peristyles. Sometimes it was impossible to distinguish between the howling and moaning of the gale, or the sighs and lamentations of mourning mothers.

Black clouds swept over the pinnacles, pediment, and marble statues of the Parthenon. The shields, hung as offerings on the architrave, beat against it with a clanking sound. Nocturnal birds shrieked. The huge statue of Athena Promachus, armed with spear and helm, trembled on its granite pedestal.

On this dark stormy night, when every one remained in-door and the streets were entirely deserted, a man urged by a strange restlessness, wandered through the streets. This man was Socrates. The old habit of wandering about at night, while eagerly pursuing a train of thought, had not become unfamiliar to him—though he was rather pursued by the thoughts, than following them. So on this evening also he wandered blindly, as if impelled towards some unknown goal.

He found himself on the desolate shore of the Ilissus, where lay the charred remains of funeral pyres, and mad Menon crouched amid mounds of ashes and glimmering embers. The lunatic grinned, fanned the coals with his breath, and warmed himself at them, sometimes taking a sip from a flask of noble Chian, stolen from a house depopulated by the plague, whose provisions easily became the prey of vagabonds.

Here and there, as Socrates hurried onward through the darkness, his foot struck against half-burned, blackened limbs.

Again he aimlessly pursued his way, until the perfume of violets suddenly attracted him. He approached it, and found a fountain wreathed with violets in the Athenian fashion. The flowers had a strange odor. Socrates stooped to cool his burning brow, and his parched lips sought the refreshing water. But here also death confronted him, and the strange odor blended

with the fragrance of the violets was soon explained. The sullied waters bore a corpse, one of the unfortunates, whose terrible longing for cooling drink urged them, even in the death agony, to the fountains.

Shuddering, Socrates started back, then calming himself plucked one of the violets, gazed thoughtfully at it a long time, and said :

“ Oh, ye Attic violets, who will henceforth praise ye and the violet-wreathed Athenians, if your famed spicy fragrance is so horribly mingled with the odor of corruption ? ”

He rushed on farther through the streets, where doors were banging in the gale, and mothers seemed to be vying with the wind in bitter wailing. Gazing up at the Acropolis, he saw the black, jagged clouds that, like spirits of evil, flitted with the hovering night-birds around the gigantic statue of Athena Promachus.

Socrates dashed along as if the evil spirits he fancied he beheld, had descended and were pursuing him. Suddenly he found himself before Pericles' house.

He stood still. How often he had crossed this threshold, and what a long time had now elapsed since he entered the dwelling !

Involuntarily, almost unconsciously he approached the door, and noticed that it was not closed, but seemed forgotten, neglected, without a porter.

He went into the entrance-hall, but it was deserted. No sound reached him from within. The stillness that surrounded him was horrible.

The dim light of a few flickering lamps streamed from the peristyle.

A shiver ran through his frame, he knew not why, yet some unknown power urged him onward.

In the centre of the peristyle was a couch piled with purple cushions, on which lay a lifeless form wrapped in gleaming white robes—the brow wreathed with the green tendrils of the ivy.

By the couch sat a woman with bowed head, pale and silent as a marble statue.

Socrates stood at the back of the peristyle as if spell-bound. His eyes rested fixedly, like those of a person who had lost his senses, upon the corpse and the woman beside it.

This pallid, motionless woman was Aspasia; the garlanded corpse on the purple couch, Pericles the Olympian.

Lifeless lay the Alcmaeonid, the leader of the immortal band of lofty spirits that glorified Greece forever—the hero of a golden age of mankind, which still bears his name, which he had fostered in Hellas, and with whose decline he passed away.

The body of the heroic man, felled by the shaft of the destroying angel, looked even taller and more stately than before. But, as in life, an expression of gentleness rested upon the face. Even the plague had not marred his noble features. It seemed as if death had not overthrown and crushed the Olympian, but restored the enfeebled man to his full grandeur. The features of the corpse beamed with the cheerful repose that the living man had recently lost, the discord that had stolen into the soul of Aspasia's husband seemed soothed.

What were the pallid Aspasia's thoughts beside Pericles' bier?

A brilliant succession of lofty, noble, beautiful memories was passing through her mind.

She recalled the moment in Phidias' studio, when this man's fiery glance met hers for the first time, where after a manly, earnest struggle for the grandeur and power of Athens, beauty threw her fetters around him.

His image hovered before her, now as he stood on the orator's platform upon the Pnyx and carried the people with him—now, as full of enthusiasm, he walked with her over the height of the Acropolis, rejoicing in the glorious work rising before his eyes—now, as again seized by the longing for action, he strove for new laurels at Samos—now, as inspired with glowing ardor at Miletus, fulfilling the fairest human destiny, he drained the intoxicating beaker of joy with her on the flowery summit of life—now, as he formed their marriage-bond on the Acropolis, in the presence of newly-completed, immortal creations, his soul filled with lofty thoughts and hopes—

He hovered before her mind in his noble grandeur, his bewitching power over men, his susceptibility and fervor, his manly dignity—at once gentle, wise, heroic—the ideal of the true Hellene, too full of mind and soul to develop into rude heroism, and yet also too full of animation, too energetic to find entire satisfaction in effeminate pleasure, in the magic spell of love and beauty.

Then his image hovered before her memory as he walked by her side through the fields of the Peloponnesus, while light shadows of earnestness flitted more and more frequently over his brow, as thrilled by the most secret life and web of advancing time, foreboding a new, graver, sorrowful future, he silently concealed his deepest feelings till he ceased *to be a Greek*, in the mind and opinion of the beautiful woman with whom he had formed the gay, joyous bond of love, and after having

experienced in his own soul the course of development of Hellenic life, overpowered by sorrowful presentiments, sank with the power and grandeur of his native land.

As Aspasia's eyes rested on the face of the lifeless Pericles, Socrates fixed his gaze on her pale countenance.

She seemed to him like an embodied Hellas, sitting mournfully beside the bier of her noblest son.

How pallid and earnest were the features of this beautiful woman, this once joyous Hellas!

Aspasia now raised her eyes, met Socrates' gaze, and exchanged a long, long look with him.

No words could express the emotion that found vent in that long, earnest gaze.

Not a syllable, only this one look, was exchanged between the pair; then Socrates vanished. He had appeared like a ghostly shade—and noiselessly vanished. Aspasia, motionless and pale as marble, again sat alone beside the death-bed of the great Hellene.

Socrates, deeply moved, continued his nocturnal walk, hurrying aimlessly through the streets without any note of time.

The force of the wailing, moaning gale had lessened. The nocturnal pilgrim found everything still more silent and lonely. It was long after midnight, and an almost imperceptible streak of grey in the east announced the approach of dawn, though darkness, the darkness of night, still rested upon the streets of Athens. A few setting stars twinkled through the torn clouds.

Suddenly a man apparently ready for travelling, appeared before Socrates, accompanied by a slave. The expression of his features was harsh, stern, almost gloomy. He gazed intently at Socrates.

The truth-seeker looked up as the other stopped his progress, and recognized Agoracritus.

"Where are you going this dark night?" the latter asked his former companion in Phidias' studio.

"Pressing business summoned me to Athens," he continued, as Socrates made no reply; "but I am hurrying to get out of the infected city. I shall go to Rhamnus to do what has been asked of me for so many years—provide my goddess erected there with the external symbols, that will transform her from an Aphrodite to a Nemesis. I have delayed long—but now something urges me to gratify people. The men of Athens must no longer doubt that Nemesis really stands among them, instead of smiling Aphrodite. I owe a debt of gratitude to this goddess, who moves with slow, but steady tread! Has she not avenged me on the woman I hate? The goddess of retribution has taken up her abode with Pericles and Aspasia. I even heard a few days ago, that the plague had attacked Pericles and thrown him on a sick-bed—"

Socrates looked up into Agoracritus' face and said in a low tone:

"He is dead."

Agoracritus was silent in amazement.

Both walked side by side for a time without speaking.

"Dead?" asked Agoracritus.

"I saw him myself," replied Socrates in a hollow tone.

Again both were silent.

At last Agoracritus began:

"You have seen Pericles dead; it has fallen to my lot to see Phidias perish before my eyes in prison. I was with him in his last hours; for on hearing that he

was seriously ill I hurried to him. People told me that he disdained all medicine, and every kind of aid. Pericles sent Hippocrates to him; but he began to talk with the physician about the proportions of the forms and lines of the human body. Even on his sick-bed, his mind was solely occupied with what had formerly been his only care.

"When I came, those who were about him in the prison told me that he frequently raved in the delirium of fever, and rarely recognized any one. I went in and found him dying. At first he knew me, but gradually his thoughts became confused by feverish visions. He talked continually of vast temples, gold and ivory statues, and marble friezes—gave directions to his pupils as if he were still in his studio, urged them to work, scolded the idlers, gave precise directions about how they should do this or that thing, and was angry if they did not work exactly as he desired. Often he expressly named me or Alcamenes. At last he seemed to be entirely alone with his shining statues, and his gods and goddesses; Pallas Athena and his Olympic Zeus made themselves manifest to him. It appeared as if, while he was dying, the deities of Olympus all descended and stood around his couch, visible to him alone, for he looked about him with a radiant face, hailed them, and addressed them by their names. Finally, Pallas Athena seemed to remain alone with him and beckon to him, for he suddenly said: *'Whither dost thou wish to lead me? I come!'* Then he raised himself a little, as if to go with her, but sank back and his eyes grew dim.*

* "Egeria" (Eger, 1875) as well as the collection of epic poems entitled "Orient and Occident" by K. V. von Hansgirk contain a poem called "Phidias," in which, as in "Aspasia," Pallas Athena appears to the dying sculptor. Hansgirk himself, in the latter volume,

"He died in the midst of his feverish dream; a beautiful death, like a Hellene, while the fairest light of Hellas shone around him, and the gods snatched him away from earth to Olympus, at the very moment when the night of woe was closing over Athens, so that he saw nothing of it, but passed away with unshadowed mind.

"At first it caused me deep grief to see this man lie dying in prison; for after he had created the Athena Promachus on the citadel, the Athena Parthenos, the Parthenon itself, the Olympic Zeus at Olympia, and so many magnificent works no one has ever surpassed and no one ever will excel, whereby Hellas is principally glorified, his reward from men was to die dishonored and alone, amid the gloom of his dungeon.

"But when I saw him die, I felt an emotion not unmingled with consolation and, after closing the master's eyes and kissing his brow, walked silently away and only pitied Hellas, and all of us who are left behind, after the best and greatest have departed."

After Agoracritus had finished his tale, the two men walked on thoughtfully side by side for some time, then parted.

Agoracritus went northward toward Rhamnus, but Socrates, urged by his secret emotion, continued his walk, and ere he had advanced many paces saw a blazing funeral pyre, on which numerous bodies had been thrown, among which he beheld mad Menon lying.

page 79, names 1874 as the date of the composition of this poem. My narration of the death of Phidias, on the contrary, was written in 1873, and as the entire romance was lying in the office of the Vienna "Neuen freien Presse," I can appeal to the testimony of those who had the work in their hands, to prove that though many alterations were subsequently made in the MS. of "Aspasia" *this particular scene then existed word for word precisely as it now appears in print*, so that no suggestion can have been obtained from Hansgirg's poem.

The man, senseless from intoxication, had been found lying asleep among the dead bodies by the corpse-bearers, who had flung the apparently lifeless form on a pile of wood, where the flames were already surrounding him.

A dog circled, whining, around the funeral pyre.

The flames now reached the madman. At this moment, the dog also sprang upon the pile of wood, and was burnt with its master.

A strange feeling took possession of Socrates. "Now you are *free*, Menon!" said he.

"Now you are *free*!" he repeated several times, as with burning brow he continued his way. "Will a time ever come when all slaves are made free?" he thought—"or all freedmen slaves?" he added reflectively.

He now wandered through distant streets, no longer within the precincts of the city itself, but where the country residences of the Athenians and gardens alternated with open fields.

A swallow flying upward announced the dawn of day.

Socrates, as if guided by his demon, reached a house pervaded by a certain tumult.

Many persons were coming and going.

It was the residence of Ariston, a noble Athenian.

Socrates stood still and heard from those passing in and out, that a little son had been born to Ariston during the night. After so many images of *death*, there was a *birth*, an awakening *life*.

Again some mysterious impulse stirred in Socrates breast. He entered his friend's house.

The child was in the peristyle, lying in its nurse's arms. An elderly man, who looked like a seer or priest,

had just bent his snow-white head over it and was gazing attentively at it. Socrates also looked at the infant, which had a broad beautiful brow, a thinker's brow, and whose face seemed irradiated with a mild, lofty earnestness by no means childlike.

Suddenly a bee flew in—a bee from Hymettus—one of the much-praised Attic bees, buzzed around the child and brushed its lips, but lightly and harmlessly, as if kissing it, then flitted away again.

At this spectacle the gray-headed seer said :

“The kiss of a Hymettus bee is a sign from the gods. Words alluring as virgin honey will one day drip from this infant's lips.”

The sight of the child impressed Socrates strangely. He could not interpret the emotion that filled his breast, but the future will bring its explanation.

The boy, who lay before the eyes of the restless truth-seeker, was to proclaim a new message when he had matured into a youth.

His lips dripped with Attic virgin honey. *With the sweetest eloquence he will preach the bitterest doctrines.*

He will teach that the body is the prison of the soul and the soul, releasing itself, must soar upward into the spiritual world. He will teach that Eros despises the earth, and must ascend into the bright realm of eternal ideas, shining in changeless beauty—

And this lesson will find an echo on near and distant strands, become the watchword of a new time, and conquer the world on the lips of a Galilean.

But with it, in a new meaning, will also triumph the teachings of the priests of Sabazius and the Metragyrans, the gloomy doctrine of self-torture and self-mutilation.

Socrates, absorbed in thought, left Ariston's house and reached a height from which he beheld Attica and the sea, steeped in the light of morning.

A vessel was sailing towards Sunium and, lost in meditation, he unconsciously gazed steadily at it.

This ship bore the "*Satyr*" and the "*Bacchante*"—bore Manes and Cora northward towards a new home.

They set forth, holding in their breasts the germ of a future allotted to the effort to erect a kingdom of goodness upon the ruins of beauty.

They set forth, blessed by their earnest love.

From the bay they looked back, gazing for the last time at the city of the Athenians, as they left it forever.

A thin, light cloud was rising into the pure, clear morning air, not far from the Acropolis. It came from the funeral pyre, which was consuming the lifeless body of Pericles into sacred ashes.

This little cloud rose and hovered around the pinnacles of the Acropolis.

Manes and Cora followed it with their eyes, as it floated about the white marble brow of the sacred citadel of Pallas.

But the tiny cloud melted away, and the pinnacles and pediment of the Parthenon and newly-finished Propylæ stood forth with marvellous distinctness in the clear light.

The immortal coronet of the mountain towered high above the chaos and confusion of the Athenian city, and the children of men.

From the ruins of the perishable an imperishable work, victorious in eternal serenity, rose in Hellas. It seemed to say :

"I am raised above the changeful destiny of men,

and their petty misery. I shall shine through the centuries. I shall be always here. I shall be like the magical light upon the mountains of Hellas, and the eternal glitter of the waters in her gulfs."

Nations aspire towards the good and the beautiful.

The good is human and noble—but the beautiful is divine and immortal.

END.

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